

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXXI.—NO. 46.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1903.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS, 332 Newbury Street, Boston. CATS, DOGS, HORSES.

THE NEWEST AND BEST EQUIPPED INSTITUTION FOR SURGICAL AND MEDICAL CASES EAST OF CHICAGO.

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HARRY F. CURTIS. ARTHUR B. SEDERQUIST.

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Telephone 6874 and 6875 Main. 19 Congress St., Boston, Mass
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Summer Delicacies

In the meat and poultry line excite admiring attention at Wellington Howes & Co.'s meat market. Tenderness, juiciness and fine flavor will be noted by all who have the good fortune to eat of the good things we supply at this season of the year—chickens, veal, mutton, beef, pork.

WELLINGTON HOWES & CO.,
400 Centre St. Opposite B. & A. Depot

Ranges \$1.00 down, \$1.00 per week. Sideboards, Couches, Iron Beds, Parlor Sets, or anything in line of household furniture at \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per week.

C. E. LAMSON,
132 Moody St., Waltham.
(Next Door to Post Office.)

Why go without a PIANO when you can buy one from us for \$1.00 a week
Or anything in the line of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 a week.

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Night Phone, 247-3 Newton Highlands. 128 A and 131 Tremont St.,
70 Devonshire Street, and Chamber of Commerce, BOSTON.

For the Fishing Grounds.

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Leaves Commercial Wharf Daily and Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lines, Bait and Chowder free.

FARE, - - - - - \$1.00

Prizes of \$100 in gold for largest Haddock or Cod caught during the season.

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Buckrams, Burlaps and Crashes.

We have a choice line of Decorative Novelties and can put them on to get the most artistic effects.

Visit our show rooms and examine our line of English, French, German and exclusive American goods.

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BEMIS & JEWETT,
NEWTON CENTRE and NEEDHAM.
Telephone Connection.

Packing of Furniture

Bric-a-Brac, Cut Glass, China, Silverware done by most experienced workmen; 18 years experience. Wedding presents a specialty. Office, 13 Avon Street, Boston.
Tel. Oxford 41-4. THEODORE FAFEN.

Broiled Live Lobsters

English Mutton Chops AND OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE
Are Specialties at the

CRAWFORD HOUSE, BOSTON
Table d'hôte Dinners served daily from 12 to 8 P. M., at No. 17 Brattle Street.

Sneak Thieves in Newton.

This is the time of year when people have their windows and doors open, or leave their houses unprotected.

The Sneak Thief

has an easy time. We would like to explain why burglary insurance is the

Only Protection.

Baker & Humphrey

(Successors to Henry N. Baker.)

50 Kibby Street, Boston.

Telephone Main 3651-2.

61 Years Established.
THE HIGH GRADE

STIEFF

PIANOS
Warehouses 172 Tremont St., Boston.

WEST NEWTON
Fine 12-room house with 21,000 ft. land, well located. House heated by steam, open fires, gas and electric lights, hardwood floors. Should be seen at once. Price only \$12,500.

NEWTON
New 10-room house, modern all through, open plumbing, fireplace, oak floors and finish 1st story. H. P. floors rest of house. Fine location, near depot and cars. Easy terms.

WABAN
20,000 ft. fine land, well located with beautiful views; 10-room modern house, finished oak and mahogany, oak paneled and beamed reception hall, oak floors, 3 fireplaces, all improvements, large piazzas. Shown by appointment only.

HENRY W. SAVAGE,
Mortgages and Insurance,
7 Pemberton Sq., Boston
Represented by Arthur Comer. Residence, 1558 Beacon St., WABAN.

"KRAKAUER."
A Piano with a Human Voice.
"BEHNING."
Models of the Piano Makers' Art.
LINCOLN & VANDER PYL,
211 Tremont Street, up one flight,
opp. Hotel Touraine, Boston.

Improved Paris Method
OF SCALP TREATMENT, best in the
FACIAL TREATMENT, City of Boston
In Steamers, Chairs, Shampooing
very comfortable.
ELECTRIC NEEDLE.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails and Dry feet cured. Call on 1383 STATE ST.
130 Boylston St., Room 1, Boston.
Tel. 1571 Oxford.

CARPETS, Rugs, Draperies.

Thos. O'Callaghan & Co.
30 to 38 SUMMER STREET.

Shop at Butler's go Tremont St.

MISS MacCONNELL
(Formerly with Madame May & Co.)

ELECTRO TONIC FACIAL TREATMENT.
Manicuring, Chiropody, Shampooing,
Toilet Articles.
Parlor: Newton Bank Building, Room H.

Solatia M. Taylor,
56 Bromfield St.,
BOSTON.

Photographic Supplies and Finishing.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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Real Estate
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Wm. H. RAND,
Newton Representative.

Tel. 201-5 W. Newton.

GEO. E. THOMPSON,

Plumbing, Heating and
Gas Fitting.

Electric Bells, Speaking Tubes,
Annunciators, Door Openers.

Gas Lighting and Locksmith.

295 Walnut St., Opp. Masonic Block
Newtonville.

Jobbing in all departments. Telephone.

PEAT MOSS

For Stable Bedding.
The best and cheapest in the world, keeping the horse clean, feet soft and giving pure air in the stable. Send for circular.

C. H. BARRETT, Importer,
45 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.
Newcomb's Express, Agents.

THE ODELL

ORCHESTRAL QUINTEt,
Two Violins, Flute, Cello and Bass.

QUARTET,
Violin, Flute, Cello and Piano.

Telephone, 848-2 Oxford. Specialty of Society Events.

163 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

Advertise in the Graphic.

Newton.

—Mr. B. B. Converse of Park street is seriously ill.

—Chiropody parlors at Anderson's, 171 Charlesbank road.

—Children's hair cutting a specialty at 289 Washington street.

—Miss E. P. Craig was registered at the Summit House, Mt. Washington, last Saturday.

—Mr. Harry R. Mason of Nonantum place has returned from a short outing down on the Cape.

—Mr. Mitchell Wing and family of Hunnewell terrace leave tomorrow for a month's vacation in Canada.

—The Rev. Dr. Fitz of St. Stephens, Boston, is to officiate in Grace church the coming Sunday night. Seats free to all.

—Thursday being the festival of the Transfiguration of Christ, there was a service held at Grace church at 10.45 a. m.

—Mrs. S. Lee Hadley of Indianapolis is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Thomas of Pearl street.

—Mrs. L. P. Elliott-Anderson, 171 Charlesbank road, manufactures switches and all kinds of first class hair work.

—Miss Rose C. Loring of Park street, who has been spending a few weeks at Martha's Vineyard, was in town this week.

—Mrs. George Barber of Newtonville avenue participated in an entertainment given recently by the summer residents of Marshfield.

—Mrs. N. D. Eaton of Lawrence Park, Brownville, N. Y., has been the recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Quimby of Franklin street.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Boothby and son of Tremont street, who have been summering near the White Mountains, are expected home on Sunday.

—There is no need of extended trips to find good fishing, as Mr. J. W. Cone of Linder terrace caught a good sized black bass last Saturday in Lake Cochituate.

—The Sunday school of Grace church is continued regularly all summer at 9.45 a. m., and the church services are at the usual hours, 10.45 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.

—A stone was thrown through the window of a car on the west bound train leaving Newton at 5.44 Wednesday afternoon. Fortunately no one was injured.

—Miss Grace M. Burt, Frank Allen Burt and Philip H. Burt of Charlesbank road are at E. A. Crawford's, Jefferson Highlands, N. H., for their eighth season.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Benia & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

—Rev. William E. Barton of Oak Park, Illinois, conducted the service at Eliot church last Sunday. Dr. Henry P. Dewey of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach on Sunday.

—At the Veteran Firemen's muster, which was held last week Thursday at Haverhill, the Newton tub, the Nonantum, won sixth place, throwing a stream of 172 feet 6 inches.

—Mr. Newton O. Porter of Church street, won second place in the 80 yard novice run which was held at the St. Augustine day game at South Boston, last Saturday afternoon.

—Miss Susan A. Whiting and Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Webber of Washington street, who are staying at the Iron Mt. House, Jackson, N. H., visited the summit of Mt. Washington last Monday.

—Among the saloon passengers arriving Saturday morning, on the steamship New England, were Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Corey, who went over June 18 on the Mayflower, and Miss Kate Wallace, who went with them.

—Mrs. E. D. Sampson and Miss Florence Sampson of St. James street were among the guests present at the old home week reception given by the daughters of Massachusetts at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, last Friday afternoon.

—Mrs. Henry Howes of Hinsdale, Ill., was the guest of friends in this village this week. Mrs. Howes was a former well known resident of this place, being Miss Lillian Latta, daughter of the late Postmaster Latta, before her marriage to Mr. Howes.

—Mr. E. M. Springer and family of Kenrick Park are at Waterville, Me., for the remainder of the season.

—Saturday, the 15th of August, will be the 50th anniversary of the death of Frederick William Robertson. Among the many reasons for remembering this eminent English clergyman is the fact that he became everywhere recognized as "The Working Men's Friend." Dr. Shinn will give some account of the character and work of Robertson, at the service in Grace church on Sunday morning.

—The alarm from box 17 about two o'clock Monday afternoon was for a small fire in the house 17 Waban street, owned by Sarah Welch heirs and occupied by Thomas Ford. It was caused by sparks from the chimney falling on the roof, and the damage was \$20.

—The party of gentlemen who went to Nova Scotia on the 20th by invitation of Mr. J. B. Neely of Boston, returned on Sunday, Aug. 2nd. The trip was a decided success, they visited the gold mines of Goldville, Guysboro County, and brought with them great reports of the mines, and fine specimens of the rare product, and enjoyed some tramping through the woods, fishing and other things incidental with the trip. The party was directed by Mr. Robert Ewing, private secretary to Mr. Neely, and included Mr. W. S. Hayden of Jefferson street, Mr. D. J. McNichol, of Bacon street, Mr. Harry D. Smith of Breunor road, Newton; Dr. W. H. Winslow of Brockton; Mr. B. K. Baker and Mr. Alfred W. Brown of Boston.

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Newton.

—Planos, Farley, 433 Washington st.

—Atwood's Pure Salve is fine for burns.

—Mrs. J. Murray Quimby and child of Franklin street have returned from Maine.

—Mrs. J. W. Brigham of Elmhurst road is visiting friends at Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. William Irvin, the superintendent at the post office, is enjoying an annual vacation.

—Mr. Edward E. Dearborn of Vermont has been a recent guest of his father on Jewett street.

—Mr. and Mrs. William M. Paxton of Elmwood street are spending a few weeks at Brant Rock.

—Mr. John W. Webber of Washington street left this week for a short outing at Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bacon of

"DON'T KNOW" CLUB.

Story of a Trunk Check and of the many Men Who Smiled.

"I haven't heard any one say that detective stories were taboos," remarked Ernest Moore, the wool broker, when at the fifth meeting of the "Don't Know" club it had been voted that he should tell the story, "but I'm going to take my chances."

"This is not what the street urchins call a 'triller,' nor has it a Sherlock Holmes flavor. Raffles doesn't figure as the star, either, for it is only

THE STORY OF A TRUNK CHECK.

"Of course, nearly everyone is familiar with the character of sample trunks, used by commercial travellers, but I dare say that few know more about their construction than the thieves who devote their energies and ingenuity to planning and executing schemes whereby they may obtain possession of the trunk, or its contents at least.

"Railroad detectives, I understand, find the tracing of trunks—that is trunks containing valuables and which are not shipped by express companies—one of the hardest propositions they have to deal with. Little wonder, too, when one stops to consider that the men whose wits are pitted against theirs are men of active and intelligent, if perverted mind.

"Upon receiving orders from my employers to start with a certain line of samples one midsummer day not very long ago, I proceeded as usual in caring for my baggage. I may say now it was before I entered my present work and what I had to do was of a different nature.

"Perhaps I did look a little longer at the great trunk as I saw it lying in the baggage room at the central depot, for it was a new one. Aside from this there was nothing to distinguish it, and this fact, while it impressed me, would scarcely be noted by the busy baggage handlers.

"My trip was through a farm country with many of those exasperating stops here and there, and I passed the time as best I could. Not once, however, did it strike me that anything could happen to my trunk.

"I had no more concern about it than I had about the weather in the Philippines.

"The trip was comparatively rapid and when the station at X—was reached I got out, thoroughly tired. It was late in the afternoon and no time to think of business. Business men had closed their stores and would have no time for me until morning.

"Upon reaching the hotel I left my trunk check with the clerk, instructing him to have the porter see to it that the trunk was brought from the station and carried into the sample room at the hotel. I went to bed early for I was tired.

"Immediately after breakfast next morning I entered the sample room, intending to open the trunk and display the goods. To my surprise the trunk was not there. There was, however, a shabby looking trunk of small size, but this I barely noticed. Returning to the office I asked for the porter. He was in bed. I was told, as he was a night employee. What time would he be on duty? About 11 a. m. I then told the clerk of the matter and we agreed that the porter had forgotten to secure my trunk. I was not without sympathy for the fellow who had worked all night and must sleep in the day, so I went to the central depot myself. It occurred to me on the way that the check was in the possession of the porter. I was satisfied, though, that I could easily identify the trunk, not only by its newness, but by its contents.

"It would not be hard to convince the baggage-men and the delay would be only trivial.

"As I stood gazing at the mountain of trunks, my eye searching for the one that I desired most to find I became greatly puzzled for there was not one of its size or style there. Another blunder!

"The baggage-man listened to my story. He could give me little satisfaction. He had been there the afternoon before when my trunk came in but did not remember the trunk. He added too, that had the trunk come he would not have remembered it. Consoling, wasn't it?

"Returning to the hotel I informed the clerk that I regretted the necessity of a talk with the porter. He might explain his own course and also throw some light on the question.

"It seemed a pity I had to insist upon the porter being called. It was some time before he appeared and little wonder I had become impatient. As he entered the office, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, I said, 'Well, what did you do with my trunk?'

"'Trunk?' he said, sleepily.

"'Yes, trunk. I gave you my check last night and ordered that trunk brought into the sample room here.'

"'I did all that, mister. I couldn't do no more. 'Nonsense?' I almost shouted, the trunk isn't there.'

"'Excuse me, sir,' returned the porter, 'but I brought that trunk up from the station on the 9 o'clock load. It seemed very small, and I wondered what kind of samples you carried, cigars or shoe-strings.'

"The fellow's impertinence was sufficient to provoke my striking him. I refrained, however, 'You don't mean to say,' I asked, 'that that is my trunk?'

"'I don't see where you can find any fault with us,' said the baggage-master. 'You gave this man a check for your trunk and he brought it up to the hotel. What more is there to it?'

"'But it wasn't my trunk,' I expostulated.

"'Well then, whose was it?'

"'How should I know?' I asked.

"'Well if you don't know how did you come by the check?'

"'There was a puzzle. I certainly had had possession of a check, but not a check for my trunk. Yes I had, for didn't I see it when it was checked at the beginning of my journey? My brain was becoming befuddled. I thought the heat had affected me, and others, too.

"'It seemed absurd to telegraph to the firm that I had lost my trunk for they would reply, 'Find it then.' Yet clearly I had done my best. Was there no other place to report my loss?

"'The baggage-master, to whom I put the last question, smiled significantly. He evidently thought me light-headed. 'There's the traffic agent,' he answered. 'He's used to hearing that kind of talk and perhaps he wouldn't mind listening to your story. For my part I think it's up to you, if you will excuse my saying it, you.

"'Ordinarily I should have forcibly resented the impudence of the baggage-master, but time was precious, and an interview with the traffic agent seemed preferable to a heated argument on a hot day.

"'I entered the office of the traffic agent with a feeling that I would be greeted with derision. I almost expected to be sneered at and then thrown out. Nothing of the kind occurred, however.

"'I noticed the expression of the gentleman's eyes as I related my experience, or better the experience of the trunk-check. He did not interrupt, but when I had finished, he said, 'I'm very sorry, but you are the victim of a thief.'

"'A thief! Great Scott, he must be a Sampson to have carried off a trunk the size of mine. I told the traffic agent my opinion. That gentleman smiled. I was mad. These smiles were altogether too common and too insinuating. Immediately I demanded a full explanation, adding that a law suit against the road would undoubtedly be my next course.

"'If you will telegraph, at the road's expense, the facts of the case to your firm, I will present you with transportation to your city, where you can confer with our detective.'

"'The plot was thickening, but I was determined to be game, and consented. The firm perhaps thought that I was decidedly erratic in my behavior, but upon hearing the story they smiled. Another smile,—well it was lucky they were my superiors.

"'I was obliged to wait several minutes for the detective when I asked for an interview with him. The clerk told me he had been very busy the past two days and was getting a little rest. He explained that the detective had been working without sleep for several days and having completed the job, had decided to get back some of the sleep that he was entitled to.'

"'This worthy sleuth entered. His first movement, after hearing me through, was a smile. I was almost ready to spring upon him when he said abruptly, 'Well, we've got your trunk, but it was a deuce of a chase.'

"'Thank heaven,' said I, 'now I'll forgive your smiling. But tell me, how did I lose it, and how did you find it?'

"'Well,' he began, 'it was a new one on me and I guess you are a stranger to the game. I've been on the watch for some time and I landed one of the slickest crooks in this part of the country.'

"'How does that interest me?' I inquired impatiently.

"'In this way,' retorted the detective. 'You lost your trunk didn't you? I nodded in assent. And I've found it.'

"'But tell me more about it. And I'll try to make it a short one. This particular crook I find, has been working this little game for some time. Trunks like those which you use are his particular prey. Now this is his modus operandi:

"'After spotting the trunk of a commercial traveller when it is first checked, he gets a line on what it contains and where it is going. Immediately he trots into the baggage room a small and cheap trunk of his own. This latter one he has checked to a place in the country, it doesn't matter much where. 'Now the genteel thief boards the same train as you, and looks as prosperous as any one. After the train gets well out into the country he strolls into the baggage car, creating the impression that he is interested in the welfare of his baggage.

"'Baggage-men have a good deal to do during the trip and if a well-dressed stranger is carefully looking over his trunk, or what appears to be his trunk, they pay little or no attention to him.

"'While the backs of the baggage-men are turned, however, the young man is shifting the check on the sample trunk to that which he has brought. Then, you see, the check he holds is for the bigger trunk.

"'Having accomplished this part of his little game he returns to the car. After several stations have been passed the crook returns to the baggage-car, asking for the man in charge. 'This is my trunk,' he says, pointing to the big one, for which he holds the check, and I'd like to have it put off at this next stop. The next stop, by the way, is a small place. The crook then adds, 'I know my trunk is checked way through to X—, but I've just got a telegram which says I must stop here.'

"'Perhaps the well-dressed stranger

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 3, 1903.

Deeply as they regret the discovery that corruption exists in the executive departments in Washington, republicans here, and probably throughout the country, are rejoiced that President Roosevelt has had the courage to probe to the bottom one government department and now contemplates the thorough investigation of another. There is in some quarters an impression that the control of the reins of government by one of the great parties, beyond a limited time, inevitably results in dishonest administration and the time is not remote when the democrats gained a national victory with the slogan "Turn the rascals out." That they might have done so again had there been any lack of earnestness on the part of the President in investigating the Post Office Department is admitted by the wiser republican politicians, but it is appreciated now, even by the democrats, that Mr. Roosevelt has effectually spiked any democratic guns which may have been loaded with charges of corruption by inaugurating a thorough investigation of the Post Office Department and by preparing for a top to bottom inspection of the Government Printing Office.

It was not with the expectation of finding dishonest methods that President Roosevelt determined to institute an investigation of the methods in vogue in the Printing Office, but with a view to ascertaining why it was that the cost of printing and binding performed by the Public Printer should so greatly exceed the cost of the same work performed by private institutions. Since, however, an investigation has been determined upon there have been a number of charges that which have characterized the administrative methods. A rule of the bookbinders' union which limited the daily task of all its members first called the attention of the President to the extravagant conduct of the government printing establishment and it is probable that to that rule he charged much of the increased cost of the federal printing and binding but, to the surprise of many, the officers of the bookbinders' union, announce that they will welcome an investigation as it will reveal the real leak and relieve their union from the odium of an unjust suspicion. While there will doubtless be many unfounded rumors of corruption in the Printing Office from now on, no one who has witnessed the thorough methods and the courageous spirit which have characterized the investigation of the Post Office Department will for a moment believe that the President will be satisfied with any "superficial investigation" and the general public will rest assured that, when Secretary Cortes, who by his high probity and business-like methods has already won the respect of the public and to whom the conduct of the investigation will be confided, has completed his examination of the Government Printing Office, he will have left turned no stone nor permitted to escape his attention any improper transaction. In the words of a prominent democratic member of Congress, now in Washington, "President Roosevelt is stealing our thunder. He is turning his own rascals out."

What is regarded as the most important and wide-sweeping disclosure in connection with the Post Office investigation has just occurred. The grand jury of the District of Columbia has just returned indictments against eight persons, chief of whom is August W. Machen, the other seven being Machen's confederates in various schemes to defraud the government and as a result of which it is estimated that Machen and his pals have divided profits amounting to upwards of \$75,000, the cases just disclosed being entirely aside from the previous indictments of Machen which have been related in these letters. In addition to those heretofore indicted and now indicted again, the grand jury has returned true bills against William C. Long of Xenia, Ohio, but more recently of Washington, Maurice Runkle of New York, John T. Cupper, mayor of Lockhaven, Pa., William Gordon Crawford, manager of the Postal Lock & Device Company of New York and one time deputy auditor for the Post Office Department.

There are four contracts awarded by Machen in his capacity of general superintendent of free delivery on which the new indictments are based. In two cases Machen awarded contracts for carrier's bags, or satchels, to be provided with shoulder straps. Having bought and paid for the straps with government funds he delivered them to the manufacturers of the satchels whom he induced to pay him the amount thereof to them. He moreover made the contractor who furnished the straps pay him a commission. In the third instance Machen purchased, without calling for bids, certain leather cases used by carriers. For these he paid 90 cents each, a fair price being 30 cents, and compelled the manufacturers to divide the remaining 60 cents. In the fourth instance Machen awarded to Mayor Cupper a contract for painting letter boxes which the manufacturers were required by contract to paint, and under this contract divided with his pals the sum of \$18,000. So closely identified with Machen and his "forty thieves" was H. H. Rand, confidential clerk to the Postmaster General that it is understood, the President requested Postmaster General Payne to dispense with Rand services when Mr. Payne called recently at Oyster Bay.

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Be it remembered, That on the twenty-fifth day of April, 1903, John Bartlett of Cambridge, Mass., hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the title of which is in the following words, to wit: Familiar Quotations. Being an attempt to trace to their source passages and phrases in common use. By John Bartlett. Seventh Edition. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1875. The title whereof he claims as author and proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights.

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REMOVAL.

After September 1st, 1903,
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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC
now at 16 Centre Place,
will be located at
10 CENTRE PLACE, NEWTON.

N. T. ALLEN DEAD.

Founder Of The Allen
School of West Newton.

Prominent as an Educator and Citizen.

Mr. Nathaniel T. Allen, one of the foremost citizens of this community during the last fifty years, died at his summer home at Lincoln, Me., last Saturday morning.

Nathaniel Topliff Allen was born in Medfield, Sept. 29, 1823, and was the son of Ellis and Lucy (Lane) Allen. The homestead farm, bought from the Indians, has been owned and tilled by seven generations of Allens, noted for longevity, sterling common sense and rugged worth; and there during his minority, Mr. Allen followed the pursuits of his ancestors and laid the foundation of a remarkably vigorous constitution. Portions of three years of his minority were passed in a Waltham cotton mill, where was acquired a knowledge of textile manufacture. He received a good common school education in a family school of Rev. Joseph Allen at Northboro, and at Northfield Academy.

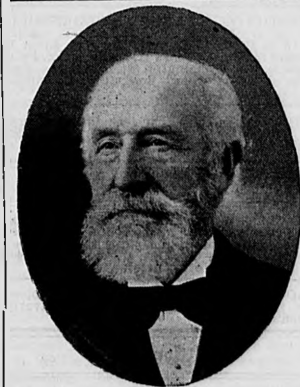
After three successful seasons in charge of schools, and having chosen to become a teacher, he continued his professional studies in the Bridge-water Normal school under Nicholas Tillinghast, and in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y. After teaching in the common district and singing schools at Mansfield, Northboro, Northfield and Shrewsbury, until the spring of 1848, Mr. Allen was appointed by Horace Mann of the State Board of Education to the charge of the model department of the normal school at West Newton. This position he filled with marked ability for nearly six years, when, in connection with Cyrus Pierce, father of American normal schools, he established the institution of which, associated with his brother, the late James T. Allen, he was the principal up to his retirement about three years ago. The school was known as the Allen school, but is correctly the West Newton English and Classical school. This school drew pupils from all over the world.

During a busy life in the classroom Mr. Allen held many other positions of responsibility. He was president of the board of directors of the Pomroy Newton Home for Orphan and Destitute Girls since it was founded; was also the president of the Newton Woman's Suffrage Association and a director in the American Peace Society. He was trustee of the Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons, and a member of the committee of examination in natural science at Harvard.

Mr. Allen was a Garrisonian aboli-

tionist, and an officer of the society when in those days it cost something to be identified with men of their belief. He was many times mobbed when in their company, and naturally became an early member of the Free Soil party.

In 1869, having been appointed an agent of the commissioner of public education by Hon. Henry Barnard, Mr. Allen went abroad and spent two years in studying the school system of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Austria and in particular of what is now included in the German empire. The results of his observa-



NATHANIEL T. ALLEN.

tions of the secondary schools, gymnasia, real and folks schulen of Prussia, Saxony and Nassau are preserved in a valuable report published and distributed by order of the secretary of the interior.

In all matters affecting local interests particularly in the time of reforms, Mr. Allen was always active. He was identified with the tariff reform and civil service movements and was an ardent anti-imperialist during recent years. He was one of the incorporators and at the time of his death was the oldest member of the First Unitarian Society of West Newton.

Mr. Allen was married March 30, 1853, to Caroline Swift Bassett, daughter of James Nye and Rebecca Freeman Bassett of Nantucket, who survives him as do two daughters, both of whom are residents of West Newton. It was but five months ago that Mr. and Mrs. Allen celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Services were held at 1.30 Tuesday afternoon at the Allen homestead on Webster street, and were attended by prominent educators from all parts of the country, former pupils and business and professional men and women in all walks of life. They were of a simple character, comprising a brief prayer and eulogy by Rev. Julian C. Jaynes, pastor of the First Unitarian church, and singing by a quartet.

At the close of the services the body was taken to Forest Hills cemetery and cremated. The ashes were later interred in the family lot at Medfield, Mr. Allen's birthplace. The pallbearers, all former pupils of the deceased, were Messrs. Eugene F. Fay, Henry F. King, George D. Davis, Edward C. Burrage, Charles E. Hatfield and Henry M. Nourse.

Among the floral tributes were numerous designs from relatives, pupils and from the educational societies of which Mr. Allen was for many years an active member.

Golf.

A handicap's bogey match for the August cup took place on the links of the Brae Burn Golf Club Saturday, and the following scores resulted:

F. E. P. Levi 10, 5 up; G. T. Lincoln, 14, 2 up; A. L. Lindsay 18, even; H. P. Perkins 4, even; T. B. Lindsay, 4, 2 down; E. E. Davidson 14, 2 down; S. A. Shannon 9, 3 down; C. T. Dunham 2, 3 down; A. D. Locke 16, 4 down; W. Lord, 18, 4 down; R. H. Pierce 10, 4 down; F. S. Wilcox 3, 6 down; A. S. Woods 9, 6 down; F. B. Witherbee 9, 8 down; H. F. Chase 10, 8 down; F. Eddy 7, 11 down.

George T. Lincoln's team defeated F. S. Wilcox's team, 20 to 19.

LINCOLN'S TEAM. WILCOX'S TEAM.
G. T. Lincoln 14 5 P. S. Wilcox 3
S. A. Shannon 9 8 F. B. Witherbee 9 19
A. D. Locke 10 1 T. B. Lindsay 14 2
W. Lord 18 4 C. T. Dunham 2 3
R. H. Pierce 10 4 F. S. Wilcox 3 6
H. P. Perkins 4 4 E. E. Davidson 14 2
H. F. Chase 10 8 A. S. Woods 9 6
F. E. P. Levi 10 5 F. B. Witherbee 9 8
F. Eddy 7 11 H. F. Chase 10 8
Total 20 Total 19

Financial

The financial sky is much clearer than it was a week ago. Now that the record failures have been announced, the mysterious decline in stocks no longer bewilders the investment world, and traders are able to go ahead with some degree of confidence. There may still be a weak spot or two, but the best opinion is that the worst is over, and that any further announcement of failures will be without material effect.—Curtis & Sederquist.

NORUMBEGA PARK

Patrons of Norumbega Park are anticipating a rare treat when the baby lions are put on exhibition next Sunday in the Zoological Garden for the first time. It will be a novel privilege for patrons to surround the circular platform on which they will be exhibited and play with them as one would a kitten.

They are yet to be christened and that will probably not be until after the coming Sunday, when the public has the first opportunity of seeing them. All will have an opportunity of coming in close touch with the infant lions, and with the exception of a few, patrons will have their first privilege of actually picking a lion up in their hands. Norumbega Park has been having a record breaking attendance. The weather has been ideal and visitors have not been slow to improve the opportunity of taking the picturesque car rides out there and enjoying not only the natural and artificial beauties of the park but its many diversified attractions.

In the Rustic Theatre for the coming week the vaudeville program every afternoon and evening will include the "Four Flying Lukens," the novel dynamite who perform some of the most marvelous mid-air acrobatic feats; Fred Stuber, the emperor of vaudeville banjo soloists; the dancing Dawsons, and Carlin and Otto.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

For The Recently Elected
Pope Pius X.

Interviews with the Catholic Clergy
of Newton.

Father Callanan of St. John's church, Newton Lower Falls, has the following to say about the election of Pope Pius X.:

It has been rumored in the press that Cardinal Rampola would fail of election because of his too aggressive attitude in ecclesiastical policy. No one questioned his ability and his desire also to carry on the policy of the Vatican on the lines made successful by Leo XIII. Cardinal Vanutelli according to the consensus of opinion would be more yielding in his attitude in affairs of the church where yielding would make for peace. A compromise was made on Cardinal Sart, the Patriarch of Venice and the wisdom of the college of Cardinals was never more manifest. Friendly towards the King and court of Italy, extremely popular with the Italian populace, wonderfully gifted in literary and administrative affairs, and already on record as a staunch supporter of the policy of Leo XIII, the pope elect takes its place in the councils of the church with the prospect of a glorious reign and the undivided support of the whole Catholic world.

In response to a query of one of our reporters, a prominent pastor of Newton gave this reply: How could the decision be other than blessed of God, coming from men so distinguished for their learning, so conservative in action, so pre-eminent in virtue, so illustrious for their God fearing spirit, love for the church, and the supreme interests of all humanity, backed as they were by the fervent prayers of all Christendom? Pius X, in the highest sense will prove to the church and mankind, a God-given man. His ten years of administration at Venice are the harbinger of the brightest hopes for a glorious pontificate.

Literally, as the 700 year old prophecy of Malachi runs,—"he comes from the red," Venice, as you know, is an island in the Adriatic.

The other Catholic clergymen of the city declined to express any opinion regarding the new pope.

Many people have learned the value of an internal bath in the morning, but many more will be delighted when they have felt the mental poise and physical exhilaration which comes with the practice of slowly sipping one or two glasses of White Rock Water immediately on arising. The stimulating properties of this water are fascinating. It enlivens the brain and sharpens the faculties for the duties of the coming day.

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m., and intervals of 15 and 30 minutes to
11.37 p. m.

NEWTON AND WATERTOWN TO
ADAMS SQ. (Via Mt. Auburn)—5.30
a. m., and intervals of 8, 15 and 30
minutes to 11.16 p. m. SUNDAY—
6.30 a. m., and intervals of 15 and 30 minutes
to 11.16 p. m.

WATERTOWN SQ. TO SUBWAY. (Via
North Beacon St. and Commonwealth
Ave.—5.37, 5.55 a. m., and intervals of 10
minutes to 10.55 p. m. SUNDAY—6.55
a. m., and intervals every 15 minutes to
10.55 p. m.

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C. S. SERGEANT, Vice-Pres.

November 15, 1903.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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with the name of the writer, and
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returned by mail unless stamps are enclosed.

Notices of all local entertainments
to which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line
in the reading matter, or \$1.00 per line in
the advertising columns.

A large item in the tax warrant this
year as will be noticed in the figures
we published recently is the
amount called for by the state for the
metropolitan sewer, metropolitan
water, metropolitan park and general
purposes. The total of these taxes is
nearly thirty thousand dollars larger
than the same items in 1902. The
state tax itself is increased from
\$29,000 to \$49,000 in round figures. A
contemplation of the figures which
call for this increase does not serve to
detract from the rather poor opinion
we have had of the legislature for
this year. The item of \$100,000 for
the Louisiana Purchase Exposition,
of which Newton's share is \$2000, is
extravagance pure and simple. It
seems strange, that nearly \$300,000
was found necessary for public build-
ings in one year besides \$151,000 for
Normal schools. It would seem better
policy to spread this expense over a
period of five or ten years so that the
entire amount would not come in any
one year.

\$23,000 for the Gen. Hooker statue
dedication and \$5,800 for dedication
of the Vicksburg monument are need-
less expenses inspired only by a senti-
ment which could have been expressed
in a far less extravagant manner.

We have instanced these cases sim-
ply to call attention to the very great
use of sending our best men to the
Senate and House; men who will re-
member that the City of Newton will
pay one-fifth of the cost of every
appropriation made by the state, and
who will act accordingly.

Representative Warren, whose re-
election and probable re-appointment
to the Ways and Means Committee
ought to be particularly valuable to
the City of Newton next year and
should have the support of an able
and useful colleague.

A serious question confronts the
dwellers in Wards One and Seven to
replace the accommodations for lectures,
concerts and other entertainments re-
quiring the use of a hall. The oc-
cupation of Eliot hall by the Y. M. C. A., the small size of the former
Y. M. C. A. hall and the serious ob-
jections to Amory hall on account of the
noise from the railroad, leaves the
village practically with no facilities
of this character.

There is a splendid opportunity for
our public spirited men to erect a con-
venient and comfortable hall for these
purposes, and fill a need which
will be seriously felt before the next
season is over.

The selection of a new voting place
will also be a problem for our worthy
City Clerk and it may be necessary
to cross the line into Ward One for
the purpose.

The lovers of athletics, and particu-
larly the devotees of tennis, will not
approve of the actions of the American
representatives at Longwood in
seeking to take advantage of the tem-
porary injury to Mr. R. F. Doherty.
The English players should have the
utmost courtesy shown them as the
public only desires to see the best
men win.

City Hall Notes.

The difference of about \$10,000 in
the Metropolitan Sewer tax assess-
ment of this city for the years 1902
and 1903 is caused largely by the pre-
mium on the sale of bonds in 1902
and the present year. In 1902 the
premium on loans of \$2,040,000 on the
whole state amounted to \$134,566.
This premium was applied to the in-
terest and other accounts, making a
very substantial reduction in the as-
sessment which would otherwise have
been levied. Comparatively a very
small advantage is gained this year
from premium on bonds, consequently
the assessment has had to be in-
creased. There has been no unusual
increase in the Metropolitan Sewer
expenses.

The county tax this year is \$64,
971.99, an increase of \$5,623.58 over
1902.

The board of health report for July
shows the remarkably small number
of 23 deaths for the month, of which
were over 70 years of age. There were
but 2 cases of diphtheria, 3 cases of
scarlet fever and 2 cases of typhoid
in the city on August 1st.

Col. Kingsbury left this week for
a vacation at North Perry, Me.

Guessing on the tax rate is a com-
mon diversion at the present time.
\$16.80 or \$17 are the favorite figures.

WHEN WOMAN PROPOSES.

Methods of the Hungarian Gypsies
and Burmese Maidens.

In England leap year is supposed to
confer upon the fair sex the privilege
of choosing her life partner for better
or for worse, but the custom is more
honored in the breach than in the ob-
servance. The gypsies, especially in
Hungary, enjoy and make a very exten-
sive use of the right at all times in ac-
cordance with an ancient custom. Thus
a marriageable young gypsy girl in the
land of the Magyars as soon as her
heart is smitten takes good care that
the smiter shall hear of the havoc he
has wrought and have a chance of con-
soling her. With this praiseworthy ob-
ject in view she has a love letter in-
dited, places a coin in a piece of dough,
bakes it and throws the cake and billet
doux during the night into the bed-
chamber of her bridegroom elect. Then
she possesses her soul in patience and
awaits developments.

The Burmese maiden begins her mar-
riage campaign at a much earlier stage.
In order to get together a goodly gather-
ing of young men from whom to
choose she places a lamp in her window
at night—it is known as "the lamp of
love"—and entices all those youths who
are candidates for the order of Bene-
dict. In sunny Andalusia the peasant
girl whose heart has been stolen by a
stalwart young husbandman prepares a
tasty pumpkin cake and sends it to
his home. If he eats it—and the Andalusian
girls take good care to make it
highly edible—the pair are forthwith
betrothed.—London Telegraph.

Cleanliness and Arsenic.

In Styria and Carinthia there is much
arsenic eating among the peasants. The
women take it to give themselves a
good complexion and to make their hair
fine and glossy. The men take it be-
cause they believe that it gives them
wind in climbing in the chase after
chamois. There is nothing of this sort
in Cornwall and Devon.

In Styria and Carinthia it is known
that an arsenic eater can never be broken
of the habit and that if arsenic be
compulsorily kept from the eater death
rapidly ensues. It is believed in the
Tamar—and this is perhaps true—that
an arsenic worker is fit for no other
work. He must remain at this occupa-
tion. Health and breath fail him at
other employments. Eventually it may
be that chronic arsenical poisoning en-
sues. But this may be staved off, if not
wholly prevented, by scrupulous clean-
liness, by care taken not only to wash
in the "changing house," but to bathe
freely at home. As one of the foremen
said to the writer, "Against arsenic the
best antidote is soap taken externally."
—Chambers Journal.

Purely For Ornament.

The trained nurse has to meet many
curious conditions which arise among
her poorer patients. One of these faith-
ful women who had a sick girl in
charge in a miserable tenement house
noticed that the oranges which had
been provided for the fever patient
were not eaten. They were placed in
an old cracked blue bowl on a little table
by the sick girl's bed, and there they
remained untouched.

"Mary," said the nurse one day,
"don't you like oranges?"
"Oh, yes'm," answered the girl.
"You haven't eaten any of these," the
nurse suggested.
Mary's mother answered. "Oh, miss,"
she said eagerly, "Mary, she's a half,
an' me an' Jimmy, we eat 'em all, an'
an' Mary an' me, we say we won't eat
any more 'cause it looks so nice an'
wealthy to have oranges settin' round."
—Youth's Companion.

Posterity of Drunkards.

A professor of Bonn university in
tracing the posterity of habitual drunk-
ards has found 834 descendants from a
woman who for forty years was "a
thief, a drunkard and a tramp" and
whose miserable life came to an end in
the last year of the eighteenth century.
The professor has traced the lives of
709 of this woman's descendants from
youth to old age, and of these 142 were
beggars and 64 more lived on charity.
There were in the family 70 convicts,
including 7 murderers. The professor
estimated that in seventy-five years
this family has cost the German au-
thorities in almshouses, law courts,
prisons and other institutions about
\$1,250,000.—Chicago Journal.

Friendship.

There are two elements that go to the
composition of friendship, each so sov-
ereign that I detect no superiority in
either, no reason why either should be
the first named. One is truth. A friend
is a person with whom I can be
sincere. The other element of friend-
ship is tenderness. When a man be-
comes dear to me I have touched the
goal of fortune.—Emerson.

A Yearning For Courtesy.

"Why do you sigh for great riches?"
"Well," answered the mild mannered
man, "I don't value money for its own
sake, but I'd kind o' like to be in a po-
sition where the subordinate employees
of large enterprises will say 'Good
morning, sir,' instead of 'Step lively!'"
—Washington Star.

A Cold Fact.

The Cannibal King (his teeth chat-
tering)—What was it you served with
the last meal? I've had a prolonged
chill ever since.

Royal Cook—That, sir, was a female
missionary from Boston.—Smart Set.

The Way With Life.

If you set down on a board with a
tack in it the harder you set the more
tack you get, an' that's the way with
life—it's full o' tacks, an' don't you for-
get it.—The Substitute.

A man who is eternally squaring him-
self must be just a little crooked.—
Atchison Globe.

AIDS TO HAPPINESS.

The Time When Help, Kindness and
Sympathy Count Most.

It is during the formative period, the
time when a man is seeking to get a
foothold, that help counts for most,
when even the slightest aid is great.
A few books lent to Andrew Carnegie
when he was beginning his career
were to him an inspiration. He has
nobly repaid the loan; made posterity
his debtor a millionfold by his benev-
olence in sprinkling libraries over the
whole country. Help the saplings, the
young growing trees of vigor; the
mighty oaks have no need of your aid.

The heartening words should come
when needed, not when they seem only
hypocritical protestations or dextrous
preparations for future favors. Colum-
bus, surrounded by his mutinous
crew, threatening to kill him, alone
amid the crowd, had no one to stand
by him, but he neared land, and riches
opened before them. Then they fell at
his feet, proclaimed him almost a god
and said he truly was inspired from
heaven. Success transfigured him; a
long line of pebbly beach and a few
trees made him divine. A little pa-
tience along the way, a little closer
companionship, a little brotherly love
in his hours of watching, waiting, and
hoping, would have been great balm to
his soul.

It is in childhood that pleasures
count most, when the slightest invest-
ment of kindness brings largest re-
turns. Let us give the children sun-
light, love, companionship, sympathy
with their little troubles and worries
that seem to them so great, genuine
interest in their growing hopes, their
vague, unproportioned dreams and
yearnings. Let us put ourselves into
their places, view the world through
their eyes so that we may gently cor-
rect the errors of their perspective by
our greater wisdom. Such trifles will
make them genuinely happy, happier
by far than things a thousand times
greater that come too late.—From "The
Power of Truth," by William George
Jordan, Published by Brentano's.

ARABIC PROVERBS.

To the dog who has money men say,
"My lord dog."
Consult thy wife and do the reverse
of what she advises.

When the moon is with thee of what
account are the stars.
Joy lasts for seven days, but sadness
endures for a lifetime.

He who has gold is beloved, though
he be a dog and the son of a dog.

It is better to commit ten sins in the
sight of God than one in the sight of
men.

Those who are learning to shave
heads practice upon those of the or-
phans.

The beauty of a man lies in his in-
telligence; the intelligence of a woman
is to be found in her beauty.

When thou seest two people in con-
stant converse thou mayest know that
the one is the dupe of the other.

Shun him who can be of no use to
thee. In this world he cannot serve
thee and in that which is to come he
cannot intercede in thy behalf.—Tunis-
ia.

Squealed.

Feline amenities show themselves
most forcibly at committee meetings.
There was one of these latter gathered
together to discuss a charity bazaar.
The chairman smiled sweetly upon the
artist's wife and said:

"You'll get your husband to let us
have some little thing of his for the art
table, will you not, Mrs. Mahlslek?"
"Well, you know husbands are not
always easily managed, my dear."

"Ah, but take him after one of your
nice dinners and then put in a word
for our worthy cause. But remember
we are not allowed to have anything
which sells for over \$25."

"Indeed!" And then Mrs. M.'s eye-
brows went up alarmingly. "Then
perhaps he'll induce one of his pupils
to dash off something for you."—New
York Times.

Painting Animals' Eyes.

One of the most difficult things which
the artists and taxidermists of the gov-
ernment studio have to do is the paint-
ing and preparation of glass eyes for
the mammals, birds and reptiles
mounted at that institution for exhibi-
tion in the National museum.

These "eyes" are made of glass, hol-
low within and from the rear, so that
the inner surface may be painted any
color desired. As no two animals' eyes
are alike and as the colors are often
complicated and unusual, it requires a
great deal of skill, study and practice
before one is competent to undertake
the work.

Life Saving Superstition.

The superstitious collar is often
laughed to scorn, but a miner in north
Wales is just now thanking his lucky
stars that he believes in omens. He
was boring under some coal and was
startled by seeing a rat scuttling away.
He walked away from the spot, and
directly afterward a large fall of coal
occurred just over the place where the
man had been working.—London Stand-
ard.

The Beggar's Sign.

Smith (seeing beggar bearing sign
reading, "Deaf and Dumb")—I'd like to
help this poor fellow, but I don't know
how to tell whether he is really deaf
and dumb.

Beggar (softly)—Read the sign, mis-
ter; read the sign.—Indianapolis Jour-
nal.

He Knew.

"This is rather an unusual hour for
you to be going to lunch. Not hungry
so early, are you?"

"No, but I will be by the time the
waiter condescends to notice me."—Ex-
change.

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING, DEODORIZING AND PURIFYING.



AN AIR SHIP AND LIQUID AIR.

PRACTICAL EXPERIMENTS WITH THREE TWO
TWENTIETH CENTURY INVENTIONS AT
MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS' EX-
POSITION NEXT OCTOBER.

The idea of an air ship as one of
the novel and entertaining attrac-
tions of the Second Triennial Expon-
sition of the Merchants and Manu-
facturers' Association at Mechanics' Bu-
ilding, Boston, next October, seems
likely to meet with the utmost favor.
Indeed, the mere announcement of the
proposed aerial flight has caused a
flutter, of anticipation and the event
itself, whether successful or
otherwise, is bound to prove one of
the most interesting and Sensa-
tional episodes of the big fair. It
will be the first experiment of this
character ever attempted in Boston,
a fact which in itself enhances its
importance. Paris just now is in a
fever of excitement over the air ships
of various inventors who have
selected the gay French capital as
the scene of their operations, and the
daily flight of these aerial machines
over the boulevards, is watched by
the multitude with eager attention.
So intense is the interest and enthusi-
asm, according to the current cable
dispatches, that the air ships of Paris
have quite superseded the automa-
biles as a public craze. The success
of the Santos Dumont invention is
now universally conceded, and his in-
vention is acknowledged to be, like
wireless telegraphy, liquid air and
a few other of the more recent
scientific discoveries and inventions,
one of the marvelous triumphs of
the twentieth century.

The fact that the managers of the
Merchants and Manufacturers Expon-
sition intend to introduce every
novelty possible in all departments of
the Triennial, is evidenced not alone
in the matter of an air ship but also
in the multitude of other modern
scientific discoveries and demon-
strations, of which will be carried on
every day and hour of the exposition.
Considering the fact that within
the last two years the American pub-
lic has had opportunity to witness
some of the operations of liquid air,
it is surprising how little general
knowledge exists either as to its
manufacture or power. This power,
it may be said, is in its own particu-
lar field every whit as wonderful, if not
quite as incomprehensible as that of
electricity. A visit to Mechanics' Bu-
ilding any day during the four
weeks of the Exposition, beginning
Monday, October 5, will satisfy the
most sceptical as to the truth of the
assertion. Certainly, in the princi-
ples of applied mechanics, no such
object lesson as this has ever before
been offered to the public of Boston
and of New England.

REAL ESTATE.

James H. Nickerson has conveyed to
J. T. Trefry the frame building
and 23,610 feet of land on Cherry
street, West Newton.

D. R. Knight takes title to 22,850
feet of land on Parker street and
about 10 1/2 acres on Oak Hill. Sam-
uel M. Jackson is the grantor.

Wiley S. & Frank Edmunds have
effected sale for account of "Home
for Aged People" of about seven and
one half acres of the Joshua Loring
estate, fronting on Centre and Cotton
streets, Newton Centre, including
dwelling, stable and out buildings.
The property is purchased for sub-
division in large lots.

WABAN REAL ESTATE.

Fine Lots in Handsome, Re-
stricted Section, Selling at
Very Low Prices.

The Boston Globe, speaking of the
recent auction sale at Waban of vacant
land belonging to Charles J. Page and
the Henslaw estate, where over 300,000
square feet of choice lands were sold at
very low figures, says:

"Not for a number of years have such
genuine bargains been offered in New-
ton as this tract, the land being situated
in a locality that is restricted."

Among the keen judges of real estate
noticed at the sale were J. Warren
Bailey, who bought six lots, covering
over 52,000 feet, on Wyman and Wood-
ward sts. and Pine Ridge Road, W. P.
Harrington, 12,325 feet on Wyman st.;
G. H. Springer, 18,720 feet in two lots on
Wyman st.; Alfred Foster, 10,270 feet
on Wyman st.; C. C. Burton, 11,190 feet
on Wyman st.; P. C. Cotter, a fine lot of
12,210 feet on the corner of Beacon and
Woodward sts.; W. J. McConnell, 12,284
feet on Pine Ridge Road; James Leary,
8000 feet on Beacon st.; W. C. Scar-
borough, 7804 feet, and F. B. Rich, 9921
feet, both on Pine Ridge Road.

A number of these lots have already
changed hands at good profits to the
first purchasers (over 50 per cent in two
cases), and the others who secured lots
at the auction hold them at good stiff
advances.

The sale of good blocks and lots on
this great property is being continued
until September by Mr. Page, at his
office, 82 Devonshire st., Boston, at
prices that make every foot of the land
a bargain—in fact from 50 per cent to 80
per cent of their reasonable value—
bringing good homes in a good neigh-
borhood within everybody's reach.

Street Railway Matters.

Mr. R. H. Derrah has issued a de-
scriptive and illustrated booklet of the
points of interest on the line of the
Boston and Worcester Street Railway

DIED.

STONE—At Auburndale, Aug. 4,
Betsey C., widow of Grafton W.
Stone of Berkeley, Mass., aged 59
yrs 11 mos 4 dys

KINCHLA—At Nonantum, Aug. 3,
Timothy Kinchla, aged 61 yrs

ALDEN—At Newton, July 31, Lucia
S. Alden, aged 64 yrs 2 mos 25 dys

LUSK—At Chestnut Hill, Aug. 1,
Minnie E. Lusk, aged 22 yrs 1 mo
27 dys

HALL—At Watertown, Aug. 3rd, at
the residence of Edward T. Hall,
Miss Ellen Rebecca Hall, aged 79
yrs 10 mos

G. W. MILLS,
Funeral Director.

(15 Years Experience.)
Office & Warerooms 813 Washington St. Newtonville
Open day and night. Lady atst. when desired.
Telephone 445-5, 176-5 Newton.

Established in 1846 by Franklin Smith
A. L. EASTMAN,
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251 Tremont St., Cor. Reaver Pl. Boston.
Telephone 660 Oxford. Open Day and Night

J. S. Waterman & Sons,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS
and EMBALMERS.
2324 and 2328 Washington Street.
Adjoining Dudley Street Terminal.
Personal attention given to every detail.
Chapel and other special rooms connected
with establishment. Competent persons in
attendance day and night.
Telephones, Roxbury 72 and 73.

GEO. H. GREGG & SON,
Undertakers
Established 1865
ALL THE NEWTONS
Telephone Newton, 64-23-4.

BEETHOVEN Male Quartette
Of Newton.

Concerts, Funerals, Etc.
Tel. { West Newton 261-8
{ Newton Highlands, 253-3.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

No. 1 horse hay, a few loads last year's
Timothy at \$1.25 per 100; 1893 crop No. 1
Timothy, \$1.10 per 100; 1 load White Clover,
\$1.00 per 100. No. 1 Brook meadow hay,
\$1.00 per ton, delivered any where in New-
ton in loads to suit. Address COOLIDGE
BROS., South Sudbury, Mass.

FOR SALE—A second-hand 5 H. P. steam
engine (Taylor Mfg. Co.) and a 12 H. P.
upright boiler. Now at Graphic office.

CLAIMS OF EMANUEL SWENDBERG
AND MARY B. G. EDDY, AND
THEIR PARALLELS. By Mrs. Ellen J.
(Post) Mott, James H. Earle & Co., Pub-
lishers, 178 Washington St., Boston. For
sale at "Old Corner" Bookstore, Bromfield
St., Boston. Price 35c.

FOR SALE—High back Goddard buggy,
rubber tires; made to order; cost \$280.
Price \$350. Dr. W. O. Hunt.

To Let.

TO LET—A house with 7 rooms, all the
conveniences, furnace and range, ac-
tually well located, for less than \$20 per
month. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Drake, 404
Waltham St., West Newton.

ROOM to let, with breakfast and supper;
private family; reference, 21 Waverly
avenue.

Wants.

WANTED—A first-class coachman. One
who understands stable-work and the
care of horses, and is a good driver. Apply
at the house of L. G. Pratt, 73 Highland
street, West Newton.

WANTED—By an American gentleman a
position to care for a male invalid, old
or young. Best references. Call or address,
F. H. Farnsworth, 64 Lowell street, Wat-
tam, Mass.

FOR good board and rooms apply at 21
Thornton Street, Newton.

GIRLS WANTED to use BENT'S DE-
STROYER for hand and falling
hair. Harmless, 25c. Kill lice on children
and all insects. Destroys insects on plants
and animals. Cures mange and mosquito
bites. At Lacroix Drug Store.

WANTED—A partially furnished or un-
furnished room, with breakfasts, in
Newton, by a young lady engaged in a Probate
during the day. Best of references. Ad-
dress "E. F." Graphic office.

WANTED—A capable and reliable girl
good cook and laundress. Apply at
315 Franklin street.

EXPERIENCED waist and skirt girls
wanted at Room 4 Stevens Building, No-
nantum square.

Mr. Cutler's Preparatory School

for both sexes will begin the next
school year September 21st.
For Circulars or information apply
to
Mr. EDWARD H. CUTLER, Under Terrace,
Telephone, Newton 414-4.

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Brackett's Market Company.

Provisions.

8 & 10 Old's Block, Newton



\$45.00
DROP-HEAD STYLE \$45.00.

No agents employed. MACHINES NOT
SENT OUT ON SURETY. New Machines
rented, \$8.00 per month, and sold on rental-
purchase plan.

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OLIVE SOAP.

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For Toilet and Skin Use. E. W. WHITNEY,
Manufacturer, 50 Long Wharf, foot State St.,
Boston. Drop a Postal Card. Tel. Connection

NORUMBEGA

Opens Daily
at 10 A. M. On the
Charles.

THE IDEAL RESORT
Rustic Theatre

Afternoons at 3.30. Evenings at 8.05.
Week commencing August 10.
The Four Flying Larks, the Dancing Daw-
sons, Fred Stubbs, Curly & Otto, and
others.

Important New Attraction
THE GREAT SUB-T

Newtonville.

—Dr. W. O. Hunt, during July and August will be in Newtonville Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, other days at North Fairmouth.

Have you tried Hammond's Peach Ice Cream? Telephone your orders, 210-3.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bruner of Cabot street returned last week from Europe.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Higgins & Nickerson have started the cellar for a new house on Walker street.

—Mr. John D. Harrington of Court street is confined to his home with illness.

—Mrs. Peabody and family of Cabot street have returned from a trip to Maine.

—Mr. H. V. Jones and family of Dexter road are spending a few weeks in Maine.

—Mr. H. B. Jones and family of Dexter road are spending a few weeks in Maine.

—Mr. J. B. Robson and family of Crafts street are enjoying an outing in Maine.

—Miss Bessie Gilman of Clafin place is enjoying a few weeks sojourn in Maine.

—Dr. Edgerly and family of Harvard street have returned from a short stay in Maine.

—Mrs. Sanders of Kimball terrace is spending a few weeks in New Hampshire.

—Miss Grace Chadwick of Walnut street is spending a few weeks at North Scituate.

—Mr. Theodore Jones and family of Kirkstall road are spending a few weeks at Onset.

—Mr. W. B. Besson of Mt. Vernon street is spending the summer at Bear Island, N. H.

—Mr. G. A. Clapp and family of Walnut street are spending the month of August in Maine.

—Mr. Wilbert Morgrave of Cabot street has returned from an extended trip through California.

—Mr. Morton Kimball and Robert French left this week for an outing at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

—Mr. H. C. French and family of Forest avenue are occupying their summer home on the Cape.

—Mr. F. E. Procter and family of Trowbridge avenue have returned from an outing on the Cape.

—Dr. J. J. Coxeter and family of Cabot street have returned from a short visit at Athol, Mass.

—Col. F. B. Stevens and family of Birch Hill road are registered at the Howard, Bethlehem, N. H.

—Mr. J. Walter Allen of Foster street was at the summit of Mt. Washington last Tuesday.

—Mr. A. O. Clark and family of Jennison street are enjoying a few weeks outing at East Tilton, N. H.

—Mr. Sinclair Williams and family of California street have returned from an enjoyable outing down on the Cape.

—Mrs. Jackson and daughter, Miss M. E. Jackson of Crafts street have returned from a visit to Hartford, Conn.

—Mr. George W. Bishop and family of Walnut street left this week for Nantucket, where they will spend August.

—Mr. Charles J. O'Neil of Washington street has sold out his upholstery business to Mr. Calder of Newton Centre.

—Mr. Bartlett and family of Madison avenue are in New Hampshire, where they will spend the remainder of the season.

—Miss Pearl Burns of Highland park left this week for Vermont, where she will spend the rest of the summer with relatives.

—Forward your baggage by Hunting's Newtonville & Boston Ex. to all Boats and Railroad Depots. Claim checks given.

—Mrs. Welles and her daughter, Miss Ada Welles, left Wednesday for Mt. Vernon, where they will spend the remainder of the season.

—Mr. Herbert L. Williams, who has been spending the summer with his parents at their cottage at Orleans, was in town early this week.

—Mrs. Geo. H. Shapley of Nevada street is probably the only Newton lady who had the pleasure of being in the presence of the late Pope Leo.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Newlands of New York City will spend the rest of August with Mrs. Newlands' parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Nutt of Highland park.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall paper at reasonable prices.

—Mr. Howard Cheney is spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cheney of Walnut street. Early in the fall Mr. Cheney will leave for Dartmouth College.

—Mr. Thomas N. Bradshaw of Otis street has bought the Russell house on the corner of Otis street and Lowell avenue and will make extensive repairs and alterations before occupying.

—Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge, who have been occupying Rev. Richard T. Loring's house on Trowbridge avenue during the summer will move into apartments in the Marion on Washington street, Newton, next week.

—Among the Newton people who will attend the house party which will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Ulmer at their summer home at Beach wood, Me., next week, are Miss Nutt of Highland park and Mr. William O. Harrington of Court street.

—The summer residence of Mr. G. L. Keyes at Allerton was tastefully decorated for "Old Home Week" at Hull, last Saturday. Mr. Keyes is one of the pioneers of Allerton, and has done much for the place, as have many other Newton families.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Rev. and Mrs. O. S. Davis of Lowell avenue are receiving congratulations on the recent birth of a daughter.

West Newton.

—William Smith is a recent arrival on Warwick road.

—Miss Gertrude Sawyer of Webster street is sojourning at Jefferson, N. H.

—Mr. George Fisher of Washington street is spending August in Bangor, Me.

—Mr. George Griffin of Washington street is back from an outing at Portland, Me.

—Dr. Paine and family of Washington street are spending August at Lake Champlain.

—Mr. H. L. Fairbrother and family of Greenwood avenue are enjoying a sojourn in New York.

—Mr. Charles Stewart of Fuller street is spending a few weeks with friends in New York.

—Mrs. M. E. Beardsley and son have gone to Bronx, New York, for the month of August.

—Mrs. George A. Walton of Chestnut street is the guest of her sister in New York this week.

—Mr. Irving T. Farnham and family of Warwick Road left this week for Green Harbour, Mass.

—Mr. Charles B. Lawrence of Washington street is the guest of friends in Philadelphia this week.

—Mr. J. T. Trefry of Cherry street as returned from a most enjoyable outing at Yarmouth, N. S.

—Miss Sadie Armstrong of Washington street is spending the week with relatives in Lawrence.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Richards of Regent street are registered at the Intervale House, Intervale, N. H.

—Miss E. D. Hinchey of Exeter street is with the Appalachian Club at Whiteface Mountain, N. H.

—Lieut. Commander S. H. Leonard is inspecting government work at the Midvale Steel Co., Philadelphia.

—Mr. J. H. Toombs and family of Henshaw street have returned from a visit to Prince Edward's Island.

—Rev. Dr. Henry J. Patrick of Newtonville will conduct the service at the Congregational church on Sunday.

—Mrs. E. E. Adams and daughter of Highland street are enjoying a few weeks' outing at Kearsarge, N. H.

—Mrs. C. E. Danforth, who has been occupying the Wyman house on Prince street has moved to Quincy.

—The First Baptist church is to be closed for extensive repairs. The chapel is also to be greatly enlarged.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Woods arrived from Europe last Saturday morning on the steamship New England.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis of Margin street have returned from a few weeks stay at White Horse Beach, Me.

—Miss Mary Schofield, formerly of this place, is the guest of Miss Agnes Shattuck at her summer home at Megansett.

—Mrs. A. K. Tolman and Miss Tolman of Hunter street are at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., for the remainder of the summer.

—Mr. William L. Clark has just sold to J. F. Ryder a lot of land on Cherry street. Mr. Ryder will build a large house upon the lot.

—Mrs. H. M. Gordon of Regent street, who has recently recovered from an operation at the Newton Hospital, is now at Bridgewater, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Shallow of Watertown street returned this week from Bridgeport, Conn., where they were the guests of Mrs. Shallow's sister.

—Rev. J. C. Jaynes officiated at the funeral of the late Gustavus A. Damon at the Second church, Boston, last Tuesday. Mr. Damon was a brother of Mr. J. L. Damon of Putnam street.

—Rev. Julian C. Jaynes, who came up from his summer home at Malpeque, P. E. I., to attend the funeral of Mr. Allen, was the guest of Mr. G. H. Ellis of Commonwealth avenue on Tuesday.

—The schooner yacht Winnebago, owned by Mr. Chas. E. Gibson of Highland avenue, went ashore at Woods Hole during the gale last Wednesday.

—The names of Prof. E. E. Allen and Dr. E. B. Nelson were inadvertently omitted from the list of pall bearers in our account of the funeral of Mr. N. T. Allen.

—Mr. B. F. Shattuck, who is spending the summer with his family at Megansett, has the record for catching blue fish this season at Megansett. His largest single day's catch was a string of 23 beauties.

—Mr. Edward Gately of River street is a promoter of a new Company lately incorporated in Portland, Me., under the name of Gately and Brennan, dealing in general merchandise and gentlemen's furnishings.

—Mr. Gately is the president of the company. Mr. Brennan is also well known here and resides on Derby street. The firm runs about 90 stores, all over New England.

Police Paragraphs.

Patrick Kerrigan of Brookline was found by Patrolman McLaughlin in a dazed condition lying across the tracks of the railroad near the Church street bridge at Newton, early Tuesday morning.

His clothing was in shreds, his legs, shoulders, head and face cut, bruised and scratched. He was taken to the police station and his wounds dressed by a physician.

In court Tuesday morning, he said he had tripped over a signal wire and had struck his head on the tracks in the fall. The police believe he fell off a train after leaving the Newton station. His case was assigned for Wednesday morning and then placed on file.

BUOYANT MIDDLE AGE.

It Dances Jauntily With Youth In These Progressive Days.

Half a century ago a man of forty-five was regarded almost elderly, and a woman of the same age was expected to have long since cut herself adrift from all ties binding her to her youth and to assume the appearance and deportment of a staid, exemplary matron.

All this has changed in a particularly interesting way, of which the prominent feature is a seeming contradiction. If the three-year-old child of today is as knowing as was the six-year-old of half a century ago and the ten-year-old boy of today is in many respects quite as much a man as was his grandfather at eighteen, one might naturally expect that in due gradation the modern middle aged man should be old beyond his years. But such is not the case.

Middle age, so far from hurrying on into senility, so far even from standing still, would seem actually to have stepped backward and marched alongside of youth. There is a jauntiness, a buoyancy, an elasticity, about the middle age of today at which our fathers would have shaken their heads in amazement. The gulf which once separated the middle aged parent from his children has been filled up. The curtain which shrouded the middle aged man generally from the eyes of youth and which caused him to be regarded with respect if not with awe has been lifted, and in obedience to the same influences which have made the schoolmaster the friend of the schoolboy and the regimental officer almost the comrade of his men the middle aged man of today is never so happy as when working or playing upon an equality and actually in connection with youth.

As with men so it is with women. Social statisticians tell us that the age at which women are considered most eligible for marriage has been very notably advanced of late years, and we know that the lament of many a matchmaking mamma is that the most dreaded rivals of her darling are not to be found so much among the girls of her own age as among women who not many years ago would have been relegated to the ranks of hopeless old maidhood. The fact that the middle aged lady of today is much younger in manner and tastes is of course not the only reason for this, but it is among the most potent.—London Spectator.

A Very Strange Intercession.

In a church where the prayers are made at the discretion of the minister very strange intercessions are sometimes presented. I remember well ages since hearing old Dr. Muir of Glasgow, who was a real though eccentric genius in his day and of whom no English reader ever heard, relate an incident which had been in his own knowledge.

"Mr. Smith was preaching at Drumsleekie, and he had come to the concluding prayer, where we pray for all and sundries (sic), when he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to pray for the magistrates. So he put in the prayer just where he was, 'Have mercy upon all fools and idiots and specially upon the magistrates of Drumsleekie.' He meant no evil, but the magistrates were not pleased."—Longman's Magazine.

Playthings In Court.

Some very curious models have from time to time been produced in court in various lawsuits. There was a model of a mill produced lately in a patent case where the patentee claimed his patent to have been infringed. The patent was in connection with some part of the machinery of the mill. The model was set working in court while judge and counsel watched its movements with much interest. A model steam engine was once produced in an action against a railway company. The judge insisted on having the whole working of the engine explained to him, whereupon the counsel who was speaking asked for an adjournment of the trial for twelve months, when he would be able to give the required explanation.—London Tatler.

How to Remove Stones From Land.

Large rocks should be heated by burning a quantity of brush on each one, and then with a good heavy sledge and steel wedges most of them can be split into fragments that can be hauled off upon the drag. Medium sized rocks may be drawn out by digging round them, fastening a log chain upon the lower side and attaching the team. Let the horses start slowly, and with a little effort the stone may be pulled out at the second or third pull. A good way to get rid of stones is to bury them, but bury them deep—not less than three feet from the surface—as they will be certain to work up to the top in a few years, when the work has to be done over again at considerable cost.

Nothing to Show For It.

"Say, doctor, what's that last \$3 item in your bill for?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes; I gave you a thorough examination on that day. Don't you remember?"

"Sure I remember. But do you suppose I am going to pay you for that when you took up an hour of my time and then couldn't find anything the matter with me after all?"—Buffalo Express.

The Acme of Meekness.

McJigger—Chicken hearted? Well, I should say; he's the limit.

Thingumbob—Is that so?

McJigger—Nothing can make him fight. Why, I've even seen him let a man cheat him out of his turn in the barber shop, and he never said a word.—Philadelphia Press.

The Adirondack government reserve contains 1,355,851 acres, and private parks aggregate 700,000 acres. The Catskill reserve is 82,330 acres.

Mile. CAROLINE

is now showing some very pretty HATS and BONNETS

at very reasonable prices.

486 Boylston Street, Boston.

(In block of Brunswick Hotel.)

SMART FRENCH PATTERNS.

Our Patterns Warranted to Fit.

Advance Shirt Waists and Skirt Patterns a Specialty

SHIRT WAIST SUITS, \$5.00 NEXT TEN DAYS

Ladies Gowns made to order or cut and fitted for home completion. Satisfaction guaranteed. French Pattern Parlor, Mrs. DENISE, Manager, 600 Washington Street, near Hollis St., Boston. Take elevator.

MRS. SWEETSER'S and MISS WILLIAMS'

Kindergarten and Private School.

274 Highland Ave., West Newton. 21st Year Begins Sept. 21, 1903.

Thorough instruction in a carefully planned course of study from Kindergarten to High School, manual training and elementary German included. For further information, address Mrs. N. C. SWEETSER, Glen Road, Newton Lower Falls.

California Sweet Pea SEEDS FREE

We have just received our supply of Sweet Pea Seeds furnished for free distribution by Rieger, the California Perfumer, manufacturer of that famous perfume

PALO ALTO PINK The Perfume That Lasts

Now is the time to plant Sweet Peas, so come and get them free, with complete instructions for planting, growth and care.

ARTHUR HUDSON, Nonantum Square, Newton, STEVENS' BLOCK.

1875 to 1902,

HATHAWAY'S BREAD

THE LEADER.

SHIRT WAISTS.

We have a reliable preparation which will set the colors in wash goods without slightest injury to most delicate fabric. Mailed receipt 10 cents. Beacon Specialty Co., 70 Kilby Street, Boston.

By HERBERT E. SMITH, Auctioneer, 3700 Washington Street, Forest Hills. Tel. 538-2, Jam.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

Public Auction.

Blake Street, Newtonville,

Friday, Aug. 14, 1903,

At 3.00 O'clock P. M.,

on the premises, will positively be sold at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash

2,367 square feet of land. This land has a frontage on Blake Street of 225 feet. It is high and covered with young growth of hardwood, and offers a fine chance for speculation, being only about 1,000 feet from Cabot Park and 2 miles from Newtonville Station. This estate must be sold to close accounts with heirs. \$100 cash deposit required at time of sale. Other particulars of Herbert E. Smith, Auctioneer.

LEVI W. SHAW, Trustee.

Vacation TOURS

TO NOTED EASTERN RESORTS. Under Special Escort. All Traveling Expenses Included.

No. 1, Aug. 17—Lakes George and Champlain, Ausable Chasm, Montreal, Quebec and White Mountains.

No. 2, Aug. 17—Lakes George and Champlain and Ausable Chasm.

No. 3, Aug. 17—Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

No. 4, Aug. 30—Hudson River, Niagara Falls, St. Lawrence River, Montreal, Ausable Chasm, Lake George, etc.

No. 5, Aug. 30—Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, etc.

No. 6, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 7, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 8, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 9, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 10, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 11, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 12, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 13, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 14, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 15, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 16, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 17, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 18, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 19, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 20, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 21, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 22, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 23, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 24, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

No. 25, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

NEWTON LUMBER CO.

Tel. 249-5 Newton.

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(Successors to C. A. HARRINGTON.)

DEALERS IN

LUMBER, LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, Etc.

We are stocking up this Yard as fast as possible. Meanwhile we can furnish anything not in stock in the Lumber line at short notice from the large stock of The Buttrick Lumber Co. at Waltham.

Particular Attention Called to Our Kiln Dried Floor Boards Constantly under Steam Heat

Mr. C. A. Harrington, well known to the Newton public, will take charge of the business for the present. Telephone Connection.

P. P. Adams'

Big Dry Goods Department Store.

An Alteration Sale

that means our own enviable record of supreme value-giving will be forced a notch higher. Our hardest task is to eclipse our own previous efforts.

Ruffled Curtains, Draperies.

25 pr. Colored Cross Stripe India Lace Curtains, 2 colors, worth \$1.75. Alteration Sale price, 50c pr

White Ruffled Curtains. All small lots. Sample pairs. All exactly half price.

1.00 Curtains, 50c
75c Curtains, 38c

Wash Fabrics.

900 yds. Fast Color Gingham, worth 6 1-4c. Alteration Sale price, 4 1-2c yd

650 yds. Colored Lace Muslins, worth 8c yd. Alteration sale price, 5 1-4c yd

450 yds. 36-in. Dark Percales, remnants, worth 8c. Alteration Sale price, 5 1-2c yd

900 yds. A. & C. "Red Seal," "Lehigh" Gingham, formerly 10c and 12 1-2c. Alteration Sale price, 7 1-2c yd

300 yds. Best 50c Silk Gingham. Alteration Sale price, 25c yd

Cottons, Linens, Etc.

575 yds. 27-in. Brown Cotton, worth 4c. Alteration price, 2 3-4c yd

1100 yds. 36-in. Brown Sheet, same weight as Continental, worth 8c. yd. Alteration Sale price, 6 1-4c yd

32 doz. 81x90 Linen Finish Sheets. Would cost more to-day. Alteration Sale price, 39c each

72 pcs. Linen Finish Crash. Alteration Sale price, 5c yd

6 pcs. All Linen Cream Damask, 39c yd

Advance Fall Merchandise.

Alteration Sale Prices Prevail.

2100 yds. New Outing Flannels. Alteration Sale price, 7c yd

41 pcs. 1800 yds. Best Outing Flannels. Alteration Sale price, 10c yd

2 cases 10x4 Grey Blankets. Alteration Sale price, 59c and 69c pair

THE GRIP OF HONOR

Cyrus Townsend Brady,
Author of "The Southerners," "In the Wasp's Nest," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.

LADY ELIZABETH WILL KEEP HER WORD.

THE night fell on three of the most unhappy people in the world; yet to each had been vouchsafed a partial realization of a cherished hope. Coventry should have been luxuriating in the thought of his approaching marriage to the girl he loved; Elizabeth should have been overwhelmed with joy at the reappearance of O'Neill, after his long absence, and O'Neill during that time had asked for nothing but an opportunity to stand once more in the presence of his divinity. The desire of each had been granted, and yet all three were completely miserable. Coventry, because he more than suspected that Elizabeth loved O'Neill; Elizabeth, because she felt that honor compelled her to marry Coventry, to whom she was deeply attached, but toward whom her feelings, she now found, were vastly different from those which had flooded her being with new life at the sight of the young Irishman. Her period of waiting and dreaming had unconsciously developed a passion for him which had broken all barriers at the mere sound of his voice, the sight of his face. As for O'Neill, he found her fairer than he had ever thought even in his most extravagant dreams, and it was in an agony of despair that he contemplated her as the bride of another. There was this saving grace in his position, however—he would probably be condemned to death forthwith, and he was in no mood to balk the executioner; if ever death be welcome it would be so to him.

The only one who was completely at his ease, and who, in fact, extracted a certain satisfaction from the situation, was the admiral. Naturally he did not enter very deeply into the matrimonial schemes of the young, and with the indifference of a man well along in years he doubted that it would be a matter of any great difficulty either to make Elizabeth forget, if necessary, the Irishman, in whom even his obtuse vision had detected that she was greatly interested, or, in case it suited his purpose better, to make his son forget Elizabeth in the presence of some other charmer whom he might select. His purpose was, as ever, the paramount consideration with the admiral.

He had conceived a brilliant idea, which he fondly hoped would result, were it to be realized, in the capture of the notorious Paul Jones, who was the object of consuming desire on the part of every military and naval man in the three kingdoms. So enchanted was the old man with his own idea, and so desirous was he of bagging the game, that he would not have hesitated to sacrifice the affections of his son, the happiness of his ward, or to brush aside almost anything, save his honor, which might stand in his way.

The young Irishman had clearly forfeited his life by his action; nay, more, now that he recalled his name he remembered that he had been found guilty of high treason, and, like his father, was under sentence of death for that as well. He had a double hold upon him therefore. The powers of the admiral, who was one of the leading men of the realm, were unusually large, and as a state of martial law had been proclaimed on the coast he was supreme as to life and death in matters where any military exigency could be urged.

He chuckled to himself at the thought that he held in his hand two of the master cards—love of life and love of woman. The third, love of honor, which O'Neill was possessed of, was a high one, to be sure, but he trusted by clever play to win the game, since the odds were with him. Elizabeth had become a state paper—a pledge in pawn—to him; O'Neill another piece, or player. He had not yet formulated any plan for carrying out his great idea, but one was already germinating in his mind, so that in the end, under the stimulus of the splendid opportunity he saw before him for rounding out an already brilliant career in the service of his country by effecting the capture of the famous Paul Jones, his hours were as sleepless as were those of the others.

The poor Irish Lieutenant had caused a great deal of trouble to every one with whom he had come in contact. Even Paul Jones himself, who loved and cherished the young man with all his generous heart, was filled with deep anxiety as to his probable fate when he heard the report of old Price the next day, especially as the hours fled away and his Lieutenant did not rejoin the ship. In spite of the absence of the rest of his squadron, the commodore at once hastened to the rendezvous with the Richard alone, and there determined to take a small hand in the game himself while waiting for the Pullax, the Alliance and the others to assemble. Cautious inquiries which he caused to be made on shore had informed him that, as he expected, O'Neill had been apprehended. A less kindly man than Paul Jones would have left him to his fate; but that was not his way.

Early the next morning, being Wednesday, Sept. 22, O'Neill had arisen and gone down on the terrace

of the castle overlooking the ocean and the ships in the harbor, where he met Lady Elizabeth. She was gazing listlessly over the caseway at a horseman galloping along the road.

"Do I interrupt reminiscences of a tete-a-tete, madam?" said he, saluting her with a profound bow.

"Reminiscences such as mine are better interrupted," she replied.

"You were?"

"Saying goodbye to my—my—cousin."

"Has your ladyship no dearer title than that by which to designate him?"

"Not yet," she answered wearily.

"Ah, I perceive," he continued jealously. "The natural regret at the absence of your betrothed, for—"

"No, no, not that! How can you trifle so with me at this moment? He reproached me because I—why do I tell you these things? You constrain me, sir; I—"

"Forgive me! You need not finish, Lady Elizabeth," he said, with a sudden gravity. "As for me, I must needs trifle or die. Life in the freshness of the morning, the white capped ocean stretching before us in the sunlight, the gentle breeze playing across our faces, is sweet to think on. With youth and rank and station it would be heavenly spent with you. Without you I welcome the death your guardian will undoubtedly inflict upon me."

"Yet you waited so long—a year and a half—why did you not come? I—"

She stopped. She had spoken in a low, tender whisper, looking down at the sea beneath them and plucking nervously at the loose plaster of the old wall. Death so imminent for love and lover—nay, not for love; that were eternal—broke down petty convention. Where were death and love there, too, should truth and honesty be—and honor.

He laid his strong hand gently down on the small white one outlined upon the gray weather beaten rock of the parapet. With upturned palm she met his grasp. Her eyes were lifted now. She drew strength from his strength; a dawning hope flickered into being in her torn heart. He was so strong and true he surely could do something—there must be some other way. It was the tribute woman pays to man.

He read aright, with eyes keen from affection, the mute, piteous appeal in her sweetly lifted face, but he could only smile sadly in answer, with a silent shake of the head. There was no other way, then, in the marked path she must walk. Have mercy, Lord!

"Was it long to you, dearest?" he queried, his dark face aflame. "To me—I have been a fool. Nothing should have kept me from you. To trust to messengers, letters—a fool—to late! Silence! The hands unclasped; ties were broken. 'Too late!' He turned bitterly away.

"Would that we had met in happier days!" she murmured sadly, making a brave effort at self control.

"No reproaches, Lady Elizabeth," he answered, the touch of formality in the address showing his own equal strife. "What must be must be! At least I have met you before I die, and for a year and a half I have thought of you and dreamed of you and held you the lady of my heart. Even death itself cannot rob me of that sweet joy—for it is past."

They looked apart, and heard above the voice of the great deep, the unfathomable sound of the moaning surge far beneath them, chafing against the pebbles in the still morning, the wild beating of their hearts. After a little pause he continued more softly:

"And you—you will forget the young Irishman, the soldier of fortune, whom untoward fate threw across your pathway, and in your own English home and in the love of your noble husband may you be happy?"

"Nay, not so," she said softly, taking his hand again, her eyes filling with tears—this time she was the stronger. "My heart is not made of such feeble stuff. I shall do my duty, keep my pledged word—even you would have me do no less than that—but not more steadfastly than I shall keep you within my recollection. But do not talk of death; you must not. I know the admiral—he has a kindly heart."

"I would not live," replied the young man quietly; "for life is death when the heart is dead."

"Tell me," asked the girl, nervously breaking the almost insupportable silence, "were you there when my mother's picture fell last night?"

"Yes, so near to it that it almost fell into my arms," he answered, smiling.

"A bad omen!" she murmured, shaking her head.

"What! That it should fall into my arms?"

"No, that it should fall at all."

"Well, I do not believe in omens, and 'tis in the arms of another that you fall, at any rate. He gets the substance, I the shadow, the illusion—and even that is broken!"

"And so even the shadow is lost," said Elizabeth.

"Not yet. Open my heart, you will find it there," he answered quickly.

"But how like you the portrait was?"

"Yes, I am said to look like my mother."

"Yes, answered, striving, as we all do in tragic moments, to reach the height of the commonplace. "In the dress I now wear, under the changing fashions, the likeness is not so strik-

ing, but when I am gowned as she was, in the identical costume, which is still in existence, by the way, and sit as she did, in the dim light in that old chair, the resemblance is even more striking."

"Would that I might see you thus—in that dress of the olden time! Nothing except your actual presence in the hall has ever startled me so much as that image of the past did last night. You are so like your picture, but more beautiful, I think."

"Ah, yes; youth and the present are always the more beautiful. The ad-



"Your death! What mean you?"

miral says I am not to be mentioned beside her. He loved her, I think. She was his cousin. They tell me she married very young, unhappily, too, and died when I was born, many years after. My father, too, died. I can scarcely remember him at all. I am alone."

"There should be a warning in this, should there not?" he asked softly—an idle question fate had determined.

"I suppose so," replied the girl wearily. "But what was I to do? The arrangement was made when I was a child. I have grown up with Edward Coventry. He loves me; he is a noble fellow. I respect, esteem him highly. It is a long cherished wish of the admiral's. It was my mother's wish as well. I put him off in spite of the engagement for a year—for six months again," she said, with a glance the fond reproach of which cut him to the heart. "I promised him on my word of honor if he would only wait that time I would make no further objections. I cannot break that word now."

"Not even for me?"

"No, not even for you."

"But you do not love him?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she answered slowly; "I do—in a way, that is."

"But not like?"

"Enough, Lieutenant O'Neill!" she answered proudly, resuming, perforce, her erstwhile haughty air, which was belied by a deep blush on her cheeks.

"'Tis not generous of you to press me further. I—we have decided. I can stand no more. Forgive me—have mercy!"

"I respect your decision; nay, more, I honor you for it, Lady Elizabeth," he answered, smiling gravely. "I kiss your hand and go to my death smiling. Forget me."

"Your death!" she cried in alarm. "What mean you?"

"The admiral, sir, would speak with you in the office at once," interrupted the sergeant, who had approached with a file of soldiers.

"You see—the summons," replied O'Neill calmly to Elizabeth. "Friend, I attend you—goodbye."

CHAPTER XI.

O'NEILL WILL KEEP HIS WORD.

THE admiral had fully matured his plans during the night, and was prepared to make the assault upon the fortifications of O'Neill's honor at the most convenient season. In order to have a clear field for his operations, he had dispatched his son upon an errand which would necessitate his absence until the evening. It had been with his full knowledge that his captive had been allowed to meet and converse with his ward. He trusted more to the fascinations of that young woman to effect his end than to any other known agency, in fact.

Beauty and affection when allied have ever been most potent weapons, even when used to promote the cause of treachery and dishonor. Not that the admiral himself would have done anything he considered dishonorable. He would rather have cut off his right hand, which had done such stout service for his king; he would sacrifice his life, his son's life, anything, rather than jeopard it, but he would not hesitate to cajole the young Irishman into betraying his leader if he could. Though he should despise him if he acceded to the terms he would propose, yet he would not refrain from making use of him even to his own undoing, if possible. 'Twas the custom of war, and the obsequy which in similar instances has ever been heaped upon the tempted has not seemed to attach itself to the tempter under such conditions.

Still the admiral did not rejoice in the situation, and he could not make up his mind just how much it was necessary to offer. He had rather an uncomfortable feeling that he could go very far and then not succeed after all. Yet the greatness of the stake for which he played, he thought, would justify his action, for the person of John Paul Jones was certainly more coveted than that of any other man who had ever warred against the English flag. The governor had under his immediate command two excellent frigates—the Scarpis, forty-four, and the Scarborough, twenty-eight—and if through his planning and foresight

they should capture Jones and his ships he might aspire to any honor in the gift of the king.

"Good morning, my dear marquis," he said pleasantly as soon as the young lieutenant was ushered into the office.

"Good morning to your lordship," answered O'Neill bravely.

"I have sent for you to give you the run of the castle today," continued the admiral, much to the prisoner's surprise. "I shall be occupied with preparations rendered necessary by the advent of your friends the Americans, and urgent business required that I dispatch your acquaintance, my son, on an errand which will keep him away until evening. Meanwhile I leave you to the tender mercies of my ward, the Lady Elizabeth. In the evening I shall have something of great importance to say to you. You will give me your parole, of course, and I trust that you may have a pleasant day."

"In the presence of Lady Elizabeth, sir, all moments are hours of pleasure. I can never sufficiently thank you for your indulgence. You have crowned the victim with a chaplet of roses before offering him upon the altar," answered the bewildered officer. He suspected something, but in the thought of another day with his heart's desire he resolutely put aside all other things—one day, in the strain of life, so much gained!

"Never mind about the altar now," said the admiral. "Enjoy the day, and perhaps the termination of it may fit its beginning."

Such a day as the two young people passed together comes not often in earthly calendars. There was one subject which was forbidden them by honor or discretion. They therefore talked of other things and thought only of that, and the restraint in which each was held made their true opinions as open to each other as the day itself. They wandered together about the castle walls, gazed out upon the sparkling sea and allowed themselves to dream that the day would never end. They forgot the black future and lived only in the fleeting moments of the present. 'Tis the habit of youth and love.

When the night fell they separated reluctantly, to meet again by her appointment in half an hour in the great hall, for what reason he knew not. That she wished it was sufficient for him. There had come into Elizabeth's head a quaint conceit. She wished to surprise him. As she left him she ran hastily to the ancient wardrobe in her private apartment, in which, with the prudent forethought of her ancestors, her mother's wedding robe was laid away in sprigs of lavender. Hastily donning her own garments and assisted by the skillful fingers of her maid, she arrayed herself therein.

The body of the dress was of heavily brocaded white satin, worn over moderate hoops; the bodice was cut low and square across the neck and shoulders and terminated in a pointed stomacher of delicate pale blue, laced over the front with silver cord. The short, rather full sleeves edged with priceless lace left the sweet young arms bare to the dimpled elbow. The overdress or panner, looped with gold cord on either side, was of a fugitive shade of pale wild rose; the dress was lifted in front to show her dainty feet in their diamond buckled, preposterously high heeled, pointed toes, blue satin shoes and rose colored, gold clocked stockings. When she stood up a little train swept the floor.

The old fashioned waist of her gown was very décolleté; she blushed at the thought of it; but as it was in the picture, she draped it with delicate tulle, less white than her neck itself, and caught here and there by tiny diamond stars, and so she put it bravely on. To redress her hair was an easy matter; the low coiffure, with the hair unpowdered and rolled above her broad, low brow, after the style of the beautiful but venal Pompadour, and adorned with three delicate white ostrich tips, and with a string of pearls intertwined in its meshes, was most becoming. With eager hands rummaging among her mother's jewels, she soon found and twined the brilliant necklace of the picture about her throat; on her breast she pinned a great sunburst of diamonds, in the midst of which flashed a gleaming sapphire. A little black patch or two on her cheeks completed her preparations.

Then, full of anticipation for her lover, she ran down to the hall. To her great disappointment the room was empty; he had not yet come. She waited a moment; her eyes fell upon the frame from which the remnants of the tattered painting had been removed, which was leaning on a dais in front of an alcove against the wall, just beneath the spot where the picture had hung. A new thought occurred to her. Why not? She eagerly pushed the old chair behind the frame, arranged it as it had been in the picture, and sat down in exactly the same position her mother had assumed when the portrait had been painted. She had often practiced it before the mirror, and had acquired the pose perfectly.

The rich, dark old tapestry of arras formed an appropriate background, and life and love and expectation threw a light in her eyes and painted upon her cheeks hues that no skill, however cunning, could have duplicated, no palette save that of Nature in her rarest mood supplied. The girl had forgotten for the moment her engagement to another; she had forgotten the impending fate which hung over the man she truly loved. She was only a woman, loving, beloved, waiting. The thought of his surprise, the consciousness of her own beauty, deepened the color on her cheeks and the palpitation of her bosom told of the beating of her heart.

She looked hastily about her, and as the door opened settled herself in the position of sweet repose of the picture. Never had earth borne a fairer woman. The first sound that struck her ear was

Continued on page 7.

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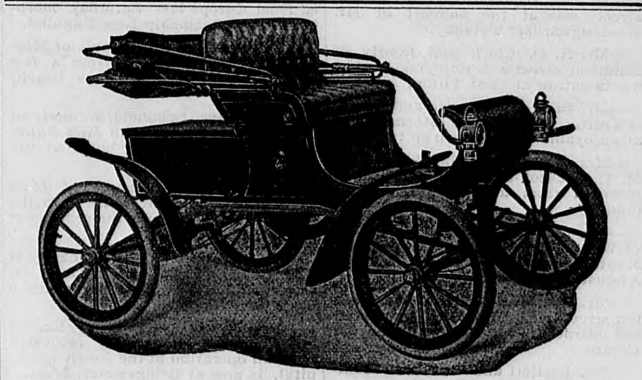
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THE PLAYHOUSE.

Boston Theatre—One of the early important attractions coming to the Boston Theatre will be the big rural comedy drama, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which is now in the third season of continued success. The engagement will begin on Monday, Sept. 28, and continues for three weeks only. A rare treat is in store for all theatre-goers who love that which is clean and exultingly funny, with brilliant touches of refined pathos, in the bucolic drama. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has achieved an enviable distinction as the best of all the country plays. Above everything else the aim in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is to be life-like and true to nature, in both the characters and the story. The accomplishment of this purpose has spelled the word success, in capital letters. This greatest of all the New England plays has the rare honor of spending over four months in New York City, one month in Philadelphia, three weeks in Boston and two months in Chicago. The production is a more elaborate one than ever this season, a new scenic equipment being provided, and including some fine effects in scenic realism. With but two exceptions the cast is the same as seen in Boston last season.

Grand Opera House—The sixteenth season of the Grand Opera House will open Saturday night, Aug. 8, with the first performance of any stage of one of the most elaborate melodramatic productions of the coming season, entitled "The Child Slaves of New York." It is promised that it will be a fitting inaugural attraction for a season which patrons will find distinctive on account of the many important improvements that have been made in this popular playhouse. The entire summer vacation has been utilized in not only making the customary renovations but carpenters, painters, marble-workers, plumbers and decorators in large numbers are giving the finishing touches to the work which will give the Grand Opera House a very new appearance on all sides. "The Child Slaves of New York" is said to be a picturesque and pictorial reflex of life among the child slaves of the great Metropolis, full of soul stirring sensations and surpassing scenic splendors. All the elaborate scenic sets are said to be masterpieces of realism and the scene painters' art. The entire production is promised as complete with surprises and full of entertaining specialties.

Boston Music Hall—That popular Boston playhouse, Boston Music Hall, reopens its second season under the management of Stair and Wilbur this Saturday evening and the coming season promises to eclipse even last season in the number of excellent attractions which will be presented there during the season. Since Music Hall closed three weeks ago many extensive alterations have been made, the most conspicuous being the beautiful new Washington street entrance which has just been constructed and which now makes a direct connection between Washington and Tremont streets. The opening attraction at Music Hall will be Phil Hunt's powerful comedy drama "Down by the Sea." The company is a capable one and is headed by Miss Fanny Curtis, a well known and popular Boston actress who has achieved fame in the leading role. The play will be splendidly mounted with elaborate scenic and mechanical effects and should draw a series of crowded houses during the week it remains at Music Hall. The usual daily matinees will be resumed on Monday afternoon and the same popular scale of prices will prevail. "Down by the Sea" will be followed on Monday, August 17, by Howard Hall in "The Man Who Dared."

Keith's Theatre—"The Golden Rose" is the name of a short comedy of unusual merit in which Menifee Johnston will make his Boston debut at Keith's, August 10, as part of a big bill, which includes Tom Nawn in "Pat and the Genii," the Parros Brothers, equilibrist and hand balancers; Gallardo, the clay modeller; Zicka and King, comedy magicians; the Meredith Sisters in their "Hiawatha," novelty; Ely and Harvey in singing and dancing specialties, the Maxsmith Duo with their dancing ladders, and Mrs. Caroline Nichol's ever popular Fadette Woman's Orchestra.

Boston Theatre—Manager Lawrence McCarty has just concluded negotiations with Manager J. J. Rosenthal for a two weeks' engagement at the Boston Theatre, commencing Monday night, September 14, of Miss Kathryn Osterman in the immense production of the new play, "Miss Petticoats." This is considered to be one of the most important productions of the season and its presentation is of special interest locally on account of its authorship. The dramatization is by George T. Richardson, the dramatic editor of the Boston Traveler and is made from the novel of the same name, which was written by Wilder D. Quint, who is managing editor and literary critic of the Traveler, and by Mr. Richardson. The novel was written under the pseudonym of Dwight Tilton and it will be remembered that there was considerable mystery as to its authorship for a long time. More recently these writers came into the very conspicuously through writing under the name of Charles Eustace Merriam the "Letters of a Son to His Self-made Father," which are appearing in the Boston Sunday Herald, in answer to the "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son." Miss Osterman is very favorably known to Boston and New England theatre-goers, having appeared in several productions in which she assumed stellar roles.

Vermont's Inducements.

Such inducements as reduced railroad rates, and home and hotel accommodations for from \$4 to \$10 a week should appeal to many this year. Vermont offers them. Particulars may be found in "Summer Homes Among the Green Hills," a handsome 150 page book, which is sent free for four-cent stamp enclosed to T. H. Hanley, N. E. P. A., Central Vermont Railway, 360 Washington street, Boston.

the somewhat harsh voice of her guardian. A wave of disappointment swept across her. She half rose as if to discover herself, and then she heard her lover's voice she sank back and waited, motionless and expectant.

"Lieutenant Harry O'Neill, marquis de Richemont, I bid you good evening," said the admiral gallantly.

"Sir, good evening to you," replied O'Neill, something warbling him of an impending struggle.

"Allow me," said the admiral, passing his snuffbox, from which both gentlemen helped themselves elaborately. "I have here," continued the old man, drawing a piece of paper from the desk as they walked toward the center of the room, neither of them noticing the picture at the moment, as it was behind them, "some account of the life and adventures of one Gerald O'Neill, some time gentleman of the County Clare, in Ireland, who rebelled against his gracious majesty King George II., of blessed memory, in the year 1745. His lands were escheated to the crown, his life forfeited. Unfortunately for us, and fortunately for him, he escaped to the continent, entered the service of Louis XV. and became—"

"You may spare me any further details, my lord. I know them too well. He became a marshal of France, and my father."

"Two great honors, surely," said the admiral, smiling pleasantly.

"I thank your lordship for the compliment. Pray proceed."

"I have here, also, a brief account of the history of another gentleman in whom I doubt not you are deeply interested."

"And that is—"

"One Harry O'Neill, marquis de Richemont."

"Your very humble servant, sir."

"Your discrimination does you honor, marquis," said the admiral playfully.

"Faith, sir, you read me an easy riddle."

"I find that you have been concerned in every reasonable plot against his majesty which has been hatched on the continent since you were out of leading strings."

"Rather hard, but true, sir. An Irishman, you know, is naturally a rebel and a conspirator."

"Quite so, and those who are not drowned may expect to be hanged," said the admiral sternly.

"As I am a sailor I might reasonably have hoped for the former end, but I have forfeited my rights by coming on shore, I suppose." He paused, and as the admiral nodded gravely he continued with well simulated indifference:

"'Tis not a pleasant mode of death, my lord, nor one that I would have chosen, nor one that is becoming a gentleman, but I trust I shall meet it with equality at least." O'Neill was a little paler than before, but still dauntlessly smiling.

"I am glad to see that you are a man of such resolution, sir," said the admiral. "If your discretion equal your courage, the matter may be arranged."

"It is useless to try it," was the reply. "To have known your ward, to have seen her and to know that she is destined for the arms of another makes life a hell and death a pleasure."

"Is it so?" said the admiral, pausing.

"Think of the days of your own youth, sir, and one that you loved, and you will understand me."

The admiral reflected. The stake he was playing for was so high, his desire was so great, that, like the woman who hesitated, he felt. There would be some way out of it, surely. As he drew near to the moment and to the goal his overwhelming desire took possession of him and blinded him. Desire blinds as well as love.

"Even that," finally he said slowly, looking meaningfully at O'Neill the while, "may be arranged."

"Good God!" said O'Neill, white to the lips. "What is it you would have me do? Speak! Titles, rank, station, friends, fame, opportunities, life itself, would I cheerfully give for her who has taken possession of me. Speak, my lord!" cried the young man entreatingly.

The heart of the girl in the picture frame in the dark corner stopped its beating. The gates of heaven, as it were, had been opened before her. What was the proposition?

"Listen!" said the admiral slowly, at last. He was sure he had him now.

"I could settle the course of the world while I wait for your reply, sir. Delay no longer, I pray you; I am in a torture of apprehension," said O'Neill eagerly.

"I design not to take from you rank nor station nor lands nor position," replied the admiral. "I offer you a free pardon for all your past offenses—may it shall cover your father's as well, if you wish. There shall be a restoration of the ancient lands of your venerable house. I will put your feet upon a ladder by which you may rise to the very highest position. I open before you vistas of honorable advancement in the service of your rightful king in your native land, in which there is no limit to which a man of courage may not attain."

"These are nothing," said the young man impetuously, "beside Lady Elizabeth Howard. Some of the things you mention I now have; some I do not wish; some are nothing to me. But your ward, sir—what of her?"

"Oh, what a lover is there!" whispered to herself the girl in the picture frame, forgetting the pose, clasping her white hands and leaning forward with shining eyes, blushing cheeks and parted lips, listening with wildly beating heart. "This in her breast now was love, indeed, in no way like to the pale affection with which she regarded the unfortunate Coventry. The admiral spoke again, fixing his eye upon the young man. His words came slowly:

"Well, sir, I will even agree to interpose no objections to your suit for the hand of my ward."

"But that is tantamount to giving your consent, my lord," said O'Neill, coming nearer to him in great surprise, his heart bounding, and yet there must



"What are the conditions?" he some conditions to the royal gift. The admiral bowed. "And Major Coventry?" cried the Irishman.

"His desires must give way to—reasons of state," said the admiral decisively. "I will arrange all that. If you can obtain her consent to your suit she is yours, provided—"

He paused significantly. Ah, the conditions!

"My consent!" thought Elizabeth, happiness flooding her like a wave, and then she remembered that she was a woman, and indignation found a lodgment in her being. 'Twas not thus she would be wooed and won, not in this bartering way disposed of. By what right did any one, even her guardian, presume to— O'Neill was speaking again.

"What are the conditions—what is it you wish me to do? If it be in human power, 'tis done. Torment me no more. As you are a man and have a heart, speak!" In his agitation the younger man seized the elder by the arm.

"I desire you to go back to your ship and arrange to put in my possession the person of John Paul Jones," said the admiral, with the greatest deliberation, concealing his anxiety by an appearance of great firmness as he nonchalantly helped himself to a pinch of snuff. An accurate observer would have noticed that the trembling of his hands belied his simulated calmness.

It was out now! What would the man say or do? Elizabeth sank back appalled. So this was the condition; this was the test. He was to choose between her and black treachery—dishonor! His answer, what would it be? Had her idol feet of clay, after all? Her fate hung in the balance. She could never survive his shame if he fell; if not—ah!

O'Neill released the admiral at once, stared at him a long moment in horrified silence, shrank away from him and sank down in the chair and buried his face in his hands for a little space. His two auditors waited, hope for different results trembling in either heart. Presently he looked up and rose to his feet.

"Treachery—dishonor—shame! And with her innocence and youth and beauty you bait your trap!" ejaculated O'Neill brokenly. The admiral still played with his snuffbox, his eyes averted, his hands trembling still. Was it age or—

"Oh, my God, my God!" continued the sailor, stricken to the very heart. "To raise my hopes to such a pitch—to put the cup of happiness to my very lips—to open the gates of heaven in my very presence, and couple your propositions with this—this infamy! I am a lover, sir, you know it well, but you should not have forgotten that I am, before everything else, a gentleman. How could you do it? It ill becomes your years," he went on impetuously, in mounting indignation. "Am I your prisoner—your captive, but I knew not that misfortune gave you a right to insult me thus. My lord, my lord, the ladder upon which you put my feet leads down, not up. Hell, not heaven, is its end!"

"Think!" said the admiral doggedly, feeling the game was lost, but, like a desperate gambler, playing on. "The Lady Elizabeth is at the end, where'er it be."

"I love her, God only knows how much I love her. From the moment I saw her I have had no thought but for her. I could not look her in the face and be guilty of this thing." The girl in the picture almost cried aloud for joy in this triumph of her lover's honor.

"She shall never know," replied the admiral. "I will pledge my word of honor."

The honor of the temple for the dishonor of the tempted! O'Neill laughed bitterly.

"It has not in forty years of service been called in question," replied the old man, stifling his growing shame.

"Nor has mine," said O'Neill, "until this hour. You are her guardian, an old man. Your gray hairs should protect you, but 'tis well for you that I have no sword, for I swear I would plunge it first into your heart and then into my own!"

"Think what it is I offer," persisted the other. "Compare it with what you now have in the way of worldly honor. What do you care for that bit of striped bunting and those beggarly regalia who have presumed to declare a republic? What is a republic anyway, and what function has it in a gentleman's life, pray? What have we to do with the common people? What are their aspirations to you? What affiliations have you for that low born gardener, turned pirate and buccaner to ravage our coasts, dishonor our flag? This is the kingdom in which you were

born. Here your rightful allegiance is due. I offer you for the giving up of a—sentiment which possesses you the favor of your king and the hand of the woman you love, every earthly thing to make you happy. You are an exile, a wanderer, a soldier of fortune. I give you a country again."

"And do you, a man of honor, advise me to—"

"Damnation, sir! I advise nothing. I offer. The decision rests with you."

"Ah, I thought so! And what would you do in my place, sir?"

"I'm not there, thank God," said the old man fervently. "And I repeat—you must decide yourself."

"Very good, sir. It is true that I like not that republic. Its principles are nothing to me. But I have found that gardener's son a man—aye, a gentleman! You have called me a landless man, an exile, a soldier of fortune—that, too, is true. But to Captain Jones and his service I have pledged my honor; 'tis all I have. The stars and stripes are become my flag. I wear the uniform, I eat the bread of the United States. You may break my heart, destroy my life. You cannot break my word. There is not power and place enough in the three kingdoms—no, not even on their throne—not beauty enough even in Elizabeth Howard to tempt me, to compel me to do that. Say no more. You have your answer!"

LITERARY NOTES.

The strenuous life of a man who "gets there" is always fascinating and inspiring to us all. Our leading authors and literary editors throughout our country have read and highly commended the story of such a life as graphically and humorously related in that popular new book, "The Gentleman from Everywhere," written by the well known teacher, preacher, town-builder, U. S. Govt. Commissioner and stump speaker, James Henry Foss, A. M., of Boston. Over 800 of our foremost literati have advised the public to read this racy and instructive volume, and many of their interesting letters are printed in the publisher's brochure which we will be pleased to give you at our office. Here are a few samples of their commendations:

Hon. John D. Long, ex-Sect. U. S. Navy, "I have read Mr. Foss' book with much interest. It is all entertaining; but I especially enjoyed the reproductions of our New England, far western and southern life for which the author is excellently equipped." Gen. Curtis Guild, Lieut. Gov. of Mass., "This story is told with a quiet humor, with an eye for picturesque detail that lends it more than ordinary interest. It is well written and deserves wide reading." Rev. W. L. Davidson, D. D., Sect. Am. Univ. Wash. D. C., and Sept. Instruction of Chautauqua literary circles. "This is certainly a unique book, fascinating from start to finish and brimful of valuable information." The Christian Endeavor World, Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, editor, "In Mr. Foss' bright new book, the readers will find humor, sentiment, pictures of nature and of human nature that are very entertaining. The hero of the story is a typical yankee, who as a 'rolling stone,' has gathered material for a delightfully original, racy realistic book that is well worth a reading." The editor of the Graphic enjoyed the reading of this book so much that we have secured several copies which may be obtained at our office. We will supply canvassers and dealers at a liberal discount from the retail price, \$1.50. This racy, entertaining book will be of special interest to Newton readers as the author, Mr. James Henry Foss, was formerly master of our Bigelow school and all will read with pleasure the graphically pictured revelation of Newton, school and social life as it was 35 years ago.

POMROY HOME.

DONATIONS FOR JULY.
Mr. F. A. Day, lettuce, flowers and the use of his grounds Sunday afternoons; Mrs. J. L. Whiting, delicious vegetables; Mrs. Chas. Lord, clothing; Mrs. Henry H. Fanning, Upper Falls, hats, dresses, underclothing, and shoes "King's Daughters," Central Cong. church, Newtonville, money for outings; Miss Sherman, clothing; a friend, linings, pieces, etc.; Mrs. Oliver Fisher, car rides; Mrs. Lewis Jordan, shoes, millinery, underlinings; Mrs. Gorham Gilman, suit; Mrs. J. C. Ivy, radishes; Misses Wingate, strawberries, potatoes, rags; Mr. H. E. Barker, a Fourth of July dinner, fruit; a picnic on the beautiful grounds of Mr. F. A. Day, by Misses Spear and Mrs. Emery; Mrs. H. E. Waite, West Newton, very useful articles; Misses Spear, half a dozen picnic baskets; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Coppins, picnic at Norumbega Park and a ride in the "Observation Car" around Boston; Mrs. Whitman, Garden road, beautiful pictures, games, books, etc. The older girls were entertained by Miss A. H. Whiting, 4th of July evening; a delightful afternoon was spent with Mrs. Geo. S. Harwood, at "Sunnyhurst;" the six youngest girls were entertained on the old "Allen estate," Medfield, July 24, the little grand niece of the late Mr. Nath. T. Allen earning the money to pay car fares.

Prizes for Big Fish.

As in previous seasons, the progressive management of the steamer King Philip, Capt. Edward Dixon, on its daily and Sunday deep-sea fishing trips, offers cash prizes aggregating \$150 in gold for the largest cod or haddock caught by either lady or gentleman during the season, and furnishes lines, bait and chowder free. Particular interest is being manifested among professional people to make a record and incidentally win gold by fortunate "catches" with baited ocean lines. The Ayer military band of 25 pieces furnish an uncommonly good program on the Sunday trip, starting at 10 a. m., from north side of Commercial wharf.

Legal Notices.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of the late George W. Smith, late of Newton, in said County deceased.

Whereas certain instruments, purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil, of said deceased, have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Francis Smith, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, fourth County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of September, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, sixty days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
To all persons interested in the estate of Edwin M. Thayer, late of Newton, in said County deceased.

Whereas, George W. Anderson, the special administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the first day of September, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each creditor of the estate, sixty days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Abigail F. Bridges, late of Newton, in said County, deceased, intestate.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George M. Bridges of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of September, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, sixty days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Leon C. Carter to Albe C. Clark, executor of the will of Amos B. Merrill, dated December 1, 1884, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 107, Page 52, assigned to Lucy E. Carter by deed of assignment dated February 8, 1890, and recorded with said District Deeds, Book 280, Page 37, said Lucy E. Carter being the present owner and holder of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at Public Auction upon the premises described in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at Public Auction upon the premises described in said mortgage deed, on Saturday, the twenty-second day of August, A. D. 1908, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and described as follows: A certain parcel of land, with the new dwelling house thereon situated in that part of said Newton called Newtonville and being a part of the lot numbered 5 on a Plan of Real Estate in Newtonville owned and laid out by Dustin Lacey, dated October, 1885, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds, Middlesex South District in Plan Book 12, Plan 35. Said parcel hereby conveyed is bounded Westerly on the passage-way called Park Place, lately constructed from a part of said lot No. 5 and parts of lots 4 and 32 on said plan, measuring on said Park Place thirty feet and on the south line of a parcel of land lately conveyed by this grantor to Catherine A. Shield, fifty-two feet and by said line extended in the same direction fifty-two feet further, more or less, to lot No. 6 on said plan; and by lot No. 6 on said plan, said parcel containing 600 square feet of land more or less. Said premises are a portion of the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, dated Feb. 20, 1885, recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Lib. 108, fol. 148, and subject to the restrictions therein contained, so far as valid and applicable to this parcel.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

LUCY E. CARTER,
Assignee of the Mortgage.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to and in execution of the power and authority contained in a certain mortgage made by William M. Packard to the Lexington Savings Bank, dated April 30, 1891, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 201, folio 40, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at Public Auction on the premises hereinafter described, being the premises described in said mortgage, on SATURDAY, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

A certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situated on Albion Street in that part of Newton in said Middlesex County called Newton Centre, and being lot numbered six (6) on "Plan of Land in Newton Center belonging to Charles S. Davis, Esq., Surveyor, Nov. 3, 1887, recorded in the Registry of Deeds, Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 256 in Middlesex South District Deeds, containing thirty-nine hundred and nineteen and 1/2 acres, less and more, of the lots of land conveyed by Charles S. Davis to Etta O. Mannix by deed recorded with said Deeds, Lib. 239, fol. 102, and by said Mannix to said William M. Packard by William J. Maguire by deed recorded with said Deeds, and bounded further described and measured as follows: Northernly on said Albion Street fifty (50) feet, Westerly and Southernly on land now owned by Charles S. Davis, 120 feet and 5/10 (45-5/10) feet, thirty-two (32) feet and fifty (50) feet, 2 1/2 (50-1/2) feet, Southernly on the same to the lot of land 120 feet, Easternly on land formerly of Mannix, being lot numbered five (5) on said plan one hundred and fifteen feet. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

LEXINGTON SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
By Jas. E. Crono, its Treasurer,
A. E. Scott, Attorney, 100 Ames Building,
Boston, July 29, 1907.

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Pursuant to and in execution of the power and authority contained in a certain mortgage made by William M. Packard to the Lexington Savings Bank, dated April 30, 1891, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 201, folio 40, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at Public Auction on the premises hereinafter described, being the premises described in said mortgage, on SATURDAY, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

A certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situated on Albion Street in that part of Newton in said Middlesex County called Newton Centre, and being lot numbered six (6) on "Plan of Land in Newton Center belonging to Charles S. Davis, Esq., Surveyor, Nov. 3, 1887, recorded in the Registry of Deeds, Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 256 in Middlesex South District Deeds, containing thirty-nine hundred and nineteen and 1/2 acres, less and more, of the lots of land conveyed by Charles S. Davis to Etta O. Mannix by deed recorded with said Deeds, Lib. 239, fol. 102, and by said Mannix to said William M. Packard by William J. Maguire by deed recorded with said Deeds, and bounded further described and measured as follows: Northernly on said Albion Street fifty (50) feet, Westerly and Southernly on land now owned by Charles S. Davis, 120 feet and 5/10 (45-5/10) feet, thirty-two (32) feet and fifty (50) feet, 2 1/2 (50-1/2) feet, Southernly on the same to the lot of land 120 feet, Easternly on land formerly of Mannix, being lot numbered five (5) on said plan one hundred and fifteen feet. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

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A certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situated on Albion Street in that part of Newton in said Middlesex County called Newton Centre, and being lot numbered six (6) on "Plan of Land in Newton Center belonging to Charles S. Davis, Esq., Surveyor, Nov. 3, 1887, recorded in the Registry of Deeds, Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 256 in Middlesex South District Deeds, containing thirty-nine hundred and nineteen and 1/2 acres, less and more, of the lots of land conveyed by Charles S. Davis to Etta O. Mannix by deed recorded with said Deeds, Lib. 239, fol. 102, and by said Mannix to said William M. Packard by William J. Maguire by deed recorded with said Deeds, and bounded further described and measured as follows: Northernly on said Albion Street fifty (50) feet, Westerly and Southernly on land now owned by Charles S. Davis, 120 feet and 5/10 (45-5/10) feet, thirty-two (32) feet and fifty (50) feet, 2 1/2 (50-1/2) feet, Southernly on the same to the lot of land 120 feet, Easternly on land formerly of Mannix, being lot numbered five (5) on said plan one hundred and fifteen feet. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

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A certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situated on Albion Street in that part of Newton in said Middlesex County called Newton Centre, and being lot numbered six (6) on "Plan of Land in Newton Center belonging to Charles S. Davis, Esq., Surveyor, Nov. 3, 1887, recorded in the Registry of Deeds, Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 256 in Middlesex South District Deeds, containing thirty-nine hundred and nineteen and 1/2 acres, less and more, of the lots of land conveyed by Charles S. Davis to Etta O. Mannix by deed recorded with said Deeds, Lib. 239, fol. 102, and by said Mannix to said William M. Packard by William J. Maguire by deed recorded with said Deeds, and bounded further described and measured as follows: Northernly on said Albion Street fifty (50) feet, Westerly and Southernly on land now owned by Charles S. Davis, 120 feet and 5/10 (45-5/10) feet, thirty-two (32) feet and fifty (50) feet, 2 1/2 (50-1/2) feet, Southernly on the same to the lot of land 120 feet, Easternly on land formerly of Mannix, being lot numbered five (5) on said plan one hundred and fifteen feet. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

LUCY E. CARTER,
Assignee of the Mortgage.

Newton Centre.

—Mr. Horace Bailey is visiting his sister in Maine this week.

—Mr. F. W. Peck of Ward street is visiting in New York.

—Miss Alice G. Pierce of Knowles street is spending the week at Martin, Me.

—Mr. C. H. Wilkins of Marshall street has returned from a visit to Falmouth.

—Mr. Oren Swain of Crystal street is spending a few weeks fishing at Plymouth.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Mrs. H. N. Smith of Beacon street is at West Yarmouth, Mass., for August.

—Miss Lillian Ellis of Sumner street is spending her vacation at Tyron, Vt.

—Mrs. C. M. Goddard of Beacon street is spending the month of August at Allerton.

—Mrs. E. A. Cutler of Knowles street is registered at the Park View, Bethlehem, N. H.

—Mr. H. T. Abby and family of Morton street left this week for a visit to Bridgeton, Me.

—Mr. Charles Kenney of Newbury terrace leaves early next week for Popham Beach, Me.

—Mr. J. W. Barrows and family of Lake avenue are enjoying a month's stay at Hebron, Me.

—Mrs. E. F. Melcher of Norwood avenue is spending a few weeks at West Yarmouth, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. James D. Greene of Chase street have returned from a visit to Sugar Hill, Me.

—The Misses Smith of Beacon street are enjoying a sojourn at Barrington, Rhode Island.

—Messrs. William Stanfield and George Nelson are spending their vacations at Portland, Me.

—Mr. George C. Cotton, who has been living at 204 Homer street has removed to Philadelphia.

—Mr. O. D. Fellows and family of Homer street are enjoying an outing at Enfield Center, N. H.

—Rev. Edward T. Sullivan is spending a few weeks with his parents at Detroit, Michigan.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Perkins of Chestnut Hill are enjoying a trip through the White Mountains.

—Mr. G. W. Cobb and family of Pleasant street have returned from a few weeks' sojourn at Allerton.

—Mr. H. E. Clifford of Crystal street is spending a few weeks at the Bay View House at Penquit, Me.

—Messrs. Stanley E. Barton and Walter E. Bartholomew are enjoying a driving trip from Bellows Falls north.

—Messrs. Lloyd W. Graham and Ralph Card of Langley road are spending their vacation at Nova Scotia.

—Mrs. William Butler and Miss Clementina Butler of Crescent avenue left this week for an outing at Old Orchard, Me.

—Mr. Sidney B. Paine and Mr. Sidney S. Paine arrived home last Saturday on the steamer New England from Liverpool.

—Mr. L. A. Bunker and family of Pleasant street have returned from Martha's Vineyard, where they have been spending the month of July.

—Mrs. J. H. Allen and family, who have been occupying the Merrill house on Beacon street, during the summer, have returned to their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—At the union service next Sunday the Rev. Albert F. Pierce, Ph. D., of Brockton, will preach at the Methodist church. Mr. F. G. Day will lead the Friday prayer meeting.

—Mrs. Carl A. Vinal and family of Ashton park, who have been the guests of Mr. W. C. Bray at his summer home at Onset, will return to morning. Mr. Carl Vinal will enter the sophomore class of Amherst College.

—Mr. G. A. Remick and family of Ballard street have returned from a short sojourn in Vermont.

—Mrs. Philip Turner of 49 White avenue returned on the steamer New England, this week, from her tour across the continent, after an absence of three months. It is thirty odd years since she visited her birthplace and having sent no word that she was going, it was quite a surprise to all her people. She traveled every day while in Europe, enjoying all the sights which she has so often longed to see.

—Since the opening of the Mother's Rest, it has been found that underwear for women is greatly needed, also blouses for boys from 2 to 5 years of age. The committee on special relief, solicits, therefore, second hand underclothing or new material for this purpose, which may be left in the basement of the Methodist church on Friday mornings between 9 and 12. During these same hours, every Friday until August 1, the young ladies will meet there to sew for the Mothers' Rest and will gladly welcome assistance of the women.

Waban.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls at Rhodes' Drug store. Tel. N. H. 237-3.

—The auction sale of the Page and Henshaw land last week resulted in the sale of some 40 lots, netting between \$14,000 and \$15,000. The sale has been postponed until Sept. 10th.

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Newton Highlands

—Mr. C. H. Warren has leased the house at 31 Fisher avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Greene of Chase street are Sugar Hill, N. H.

—Officer Gray, who has been enjoying his annual vacation is again on duty.

—Mr. J. R. Doyle of family of Floral street are at home from Springfield.

—Mr. F. A. Skelton of Erie avenue has been visiting in Pittsfield this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Greenwood of Hartford street have returned from Maine.

—Mr. Fred Arend and family of Forest street are at Hull for the month of August.

—Mr. Wm. Hartshorne and family of Winchester street leave this week for Illinois.

—Miss Morton and Miss Sarah Douglas of Lake avenue are visiting in New York.

—Miss M. W. Sedgwick of Floral street has returned from a visit to friends at Brockton.

—Rev. O. S. Davis of Newtonville will preach next Sunday at the Congregational church.

—Mr. Alfred S. Pratt of Fisher avenue, clerk at the post office, is camping out at Duxbury, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gilbert of Centre street are registered at the Eagle Mt. House, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Sullivan and two children of Walnut street have gone to Newport for a short stay.

—Miss Robinson of Kalamazoo, Mich., has been visiting Mrs. Fred Nagel of Hillside road this week.

—Mr. J. H. Green's family of Lincoln street, Eliot, are at Point Allerton, Hull, for the balance of the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Marsh and Mr. Geo. E. Marsh, Jr., of Lake avenue are stopping at Falmouth, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McArthur of Floral street have been entertaining relatives from New York the past two weeks.

—Mr. C. P. Kelly and family of Bowdoin street are at Narragansett Pier, R. I., for a three weeks' outing.

—Mrs. W. D. Hoffman and children of Erie avenue returned this week from a month's visit at Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Mr. Moses Thompson of Walnut street returned home this week from a several weeks' visit to friends in Nova Scotia.

—Arthur Scully, who was accidentally shot several weeks ago, and taken to the Newton hospital, has returned home.

—Mr. Arthur H. Fewkes, the florist, and Mr. E. E. Fewkes of Hyde street, are enjoying a few days vacation at Ossipee N. H.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls with H. S. Hiltz, Eliot station. Tel. N. H. 21240.

—Mrs. Louisa Pierce Barnes, formerly of this place, has applied for a divorce. The libel was filed by her attorney, W. M. Noble, at East Cambridge, on July 21.

—Mr. G. B. King and son Fred and Mr. W. P. Biscoe of Lake avenue have returned home from North Woodstock, N. H., where they have been spending their vacation.

—Miss Marion B. Morse of Allerton road and Miss Florence Brownell of New York, left this week for Intervale, N. H., where they will remain two weeks, after which they will visit Lake Champlain and Quebec.

—A pair of horses attached to the butcher team of Pond Bros. of Amesbury ran away last Saturday morning when near the corner of Hartford and Boylston streets. The cart was smashed considerably and the horses were caught at the Upper Falls.

—A concert was given last week Thursday in the town hall, Hollis, N. H., by the "Norumbega Quartet" of this village, which was attended by a large and enthusiastic audience. The members of the quartet are Herbert W. Colby, Vernon Lyman, Robert Gorton and J. O'Rorach. All residents of the Highlands, and well known in Boston. A delightful program was presented, and the concert was considered one of the best ever given in Hollis.

Nonantum.

—Alfred Young, residing at 61 West street, was bitten in the right arm by a dog owned by Thomas Horan, last Monday morning.

—Arthur J. Gibson was fined \$20 in the police court on Wednesday, for allowing his horse to destroy a shade tree on Pleasant street, Watertown. He appealed.

—Michael Barron of Adams street, while walking on Park street, Newton, last Monday evening, fell, striking his head against a stone wall and inflicting a bad scalp wound. He was attended by a physician and removed to the hospital in the police ambulance.

AUBURNDALE.

—Miss Mabel Ober of Central street is spending August at Charlestown Beach, Rhode Island.

—Mrs. W. O. Harris of Melrose street is spending the week with friends at Raymond, Me.

Auburndale.

—Dr. Mansur of Vista avenue has purchased a large touring car.

—Mrs. Cole of Fern street is enjoying a few weeks visit at Cottage City.

—Miss Helen Crane of Maple street is spending a few weeks at Holliston, Mass.

—Mrs. William E. Plummer of Woodland road is spending a few weeks at Essex, Mass.

—Mrs. Walker of Auburndale avenue left this week for a short stay at Duxbury, Me.

—Mr. William Staples of Melrose street is spending his vacation at Bar Harbor, Mass.

—Miss Ida Dwyer of Freeman street has returned from a short visit at Plainsfield, N. J.

—Miss Helen M. Childs of Auburn street left this week on a visit to Pennicooke, N. H.

—Mr. J. F. Washburn of Auburn street has returned from a few weeks outing at Wayland.

—Miss Blanche Noyes of Lexington street left this week for a visit to South Easton, Mass.

—Mr. George B. Cooke of Melrose street fell from his bicycle on Saturday morning and broke his wrist.

—Mr. S. W. Dike and family of Seminary avenue are spending a few weeks at Villa Maples, N. H.

—Mr. H. R. Turner and family of Central street have returned from a few weeks outing at Allerton.

—Mr. V. A. Pluta of Rowe street attended the Old Home week celebration held at Holliston last week.

—Mr. George L. Johnson of Lexington street is spending August at Mount Julian, Ontario, Canada.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Spooner of Aspen avenue are enjoying a month's outing at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Butler and Miss E. F. Brigham are registered at the Iron Mt. House, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. Thomas E. Baker and family of Fern street will spend the remainder of the summer at South Yarmouth, Mass.

—Mrs. Fred Burgess of Plymouth, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Pluta of Rowe street this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Leonard of Melrose street left this week for Nova Scotia, where they will stay during August.

—Mr. John Sheehan of Newton, who has recently passed the civil service examination as a clerk, is being broken in at this post office.

—On Wednesday afternoon there was a meeting of the mother's association at the Congregational church. Mrs. M. H. Kimball was the leader.

—Sunday evening there was a union service held at the Congregational church. The topic was "Lessons from Paul; How we may overcome our Hindrances."

—Last Sunday Rev. Charles A. Perry, who formerly was a resident of this village, but now lives in Newtonville, preached in the little summer chapel at Falmouth Heights.

—Mr. Langdon Chandler and Mr. Bancroft Gore, who is spending the summer with his parents on Rowe street, are enjoying a few weeks at Mr. Chandler's camp at Squam Lake, N. H.

—Mr. William Gillfern, who has been spending the summer with his daughter, Mrs. C. P. Hutchinson of Central street, attended the Old Home week exercises held at Holliston last week.

—Mr. E. A. Walker of Auburndale avenue, who has been spending a few weeks with his family in New Hampshire, returned home Saturday. Mrs. Walker will remain in New Hampshire a few weeks longer.

—Rev. Horace Dutton conducted the morning service held at the Congregational church last Sunday. Rev. E. E. Clark, through Rev. Dr. John F. Cowan of the Christian Endeavor World will preach Sunday morning.

—Last Sunday afternoon while James McCaul, aged 24, and William Lawler, aged 23, both of Waltham, were enjoying an afternoon's canoeing on the river near Norumbega Park, they had the misfortune to overturn their frail craft and were thrown into the water. Neither of them being able to swim, and fearing that they should drown, began to cry loudly for help. Hearing their shouts for help, Officer C. E. Coombs of the Metropolitan Park police hastened to their assistance, and after a hard struggle succeeded in getting them into his boat and landing them. The metropolitan police said that the men were drunk and turned them over to the Newton police, who soon appeared and placed the young men under arrest for drunkenness. In court, Monday morning, Judge Kennedy lectured the young men about their bathing place and fined them \$10 apiece. James and William will probably go where bathing is cheaper for their next plunge.

—Rev. and Mrs. Herbert M. Allen of Auburndale avenue sail tomorrow for Turkey, where Mr. Allen goes to relieve Dr. Chambers, the missionary at Basdazag. Until quite recently Mr. Allen has been in charge of the Christian work among the Armenians of Massachusetts, and he has also been the editor of a religious newspaper printed in the language of the Armenians. Mr. Allen is to have charge of the missionary publication in Constantinople and he will reside there. Mr. Allen is a native of Harpoot and has served as a missionary. Mr. Allen's father is well known in his village, being a member of the Congregational church and for years, holding the position of missionary at Harpoot. Mr. Allen's sister, Miss Annie Allen, also well known in this place, accompanied him as a teacher in the mission school for girls in the ancient city of Broussa. The Allens have a great advantage in knowing the language of the Armenians and can therefore enter directly upon their work.

Auburndale.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

—Mr. L. A. Hackett was a saloon passenger on the steamship New England of the Dominion line which sailed from Boston, yesterday morning, for Liverpool. Mr. Hackett while abroad will be the guest of Baroness von Steige in Paris.

—Arrangements have been completed for the first annual illumination and band concert under the auspices of the Canoeists' Illumination Association of this city, to be given at Fox Island, on the Charles river, Tuesday evening, Aug. 25. The officers and committee in charge of the affair are H. I. Hatch, pres.; Geo. H. Bailey, treas.; Charles D. Leonard, sec.; W. H. Fanning, John H. Clough, Edwin A. Romkey, Fred C. Perry, Warren M. Ryan, A. C. Brodrick, F. O. Thomas, R. S. Hoffman, Charles Malterson, W. H. Truelove, C. F. West, Charles Mills, Arthur Hull, W. N. Carr, F. G. Carr and William Bannon committee.

Upper Falls.

—Alderman Chesley spent last Sunday at Wells beach.

—Mr. W. C. Avery is the guest of Mr. Richard Probert at Ipswich Bay.

—The Gamewell employees held their annual outing at Nantasket beach this week.

—Mr. Frank Maloney, our popular drug clerk, is enjoying his vacation at Manhattan beach.

—Mr. Frank Foss has gone to Fall River in the interest of the Saco and Pettee Machine shops.

—Mr. Julius Peterson of Pettee street has returned from a two weeks' visit at North Hampton.

—Mr. Richard Probert and family of Elliot street are spending their vacation at Ipswich Bay.

—Mr. A. F. Rumery of Rockland place will be the guest of his uncles next week at Biddeford, Me.

—H. M. Putney & Co. have succeeded to the business formerly carried on by T. H. Smith on Oak street.

—The game of ball Saturday resulted in the victory of the St. Mary's over the South Sides by the score of 6 to 5.

—Mr. Louis Supein, who has been ill for the last three months, has gone to Old Orchard, where he hopes to regain his health.

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Royal Wilton, Saxony Axminster, Seamless, and other Axminster and Brussels rugs, in sizes 9 x 12, 8 3/4 x 10 1/2, and 6 x 9. Hundreds of small rugs—Smyrnas, Wiltons, Axminsters, Japanese, etc., etc., at exceptionally low prices.

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Heavy Brussels Art Squares, many of them in Oriental designs and all reversible, sizes 7 1/2 x 9, 9 x 9, 9 x 10 1/2, and 9 x 12; price about \$1.00 per square yard.

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All Goods Delivered Free of Charge to Residences in Newton

Bird Glasses.

\$3.50 to \$10
Field,
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Microscopes, Telescopes, Lorgnettes,
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Paddock Building,
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WALTHAM HAS BUT ONE CENTRAL.

One Store that Stands for Quality First,
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You will forget what you paid, but you will never forget whether it was good or not. We want you to remember the goods you buy of us.

Our Mid-Summer Cotton Values.

2000 yards 36-inch 8c. Shirting Percales, 6 1/2c
2500 yards, 2 to 19 yards lengths 12 1-2c Bates
Ginghams, 8c
3000 yards 27-inch 10c Fancy Muslins, 6 1/2c
2350 yards Boston Mfg. Co.'s 25c Flemish Ginghams, 10c

These Values are not Equalled in any other Store in this State.

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Every One of our 19 Departments is Equally well supplied with Unmatchable Values.

Central Dry Goods Co.,
107 to 115 Moody St., Waltham.



**WE GIVE
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STAMPS**

10 Green Trading
Stamps FREE on
the last Wednesday
in every month upon
presentation of
stamp book at this
store.

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REMOVAL NOTICE.

A. GUNSENHISER,

for the past 18 years doing a first-class provision business at 111 Kneeland Street, corner of Albany Street, Boston, takes pleasure in notifying former patrons and the public in general, that he has removed to

675 ATLANTIC AVE., BOSTON,

Opposite Essex Street Entrance South Terminal Station.

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As a branch of the wholesale beef house at 45-46 South Market Street.

We buy from the producer and sell direct to the consumer enabling us to give you the
Best Goods at Lowest Cash Prices.

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXXI.—NO. 47.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1903.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS, 332 Newbury Street, Boston. CATS, DOGS, HORSES.

THE NEWEST AND BEST EQUIPPED INSTITUTION FOR SURGICAL AND MEDICAL CASES EAST OF CHICAGO.

Animals visited at home or sent for, if desired.

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Summer Delicacies

in the meat and poultry line excite admiring attention at Wellington Howes & Co.'s meat market. Tenderness, juiciness and fine flavor will be noted by all who have the good fortune to eat of the good things we supply at this season of the year—chickens, veal, mutton, beef, pork.

WELLINGTON HOWES & CO.,

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Or anything in the line of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 a week.

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Long Distance Telephone 3579-4. 24 Congress Street,
Night Phone, 247.3 Newton Highlands. 128 A and 131 Tremont St.,
70 Devonshire Street, and Chamber of Commerce, BOSTON.

For the Fishing Grounds.

STEAMER KING PHILIP

Leaves Commercial Wharf Daily and Sunday at 10 o'clock. Lines, Bait and Chowder free.
FARE, ———— \$1.00
Prizes of \$150 in gold for largest Haddock or Cod caught during the season.

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Buckrams, Burlaps and Crashes.

We have a choice line of Decorative Wallpapers and can put them on to get the most artistic effects.
Visit our show rooms and examine our line of English, French, German and exclusive American goods.

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AND OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

Are Specialties at the

CRAWFORD HOUSE, BOSTON

Table d'hôte Dinners served daily from 12 to 3 P. M., at No. 17 Brattle Street.

Sneak Thieves in Newton.

This is the time of year when people have their windows and doors open, or leave their houses unprotected.

The Sneak Thief

has an easy time. We would like to explain why burglary insurance is the

Only Protection.

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Telephone Main 3251-2.

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Warehouses 172 Tremont St., Boston.

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Fine 12-room house with 24,000 ft. land, well located. House heated by steam, open fires, gas and electric lights, hardwood floors. Should be seen at once. Price only \$12,500.

NEWTON

New 10-room house, modern all through, open plumbing, fireplace, oak floors and finish, stable, H. P. floors rest of house. Fine location, near depot and cars. Easy terms.

WABAN

20,000 ft. fine land, well located with beautiful views; 10-room modern house, finished oak and mahogany, oak paneled and beamed reception hall, oak floors, 3 fireplaces, all improvements, large piazzas. Shown by appointment only.

HENRY W. SAVAGE,

Mortgages and Insurance,
7 Pemberton Sq., Boston

Represented by Arthur Comer, Residence,
158 Beacon St., WABAN.

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A Piano with a Human Voice.

"BEHNING."

Models of the Piano Makers' Art.

LINCOLN & VANDER PYL,
211 Tremont Street, up one flight,
opp. Hotel Touraine, Boston.

Improved Paris Method

OF SCALP TREATMENT, best in the

FACIAL TREATMENT, City of Boston.

In Steamers, Chairs, very comfortable.

SHAMPOOING

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Corn, Bunions, Ingrown Nails and Dry feet cured. Call on MISS SHATTUCK.

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Photographic Supplies and Finishing.

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Plumbing, Heating and

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Electric Bells, Speaking Tubes,

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Jobbing in all departments. Telephone.

PEAT MOSS

For Stable Bedding.

The best and cheapest in the world, keeping the horse clean, feet soft, and giving pure air to the stable. Send for circular.

C. E. BARRETT, Importer,

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Two Violins, Flute, Cello and Bass.

QUARTET.

Violin, Flute, Cello and Piano.

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168 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

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to protect your winter garments, etc. We have it with Camphor Cedar and Lavender.

10c. per Box.

DURGIN'S DRUG STORE,

Masonic Building,

NEWTONVILLE. MASS.

Newton.

—Atwood's Pure Salve is fine for burns.

—Mrs. A. M. Marshman of Park street is at No. Falmouth

—Mr. D. B. Dudley and family of Newtonville avenue have left town.

—Mr. Willard L. Sampson of Tremont street is confined to the house with illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Leonard of Maple avenue are spending the summer in Maine.

—Mrs. Richard J. Goode and child of Washington street is spending the week in New York.

—Mr. Pinkham and family of Maple avenue are enjoying an outing in New Hampshire.

—Mr. Walter Whitney of Williams street is on a business trip to New Bedford, this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Poole of Bigelow terrace are enjoying an outing at Holderness, N. H.

—Ladies' hair dressing and shampooing by Mrs. L. P. Elliott-Anderson, 171 Charlesbank road.

—Mr. and Mrs. Russell Freeman and Miss Etta Cleveland of Newtonville avenue have returned from a visit on Cape Cod.

—Prescott & Quinn of Atwood's Market are making preparations to occupy the entire first floor of Warner's block.

—Mrs. T. W. Osborne and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Osborne of Vernon street are spending the summer at Chocoma, N. H.

—Mr. Shephardson and family of Chicago are the guests of his brother, Mr. S. W. Shephardson of Maple avenue, this week.

—Mr. George Hunt of Richardson street left this week for Maine, where he will join his wife, who is spending the summer there.

—The are light near the post office is to be changed to the opposite side of Centre street, and the new pole is already in position.

—Miss Rose Sullivan of Church street was a teacher in the Boston Vacation school, which closed last Friday for the season.

—Mr. Walter Stafford and daughter, Miss Katharine, of Richardson street, returned Tuesday from a two weeks' stay at Provincetown.

—The Misses Ernestine and Josephine Kelly of Saco, Me., are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Leon Burnham of Pearl street this week.

—Master Donald A. Reid of Church street returned Monday from Moncton, New Brunswick, where he had been spending a few weeks with relatives.

—Mr. E. R. Burbank, who is staying at Bethlechem, N. H., this summer, was a visitor at the Summit House, Mt. Washington, last week Thursday.

—Col. R. B. Edes of Carleton street is captain of the rifle team selected to represent the Old Guard of Mass. at the coming rifle competition at Sea Girt, N. J.

—The work on the Metropolitan water system in this city is nearly completed and the men are now finishing up Sargent street and Waverley avenue.

—Mr. F. D. Frisbie left Tuesday for a sailing trip to Norfolk, Annapolis and Baltimore, and later will go on to Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

—Mr. Chester B. Wood, formerly of this village, spent a few days of his vacation with friends in this city. Mr. Wood will spend the remainder of his vacation in Baltimore, Md.

—Rev. F. B. Matthews preached at the union service which was held last Sunday at the Methodist church. He will also conduct the service which will be held on Sunday at the Baptist church.

—Rev. S. L. B. Speare was the leader at the prayer meeting which was held last Friday evening at the Methodist church. Rev. Frank B. Matthews will lead the meeting this evening.

—Dr. Henry P. Dewey of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached last Sunday morning at Eliot church. Rev. Benjamin M. Nyce of Lockport, N. Y., will conduct the service on Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Dennison (nee March), have returned from a few weeks' visit with Mrs. Dennison's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. March at their summer home at Newport, Vt., and are residing on Park street.

—Miss Elizabeth G. Bradley of Church street and Miss Grace G. Johnson of Centre street took first prizes at progressive whist parties given in the Russell House at North Woodstock, N. H., the last two weeks.

—A gentleman leaving Newton will dispose of his dining room furniture, consisting of a table, side board, cupboard, sewing table, upholstered chairs, all of which were made to order. Inquire of M. H. Haase, 427 Centre street

—Dr. J. F. Frisbie of Newton, Mass., who contributed many valuable articles, both of a scientific and a popular nature, to the early volumes of Among the Clouds, is spending several weeks at the Russell House, North Woodstock, with Mrs. Frisbie. Dr. Frisbie is a native of New Hampshire and nothing gives him more pleasure than his yearly return to the granite hills. Wherever he goes he is the centre of an interested group as he narrates entertaining bits of mountain adventure or reminiscence, of war times his for story-telling resources are inexhaustible and delightful.

—Among the Clouds.

Newton.

—Planos, Farley, 433 Washington st.

—Mrs. Johnson of Centre street is reported quite ill this week.

—Dr. Leslie H. Naylor has returned from a trip to Nova Scotia.

—Dr. H. M. Perkins of Centre street has removed to Brookline.

—Hullo Central. Where's the best barber in town? At 289 Washington street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pearson of Charlesbank road are spending a few weeks in Vermont.

—Miss Grace G. Johnson and Miss Elizabeth G. Bradley returned home Thursday afternoon.

—Mr. Alfred F. Jewett of Jefferson street is enjoying a few weeks' vacation at Berlin, Mass.

—Mr. W. H. Holbrook and family of Waverley avenue are spending August at Holden, Me.

—Miss Estelle M. Andrews of Wesley street left Monday on a vacation trip to New Hampshire.

—Miss Susan A. Whiting of Washington street has returned from a visit at Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. William F. Dana of Centre street has returned from a few weeks' outing at Orford, N. H.

—Mrs. E. W. Hunt and daughter of New Bedford are visiting Mrs. W. S. Hayden of Jefferson street.

—Miss A. Bertha Caton of Newtonville avenue has returned this week from a month's trip to Ireland.

—Mrs. Dexter Wilbur has been a recent guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. F. Cummings of Richardson street.

—Miss Daisy Bradley of Church street has returned from a few weeks' visit at North Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. Richard Johnson and Mr. Frank L. Hadden of Tremont street have returned from the Wiers, N. H.

—Captain Springer of Co. C was officer of the day at the Duxbury camp of the Fifth Regiment last Tuesday.

—Mr. Nathan Heard is at North Woodstock, N. H., and will spend the remainder of his vacation in Canada.

—Baldness and other scalp diseases successfully treated by Prof. Anderson, trichologist, 171 Charlesbank road.

—Mr. Edward L. Bacon of Washington street left this week on a vacation trip to Bangor and Bar Harbor.

—Assistant Cashier James H. Gilkey of the bank has returned from North Falmouth, where he spent his vacation.

—Pictures framed in up to date manner. Old mirrors gilded. Hough & Jones, Co., 245 Washington St., Newton.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edmund P. Trowbridge of the Warren have been enjoying a sea trip to Charlottetown, P. E. I.

—The Misses Marjorie and Grace Brown of Hollis street have returned from a short outing at Asbury Grove, Hamilton.

—Mr. William J. Irvin, superintendent of the post office, is spending his annual vacation at East Wakefield, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Manley of Bacon street will give up housekeeping and will reside on Newtonville avenue.

—Mr. Kirk W. Hobart and family of Sargent street left this week for Provincetown, where they will spend the rest of August.

—Mr. Charles W. Sanger, clerk at the Corner Market, is enjoying a week's vacation at the "Twin Pine House," North Sutton, N. H.

—Frank Platt, 18 years old, of Boston, was drowned in the Charles river opposite the Faneuil marshes. It is supposed he was in swimming when the accident occurred.

—There will be an exhibition of the work done by the children of the Nonantum Industrial summer school on Tuesday afternoon, August 18, from 2 to 4 o'clock in the Jackson school building. All those who are interested in the work of the various branches of the school are cordially invited to be present on that afternoon when they shall have an opportunity of seeing the work which has been done.

Business Locals.

Furniture, china, bric-a-brac, etc., packed for shipping or storage. Myles J. Joyce, 402 Centre Street.

H. B. Cohn's Private Plantation Coffee. Its the VERY BEST obtainable.

Strawberry plants for sale. W. C. Briggs, Bellevue Street.

310 Centre Street is the place to get your watch cleaned.

Try Briggs' soda, 273 Washington Street.

White House Coffee at Tucker's.

Police Paragraphs.

Joseph P. Burke of Waltham, charged with the larceny of a bicycle from this city, was sentenced Saturday morning to the Concord reformatory.

Felix F. Landry, aged 18, of Nonantum street and Francis Bennett, aged 18, of Dalby street, were arraigned for alleged breaking and entering the store of Paul Champagne on Water-town street, Nonantum, Thursday night. In court Tuesday morning it was shown that when arrested Landry was inside the store, while his companion kept guard on the outside. The court accordingly found Landry guilty and sentenced him to the Concord reformatory. Bennett was found not guilty and discharged.

\$16.80

Tax Rate for 1903 Announced this Morning.

Less than the Average Increase in Valuations.

As we go to press the Assessors announce the tax rate for 1903 to be \$16.80 per \$1000, an increase of 40 cts over last year.

The personal estate amounts to \$15,059,825, an increase of but \$34,895 over 1902. The real estate is \$48,066,750, an increase of \$1,088,200 over last year. The total valuation is \$63,126,575 an increase of \$1,123,095. The polls are 9612 as against 9617 in 1902.

Political Notes.

Sept. 23—All Republican caucuses outside of Boston for the choice of delegates to Conventions and the nomination in caucuses of candidates for the General Court, must be held on this date.

Sept. 28, outside Boston.—Earliest day for calling and holding Republican Conventions, except Representative Conventions.

Sept. 30—Last day for appointing election officers in cities except Boston.

Oct. 2—10.30 a. m. — Republican State Convention in Tremont Temple, Boston.

Oct. 3—Last day for designating polling places.

Oct. 3—Last day for Registrars of Voters in every city and town, except in Boston, to post in each voting precinct preliminary alphabetical list of voters.

Oct. 5—Certificates of nomination for offices to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 12—Nomination papers for nominations of candidates for offices to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 13—Latest day for calling and holding Convention for nominations of candidates for offices to be filled at a State election, other than those to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth MUST be called and held before 5 p. m.

Oct. 12—Last day for petitioning for the appointment of supervisors of elections.

Oct. 14—Last day for registration in every city. Upon this day Registrars must hold a continuous session from 12 o'clock noon until 10 p. m., when registration must cease.

Oct. 15—Certificates of nomination for candidates for offices to be filled at a State election, other than those to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth, MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 16—Nomination papers for nomination of candidates for offices to be filled at a State election, other than those to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth, MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 19—Last day for filing complaint against incorrect and illegal registration in cities.

Nov. 3—STATE ELECTION.

By the apportionment of delegates to the Republican conventions this fall recently made by the State Committee, Newton has a total of 20, being three to each ward with the exception of Ward 1, which has but 2. The conventions in which Newton is interested are the state with 1609 delegates, the 1st Councilor with 192, Middlesex County with 341 and the 1st Middlesex Senatorial with 46.

Nonantum.

—Mr. Michael J. Green, an ex-postmaster of Watertown, died at his home on Watertown street last Wednesday morning after an illness of three months. Mr. Green was about 40 years of age and well known in this village.

—There will be an exhibition of the work done by the children of the Nonantum Industrial summer school on Tuesday afternoon, August 18, from 2 to 4 o'clock in the Jackson school building. All those who feel interested in the work of the various branches of the school are cordially invited to be present.

—The C. D. Martin piano factory is now in operation. The entire building formerly occupied by the Nonantum Worsted Company on Chapel street is utilized by the new concern. This gives the four entire floors of the building representing about 2½ acres of space. The full capacity of the

"DON'T KNOW" CLUB.

Young Morrell's Original Story is that of The First Mate's Humility.

"Ever since the first meeting of our club," began young Howard Morrell, when the members of the "Don't Know" club had gathered for the sixth meeting and he had been chosen story-teller, "I've been thinking." He paused a moment.

"Careful," said Miss Roblin quietly, "its dangerous."

"Now, I don't think that's fair," retorted the young man.

"If you 'don't think,' you shouldn't talk," was her calm reply.

"Great Scott," Howard exclaimed, "Why do you interrupt me and then contradict yourself?"

"Oh, cheer up, Howard," said Gladys. "You're the queerest fellow I know. You want everybody to let you fool them or tease them, but you won't permit them to return the compliment."

Ignoring all that had been said, and all that he himself had said, young Morrell proceeded: "I've been thinking what a great chance I should have to read some original writing to my friends, when I knew they were obliged to listen."

"Trying it on the dog, as our theatrical friends would say," observed Burton Rand.

"Yes," returned the story-teller, "and the best of this is that the dog is tied, metaphorically speaking."

"Well," spoke-up the kindly Mr. Cleverly, "so long as we can't help ourselves, we may be able to help you. Proceed, young man, proceed."

Drawing from his pocket carefully-folded sheets of manuscript, Howard Morrell walked toward the lamp and placing himself in an advantageous position, read his listeners the story of

THE FIRST MATE'S HUMILITY.

It might have been a bit of birch bark, tossing upon the surface of a hurrying, scurrying brook; or the slender frame of painted canvas, so common the prey of stage-land storms; or the frail craft, whose ocean is a miniature lake, and whose berth is the chubby fists of a bright-faced bay. It might have been any of these intrepid vessels so far as Capt. Grimley's concern lay. If the Star-of-the-East did roll a bit, if her beams did creak ominously, if the sea did strike her sides as though directing reproach and reproof for her venturing out in the face of such a storm. Capt. Grimley displayed no interest.

A squatty stone, choked with well-seasoned driftwood, was grumbling in its own language, as might a gormandizer who had been allowed to eat his fill, and had then chosen to find fault with those who had fed him. But its under-breath curses had no effect on the mariner. The fire was giving warmth to the little cabin and that was all. Capt. Grimley intended it should do. The hard-of-berth lantern was filling its office as illuminator-extraordinary, the huge clock near it acted as keeper-of-the-time, and the compass on the table was guide-in-chief. Thus Capt. Grimley surveyed his kingdom, while his myrmidons moved about on the deck overhead. The Star-of-the-East was bound seaward.

With a chair spread before him, Capt. Grimley studied the lines of red and black through a fog of tobacco smoke. These fumes had long since relinquished all efforts at escaping through the crevice-like ventilators and had prepared themselves to settle down, one upon another, that they might pass the night comfortably in close quarters.

Capt. Grimley was a man who knew of no other interests than his own. "Each man for himself," was and had been his motto since early youth. Some philosophers say, "You need friends to get along in this world." Capt. Grimley proved this to be false—at least in his own life. But then, it is doubtful if he could have retained any one's acquaintance long enough to call it friendship.

"I don't see what Carter meant by saying that the old lady would never last through another trip to the banks. I don't see nothing the matter with her, and I'll bet he don't. Thus Capt. Grimley soliloquized upon lifting his head from the chart and listening for a moment or two that he might hear how the Star-of-the-East was bearing up in the storm. He was lying to himself, and he knew it.

"Yes, Carter is off his base," he continued, "and I'm going to tell him so. 'Carter,' he shouted, but the voice of the wind was louder than the captain's, even to his own ears.

Stepping up the three-rung ladder, sliding back the cover of the hatch, and putting his head out, Capt. Grimley again bellowed, "Carter." How long he might have stayed there and how frequently he might have shouted it is quite impossible to say. What he ought Carter in that direction, however, is not as inexplicable. In a crouching position, Carter was making his way toward the hatch, and only succeeded by a step or two as the vessel now and then righted itself and there was a rope or other equally substantial support handy that he might grasp as he made his way to the entrance of the cabin.

"Oh, its you, is it, Carter," growled the captain as his first mate lurched against the woodwork which covered the ladder stairs. "What's the matter with your legs? Got too much of a load on? Come down here, and don't act like you never saw a bit of rough weather."

Making way for the one he had summoned into his presence, Capt. Grimley backed slowly into the cabin. The other followed.

"Its no use making light of this, captain," Carter expostulated, "it

will be a good deal worse before it's better. I wish to heaven it was all over."

"All over?" Capt. Grimley's contempt was plain. "All over, why what do you mean, you coward?"

"Mean. You know what I mean, you know—well what I mean." Carter had spoken before giving heed to his speech. Twenty years it had been his lot to ship with Capt. Grimley; twenty years they had sailed the Star-of-the-East; twenty years Grimley had bullied his first mate and twenty years the first mate had endured it without so much as a sign of resentment. And here, this night, when the old vessel was showing the signs of advancing age, when both men bore, too, unmistakable evidence of having grown gray in the service, when danger threatened as never it had before, this night of all others, Carter, the first mate, "the only man who could get along with Grimley," had flung defiance in the face of his captain.

Face to face both men now stood, looking each other squarely in the eye. Both were angry, both burning under the sting of insult; their faces reddened by the heat of their own passions. Grimley's throat had filled with an emotion which checked a flood of invectives intended for the head of his first-mate; Carter's tongue had broken for itself the suffering silence of a score of years. It was man to man.

"This—this, in my own cabin, by my own mate. Mutiny, mutiny," the words that came so slowly from the mouth of Capt. Grimley were born of an astonishment that was without bounds. The vials of abuse that so frequently his tongue had poured forth had hidden themselves behind the astounding thoughts that filled the captain's brain. "Carter, Carter, I'll put you in irons, you dog."

"In irons." A grim chuckle greeted the captain's threats. "Me, in irons," and the sneer on the face of the mate and the jeer in his tones, told that patience had forsaken its abode of twenty years. "Me, in irons," he repeated, "why, you old fool, you haven't a man to do it. Three men are forward in their bunks and the fourth is lashed to the wheel. But the fool on the stern is as far from you as your soul is from salvation."

Like the spring of a panther the captain had made a leap to seize the throat of his mate but the attack was met with a return that brought the brute of each one's nature into its full power. They struggled, they fell, they rolled about. It was a combat of muscle, a meeting of two forces whose strength had heretofore lain in their union, a battle of might without mercy.

Meanwhile, rising with the anger of the two that owed to it so much, the two that had made it their home for so long a time, the sea, their benefactor, their friend of a life-time, took on a relentless fury. A gale whose like had never come upon the coast for years had now the old vessel at its mercy. With a roar, a plunge, one short and sudden crash, as if to sweep aside all resistance, and the Star-of-the-East was a helpless wreck on the sea.

The bright sun of another day shone upon a derelict where one could learn all that ever was known of the fate of the Star-of-the-East.

"Poor brave fellows," the people said, "they died the deaths of heroes. Grimley was a stern man; Carter was a fine chap; none better. I wonder how he ever put up with old Grimley."

But the sea kept its secret

Financial

From the point of view of the speculator, it is manifest that apart from the intense bearish sentiment now prevailing, the situation is much sadder than a year ago. The bank reserves in New York are almost twice as large as at this time last year, we have no large foreign debt to liquidate, and the country is evidently much better able to stand the strain of moving the crops. The bankers have prepared themselves for the work, and there will be no recurrence of last year's experiences.

The crops are much more promising than they were a month ago. Corn, especially, shows considerable improvement. After all, the foundations of our prosperity are the crops, and when these promise well, we need look for no serious depression. There is every reason for confidence in the future, and when technical conditions in Wall Street improve, there will be a decided rebound in the prices of securities.—Curtis & Sederquist.

Antiseptic Treatment.

Nothing has met with such general adoption by the medical world for antiseptic purposes as Cabot's SULPHO-NAPHTHOL. Its value is unequalled for the treatment of Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Wounds and Sores of every description, for allaying pain, irritation and inflammation. Many remarkable cures are credited to its use, which is now almost universal in this part of the country. Some of the largest hospitals now use Sulpho-Napthol in place of carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, and many other well known agents for certain purposes for which Sulpho-Napthol is especially adapted.

The Home Savings Bank, located at 75 Tremont street, Boston, opposite the Tremont Temple, allow interest on deposits of Three Dollars and upwards, and their Deposits and Surplus are now above \$9,500,000. See their advertisement in another column.

HETTY'S RIDE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

A sound of horse's hoofs nearing the house brought Mrs. Thankful Adams to the door to welcome her cousin Hetty.

"I rather expected you today, and I see you have come upon your own steed," she said after cordially embracing her cousin.

"Yes, I can always trust Dolly to carry me safely, and I like the horseback ride much better than the old lumbering stage coach."

"How are all the folks at Uncle Aaron's?"

"Well and hearty, but a good deal worried over the state of the country. Abel you know has joined the continental army. He's been gone now over six months. Nothing could keep him at home after the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, reached us," said Hetty.

"John is getting restless, and thinks he ought to enlist, and I expect any day he will tell me he has made up his mind to go. If it wasn't for his father I know he would be off without delay."

"If I was a man I'd go myself, but as it is, all we women can do is to fit out our brothers and husbands to fight for liberty, while we keep things going on at home," said Hetty.

A few days after her arrival she received an invitation to spend the day with Lois Avery, who lived about two miles away.

"You will have a nice visit with Lois," said cousin Thankful, "but they are all Tories of the most fiery sort, and you'll have to be cautious what you say. It is no sort of use to get into an argument with them. They think King George a hero, and General Washington a villain leading a parcel of rebels."

"I'll be careful, don't fear for me," said Hetty. "I may have to swallow hard at times, and hold myself in with a tight rein, but I think I'll manage."

It was a beautiful day, and Hetty enjoyed her ride upon Dolly, as the road for nearly half the way led through fragrant pine woods.

"How glad I am to see you," cried Lois as she greeted her visitor. "It has been dreadfully lonesome here this summer, and when Mrs. Adams told me that you were coming, I was delighted."

"I'm glad you asked me over so early in my visit, for cousin Thankful and her husband want to go to Swansea too see her sister, and I've promised to stay with Grandpa Adams, while they are gone."

The girls took their work out under the trees in the orchard for a good talk. Lois was piecing patchwork for a comfortable, and Hetty was knitting a blue yarn stocking for her father.

"Look Hetty, that's our hired man just coming out of the barn yard yonder. Did you ever see such an awkward gawky? and his hair is as red as fire," said Lois.

"Is that Jerry in color. Who is he?" asked Hetty.

"His name is Jedathan Bailey. He came along a few weeks ago and wanted farm work and father hired him. Men are so scarce this summer he was glad to get him if he is homely and ignorant. There isn't a young man around here, they're all gone off to play at rebel soldiering," said Lois.

The cousin John Adams hasn't gone, your next neighbor," said Hetty.

"No, that shows he's a sensible man," replied Lois.

At this point in the conversation, which Hetty felt was getting dangerous, Mrs. Avery called the girls in to see an extra handsome piece of cloth she was weaving in her loom, and which her visitor duly admired.

The rest of the visit passed very pleasantly, without any topics being discussed which might cause friction. When Hetty declared that she must go, Mr. Avery informed her that he had ordered Jedathan to saddle a horse and see her home.

"You needn't trouble him," said Hetty, "I'm not at all afraid."

Yes, but it is dreadfully poky through those pine woods," said Lois. At starting, Lois whispered in Hetty's ear, "Be careful lest those fiery locks set you on fire."

"No fear of that," replied Hetty, laughing heartily.

When safely within the pine woods, her escort suddenly turned his head toward her, exclaiming, "Hetty, don't you know me?" at the same time removing his hat and with it his red wig.

"Abel Barrows! my own brother, as I live," cried Hetty, turning pale. "What does it mean? I thought you was in the army."

"So I was until a few weeks ago. Our commanders learned that many important army matters were talked over at Squire Avery's, where you've been visiting, and they wanted some one to enter their family in disguise and learn their secrets, and I offered to go."

"O, Abel, how could you? Why you are a spy, and if you are caught you will be hung."

"I know that, but some one must do such work, and why not I? I've found out enough to pay me for going there, and I shall be off soon with valuable news," said Abel.

"Do be careful. I shall be anxious about you now every minute," said Hetty.

As they neared the house Abel resumed his disguise, and with a few parting words, he left his sister at her cousin's door.

In a few days John Adams and his wife started off in their chase to visit her sister.

"You are sure, Hetty, that you are not afraid to stay here alone, with only Grandpa for company?" asked cousin Thankful at parting.

NEWTON AUTOMOBILE CO.

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Manager.

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BICYCLES, COLF AND OTHER SPORTING COODS.

"Not in the least," replied Hetty, "so keep your mind easy in regard to me."

One stormy evening not long after, Hetty was startled by a knock at the side door. Upon opening it, a man stood there dripping wet, and evidently had just dismounted from his horse.

"Pardon me," he said, "but can you tell me where Squire Avery lives?"

"Yes, about two miles to the west of here," replied Hetty.

"I ought to go there tonight, but this is a fearful storm, and seems to be increasing. Could you lodge me over night?"

"Certainly, and you might as well put up your horse in the barn. I'll get the lantern," replied Hetty.

The man gratefully assented and soon was in the cosy old kitchen, removing his dripping coat. Hetty hung it over a chair by the fire place to dry and then busied herself in setting the table.

"Don't put yourself to any trouble," said the man.

"It won't take long to serve you a simple supper, and you surely ought not to retire for the night without any," replied Hetty.

The traveller did ample justice to the meal, and as the tall clock in the corner struck nine, he signified his wish to retire. Hetty showed him to the front bed room, and went back to put the house in order before retiring herself. This guest had excited her curiosity. What errand had he to Squire Avery's? And then she thought with a start, that during his conversation with her, this man had asked if the Avery's kept a hired man.

Tip-toeing to the door of the stranger's room, which he had left ajar, she knew by his loud snoring that he was sound asleep.

Grandpa Adams too, was sleeping peacefully, so Hetty stole back to the kitchen and cautiously searched the pockets of the coat. Nothing appeared, and she was about hanging it over the chair again, when a paper rattled between the linings. She ripped a few stitches, and drew it forth. It was as she feared. The paper contained a description of her brother, with and without his disguise, and this man had been sent to arrest him. Sewing the paper again into the coat, she took an instant resolve. Abel must be saved and there was no one but herself to do it.

The stranger was still snoring loudly and Grandpa was all right. She flew out to the barn although it was raining in torrents and hastily saddled Dolly.

"You and I have serious business tonight," she said, patting the gentle animal as she sprung into the saddle. She went slowly at first but when fairly in the road she urged Dolly on at the top of her speed. In the inky darkness of the night she let her take her own course. At length she reached Squire Avery's barn, where she knew that Abel's sleeping quarters were.

Tying Dolly at a safe distance she stole up to the door, and gave a peculiar low whistle, which Abel well knew. Soon the door was cautiously opened a little way, and to Abel's "Who's there," she replied,

"It is your sister Hetty, let me in quick."

"What does this mean," he cried, "that you are out in this storm at midnight?"

In a few hurried words, Hetty told him of her discovery. "Now," she said, "fly, you haven't a moment to lose."

"All right, I'll be off in less than fifteen minutes. I have everything ready for just such an emergency. God grant that you get no harm,"

Continued on third page.

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REMOVAL.

After September 1st, 1903,
THE OFFICES OF
THE NEWTON GRAPHIC
now at 16 Centre Place,
will be located at
10 CENTRE PLACE, NEWTON.

HETTY'S RIDE.

Continued from page 2.

Hetty, from this night's adventure."

"Oh, I shall be all right, but do hurry Abel."

He only lingered to place Hetty safely upon Dolly, and then with a hurried parting, he stole off into the darkness.

It was still pouring when Hetty reached her cousin's, and with a thankful heart, she succeeded in stabling Dolly and getting noiselessly into the house.

Her guest was still sleeping, and Granpa apparently had not stirred. The next morning the lodger in the spare room, appeared rather late, and began bustling about to get ready for a start.

"You must not think of going without your breakfast," said Hetty. "By the time you get your horse saddled, I think it will be ready."

"The ham and eggs smell deliciously," he said, as he returned from the barn. "I think I'll accept your invitation."

Hetty wished to detain him as long as possible, so she brought out all the good things which the pantry afforded. Her guest finished his repast, with a huge corner piece of pumpkin pie.

Hetty refused any pay for the lodging and breakfast, and the man galloped off at last, in a very self-satisfied frame of mind.

"Have you a hired man here?" he asked of Squire Avery as he rode up to the door.

"Yes," replied the Squire as he led the way to the barn. "We shall probably find him doing the chores."

The cows stood in the yard unmilked, and not a trace of Jedathan could be found.

"That's passing strange," said the Squire. "What did you want of him?"

"He's a rebel spy, and I have a warrant for his arrest," replied the man wrathfully. "Confound the luck that he should have escaped me."

The Squire's anger was too fierce almost for words. "To think," he roared, "that scoundrel should have heard our plans, and he pretending utter indifference to the war. Why, I thought he was an ignoramus, that he knew nothing except to work, and he did that mighty well, too."

"Two or three days after while Hetty was washing the breakfast dishes, Lois Avery burst into the kitchen."

"This is an early call," she said, "so keep right on with your work. I've come to tell you the news."

"Indeed, what's happened now?"

"Jedathan, our hired man has run away."

"He of the fiery locks, and my gallant escort?" asked Hetty.

"Yes, the very same, and he turns out to be a rebel spy. A man came to arrest him the morning after the storm, and that's the way we found out that he was gone."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Hetty, bending over her dish tub.

"That man you speak of must be the one who stayed here over night, he asked to be directed to your house."

"I dare say it was. Just think of Jedathan, whom we thought such a simpleton turning out to be a spy," said Lois. "You ought to weep at the

sad fate of the beau who saw you home the other night."

"I'll try to," said Hetty, catching up her apron and pretending to sob within its folds.

"I only wish they had caught him, but father says they have searched every where and there isn't a trace of him. Well, I must hurry for I've stayed now too long," and away galloped Lois waving her hand at parting.

As soon as she was out of sight Hetty sank into a chair, and wept real tears of joy, that Abel had escaped, and was probably safe now in the rebel army.

In the peaceful days, when the war of the Revolution was over, Hetty used to tell her children, the story of her midnight ride in the storm to warn their Uncle Abel of his danger.

S. E. D.

Fire Veterans.

In great contrast with the phenomenal record made by the Nonantum hand engine last year, is the story of its trials and tribulations during the year of Our Lord, 1903. In place of the snug sum of \$1665, won in prizes during 1902, the company has thus far secured but a paltry \$100 the present year.

The climax apparently of the numerous hoodoos which have followed the engine this year came last Saturday when after extraordinary exertions by Foreman John Hagedorn, fully 50 members of the association attended the muster at Manchester, N. H., and the engine failed to appear.

The tub was delivered to the railroad company at Charlestown on Friday evening and prompt delivery was promised at Manchester. On the arrival of the men in that city, there was no engine, and numerous telephonic inquiries finally located the engine at Boston, where it had been overlooked. As it was then impossible to get the engine to Manchester until late in the evening, participation in the tournament was impossible.

The Company participated in the parade and received the prize of \$25 for coming the longest distance.

The Railroad Company has agreed to compensate the Company for its trouble in the matter, although it cannot abolish the firm belief of the men that the first prize would otherwise have been theirs.

REAL ESTATE

John J. Quinn and another transfer to Thomas Whelan a frame house and lot of 400 feet of land, situated on Auburndale avenue, West Newton.

Three estates in Newton belonging to Mary P. Jones have been bought by J. Irvin and others. There are 18,476 square feet of land and a group of frame buildings.

John H. Weld, guardian, has sold to M. E. Hall for a stated consideration of \$3000 a estate on Clark street, Newton Centre, comprising frame buildings and lot of land containing 5720 feet.

A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

RECENT DEATHS.

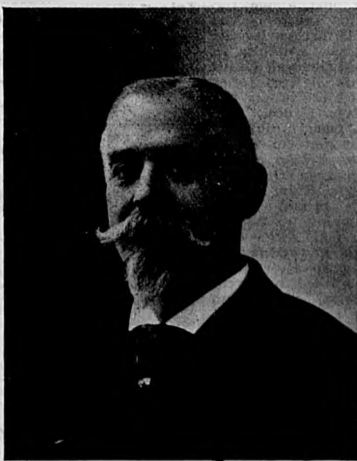
Henry A. Priest.

Mr. Henry Augustus Priest, senior member of the firm of Priest, Page & Co., of Boston, steel merchants, died last Friday afternoon at his home on Vista avenue, Auburndale. He was born in Lowell in 1848. When a young man his parents removed to Newton, and their son's education was completed at the English and Classical school at West Newton.

At the close of the Civil War Mr. Priest entered the steel business as an employee of the firm of Park Bros. & Co. of Boston. He remained with the concern until 1872, when he engaged in business on his own account under the firm name of Henry A. Priest & Co. Five years later the firm name was changed to its present one, Priest, Page & Co. For several years Mr. Priest was the agent of the Howe Scale Company and the Atha Scale Company, representing their interests in Boston. He was a vice president

Mrs. Emeline Burrage.

Mrs. Emeline Burrage, who died last Friday morning at her home on Highland street, West Newton, at the age of eighty-eight years, was formerly a resident of Boston, where almost all of her earlier married life was spent. She was born in Groton and her father was George Brigham, in his day one of the prominent men of the town. Her husband, Johnson C. Burrage, was a leading woollen merchant of Boston. The family home was on Boylston street. After her husband's death Mrs. Burrage purchased a residence in West Newton so as to be near her children, most of whom were residents of that section. While residing in Boston she was a member of the Second church in Copley square; but on moving to



HENRY A. PRIEST.

of the Newton Club, and a member of the Exchange Club of Boston. He was also an active member of the First Unitarian church of West Newton. His widow, who survives, was Miss Helene M. Leslie. Their son, Harry D. Priest, is associated with the firm of which his father was the head.

Funeral services were held from his late residence on Monday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock and were conducted by Rev. E. Usher Munro of North Andover, formerly of Newton Lower Falls. The interment was at the Newton cemetery.

The Massachusetts Division of Sons of Veterans will hold a field day and picnic on Labor Day, Sept. 7th, at the Point of Pines, and an enjoyable program has been planned to which the G. A. R. posts, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies' Aid Societies and the Daughters of Veterans are invited.

Newton she associated herself with the First Unitarian church, and had been as active in all the philanthropic work of the parish as her advanced years would permit. She is survived by six children, Mrs. B. J. Lang, whose husband is so intimately identified with the musical life of Boston; Mrs. John W. Carter, Mrs. Charles W. Morse, who resided with her mother; Miss Emma Burrage, Edward C. Burrage, of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Co., and Herbert E. Burrage, well known in the china and crockery business of Boston.

Funeral services were held from her residence last Monday afternoon, and were conducted by Rev. Julian C. Jaynes of the West Newton Unitarian church, assisted by Rev. Edward A. Horton, the former pastor of the Second church of Boston. Mr. B. J. Lang had charge of the musical program and at the conclusion of the exercises the body was taken to Mt. Auburn for interment.

ESTABLISHED, 1891.

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Subject to change without notice.
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6.02 a. m., and intervals of 15 and 30
minutes to 11.37 p. m. SUNDAY—6.02 a.
m., and intervals of 15 and 30 minutes to
11.37 p. m.

NEWTON AND WATERTOWN TO
ADAMS SQ. (Via Mt. Auburn)—5.30
a. m., and intervals of 8, 15 and 20
minutes to 11.16 p. m. SUNDAY—
6.30 a. m. and intervals of 15 and 20 minutes
to 11.16 p. m.

WATERTOWN SQ. TO SUBWAY. (Via
North Beacon St. and Commonwealth
Ave.—5.37, 5.55 a. m. and intervals of 10
minutes to 10.35 p. m. SUNDAY—6.55
a. m. and intervals every 15 minutes to
10.35 p. m.

NIGHT AND EARLY MORNING SERVICE—12.11, 12.37, 1.37, 2.37, 3.37, 4.37,
(5.37 Sunday) a. m. Return leaves Adams
square 12.35, 1.35, 2.35, 3.35, 4.35, (5.35,
6.35 Sunday) a. m.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan
Square and Dudley street via the subway
from 5.30 a. m. to 12.12 night.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice-Pres.

November 15, 1902.

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time suggest anything
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should be made payable to
NEWTON GRAPHIC PUBLISHING CO.,
J. C. BRIMBLECOM, Treas.

TELEPHONE NO. 77-3.

The GRAPHIC is printed and mailed
Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all
Newstands in the Newton, and at the
South Union Station, Boston.

All communications must be accom-
panied with the name of the writer, and
unpublished communications cannot be
returned by mail unless stamps are en-
closed.

Notices of all local entertainments
to which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line
in the reading matter, or \$1.00 per inch in
the advertising columns.

The Fireman's Herald of New York
takes issue with our recent editorial
advocating the extension of civil ser-
vice rules to the Newton Fire depart-
ment. The Herald, whose editor was a
former member of the Newton Fire de-
partment, is extremely complimentary
to the department, and decidedly
uncomplimentary to the civil service.

It is amusing to the writer, who
has had an intimate acquaintance
with civil service work in this city
during the past twenty years, to hear
the ignorant or prejudiced rant and
rave, when they or their friends are
liable to be effected by the extension
of its principles.

We do not claim that the civil ser-
vice will bring about ideal appoint-
ments or conditions in any branch of
the public service. Neither will
appointments by favoritism, whim
or political caprice. We do maintain,
however, that the limitations imposed
upon the appointing officer by civil
service regulations are in the right
direction for obtaining the best re-
sults. Further than this, the door
of opportunity is held wide open, to
the unknown and ambitious young
man, who may not know the appoint-
ing officer, nor have any means of
attracting his favorable attention.
This latter consideration is the most
important, in our opinion, as it em-
phasizes the American idea of fair
play and allows every person an even
chance for municipal appointment.

In conclusion, we would remind the
editor of the Herald that the Massa-
chusetts kind of civil service is ad-
ministered upon a higher plane than
the New York or United States
standard, and that the examiners in
Newton do their duty practically,
impartially and honestly.

In our new department of Business
Locals which we inaugurate in this
issue we believe we have provided a
satisfactory medium for local adver-
tising, which has hitherto lacked the
courage to venture into the field of
publicity. The extremely low rate of
two cents a word is a telling induc-
ement and offers a splendid opportu-
nity for calling attention to the various
specialties offered in every store.

Business locals begins its mission
under the heading of Newton, but will
be extended as rapidly as possible un-
til all the villages are fully covered.

REAL ESTATE

Mr. Wm. F. Bacon has sold the house
25 Emerson street, Newton, to
Stephen McElroy.

John T. Well, Jr. and others, have
transferred to J. M. Whittey an
estate on the corner of Grasmere
street and Hunnewell avenue, New-
ton, consisting of a frame house and
land, with an area of 12,268 feet.

A. D. S. Bell has sold for James
M. Upton to Walter E. Burke of
Quincy, between nine and ten acres
of land having a frontage of about
1200 feet on Waltham and Crafts
streets, West Newton. It is under-
stood that Mr. Burke has bought this
land with the purpose of developing
it in small lots.

Charles J. Page and others have
conveyed to George H. Springer a
number of lots of land on Beacon and
Wyman streets, Waban, containing in
all 48,422 feet. The grantors named
transfer to Charles C. Springer a lot
of land on Beacon street, close to the
other properties, containing 8041 feet.

William J. Heath has conveyed to
Lillian M. Andrews a parcel in Wash-
ington park, Newtonville, comprising
a frame house and lot of 6400 feet of
land.

Alvord Bros. have sold for L. K.
Liggett to S. R. Porter the estate
No. 16 Tarleton road, Newton Centre,
consisting of a frame house and 6500
square feet of land, the whole assessed
for \$4500.

Henry N. Read has leased Mr.
Mason's house on Walnut street,
Newton Highlands, to Mrs. Margaret
Newcomb.

Mrs. Susan Wellman has purchased
the Riley house, 285 Bellevue street,
through the agency of J. T. Burns.

Turner & Williams have sold for
George L. Estabrook an estate at
No. 63 Austin street, Newtonville,
consisting of a dwelling house and
stable and lot of land containing
11,000 feet. The property has a total
assessed valuation of \$6500. C. H.
Marcy of Boston buys for occupancy.

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haig work.

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globe.

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the Sequoia sempervirens. The latter
is commonly called the redwood and
is much smaller in size; it grows only
on the coast range of mountains. The
former is to be found on the west
side of the Sierra Nevada and lives
where the ground is from three quar-
ters of a mile to a mile and a half
higher than the sea. It is an ever-
green, has small leaves like the fir
which stay on the year round, grows
from seed, and it requires three years
to attain full maturity. The cinnam-
on colored bark attains a thickness
of nearly 40 inches and is furrowed
longitudinally, giving the tree the
appearance of a fluted column, tall
and straight. The tallest sequoia
known measured 405 feet in height;

the greatest base circumference of
known specimens is about 110 feet
and the greatest (long) diameter forty
feet. The limbs, which are sometimes
seven feet thick, grow high from the
ground and as soon as any accident
happens to the crown such as being
stricken off by lightning or broken by
storms, then the branches beneath the
wound, no matter how they are locat-
ed, endeavor to repair the damage.

Limbs that have grown outward for
centuries at right angles to the trunk
begin to turn upward to assist in form-
ing a new crown. Groups of two or
three are often found standing close
together, the seeds from which they
grew having probably fallen on
ground cleared for their reception by
the fall of a large tree of a former
generation. The Big Tree is almost
imperishable, only the forest fires and
similar destructive, outside agents
injure it; barring accident, the tree is
to be immortal, being exempt from
all diseases that afflict and kill other
trees. So delicately balanced are
even the largest of these monarchs of
the woods in all their proportions
that there is never anything over-
grown or monstrous looking about
them. Their grandeur is in part in-
visible as they tower among the fir
and pines until the base is reached.

A walk around them and a glance
upward will impress the visitor with
their immense size and height. These
giants bulge considerably at the base,
but not more than is required for
beauty and safety; and the only reason
that the larger circumference
seems in some cases excessive is that
only a small section of the trunk is
seen at once. The trunk for a
hundred feet from the ground is
usually without branches and the
monotony is to some extent relieved
by tufts of slender sprays that wave
lightly in the winds. The young trees
have simple branches, slender and
regular in character, down to the
ground, sharply ascending at the top,
horizontal about half way down and
drooping in handsome curves at the
base. By the time the young tree is
five or six hundred years old this
spry, feathery habit merges into the
firm, rounded dome form of middle
age which is replaced in time by the
odd characteristics of old age. The
foliage of the young trees is dark
bluish green in color, while the older
trees are of a brownish yellow.

In the winter the trees break forth into
bloom, large quantities of small, four-
sided staminate cones appear on
the ends of the slender sprays, chang-
ing the color of the tree, and when
ripe dusting the air and the ground
with golden pollen. The fertile cones
are bright grass green, measuring
about two inches in length by one and
a half in thickness and are composed
of about forty firm, oval, angular
scales, closely packed with four
sided seeds at the base of each. A
single cone contains from two to
three hundred seeds, resembling those
of the parsnip, about a fourth of an
inch long by a quarter of an inch
wide, including a thin flat margin
that makes them wavering in their
fall. The Sequoia is a fruitful tree
as is proved by the statement that
two specimens, branches, one and a
half by two inches in diameter, con-
tained 480 cones. Comparatively few
of the seeds germinate and but a
small number of these survive the
storms, dry periods, fire and war of
the elements. No species of conifer-
ous tree keep so well together as
the Sequoia, a mile being the great-
est distance of any tree from the
main body.

The trunks are frequently preserved
for centuries after they fall, one old
trunk fragment being in excellent
condition several hundred years after
its death. This statement is correct
as a silver fir is growing over the
dead trunk that is now four feet in
diameter and 380 years old. The lum-
berman's ax, the burning of the under-
brush in certain localities to clear the
land of bondage, and as far back as
2000 B. C., trees of the Sequoia
species were growing in California
with bark a foot thick that are still
alive and in good condition. Accord-
ing to a careful statement the Calaveras
grove of Big Trees was the first
one discovered and the date was the
spring of 1852 according to the accounts
the discoverer found in his story
book a little evidence among the
workmen that he was obliged to re-

sort to a ruse to get them to the spot
where the trees were located. The
wonderful tale of the Big Trees soon
found its way into the newspapers
and appears to have been published
in the Sonora Herald, the nearest
periodical to the locality. The ac-
count was republished in other papers
and was also printed in some Eng-
lish papers. No other plant ever at-
tracted so much attention or attained
such celebrity within so short a
period. Reference to it appeared in
over a hundred scientific works and
journals and it was the theme of
many articles in popular periodicals
and books of travel in various
languages.

Seeds of the big trees were first
sent to Europe and the Eastern
states in 1853, and as they germinate
rapidly it is probable that hundreds
of thousands of the trees are now
growing in different parts of the world.
The genus was named in honor of
Sequoia or Squoyah, a Cherokee In-
dian of mixed blood, better known by
his English name of George Guess,
who is supposed to have been born
about 1770 and who lived in Will's
Valley, in the extreme north eastern
corner of Alabama among the Cherokees.
He became known to the world
by his invention of an alphabet
and written language for his tribe.
Driven with the rest of his tribe
beyond the Mississippi, he died in
New Mexico in 1843. Eudlicher,
who named two genus was not only
a learned botanist but was eminent
in ethnological research and was un-
doubtedly well acquainted with
Sequoia's career. The Calaveras
grove is the most northerly and is the
lowest in elevation above the sea
level. This grove is situated in the
county of that name and is on near
the road crossing the Sierra by the
Silver Mountain Pass. It occupies
a belt 3200 feet long by 700 feet
broad, extending in a north west
and south east direction, in a depression
between two slopes. There are
about 1000000000 in the grove,
one being 325 feet high and
many others approaching that height.
The age of one that was cut down so
the stump could be used for a dancing
floor was about 1300 years, and its
diameter measured across the stump
24 feet inside the bark. A pavilion
was built over it, forming a capacious
room. The Mother of the Forest is
one of the most famous in the grove.
Six miles south of the South Fork
Grove, containing 1380 trees, many
of them very large, several of them
over 100 feet in circumference at the
base. The next grove south is the
Tuolumne Grove of thirty trees.
They are very tall, averaging 300 feet
and are directly on the Big Oak Flat
route to the Yosemite Valley. The
Mariposa Grove is near Wawona.
The Raymond route to the Yosemite
was discovered by Galen Clark,
one of the first white men to enter
the valley. Wawona is the Indian
name for Big Tree. This grove is
about 1500 feet above Clark's
ranch or 5500 feet above sea level. It
lies in a little valley, occupying a
depression on the back of a ridge
which runs along in an easterly di-
rection between the Tuolumne and
the South Merced. The grant made
by Congress is two miles square
and embraces two divisions, the lower
and upper groves. In the lower
grove there are 246 large trees and in
the upper 360. The tallest tree, the
Columbia, is 325 feet high and the
famous old Grizzly Giant is of tre-
mendous girth. At one time this tree
was surrounded by "Pumpkin Cay-
ary U. S. A." A limb 80 feet above the
ground is 20 feet in circumference.
The tree's base circumference is 104
feet, 5 feet above the ground, 90 feet.
In the upper grove are many fine
specimens of immense trees, among
the most noted is the Wawona tree,
which the stage passes. The Califor-
nia is another tree through which a
cave has been cut and is in the
cavity of the Haverford 16 horses
have been sheltered. The beauty of
the Mariposa Grove has been sadly
marred by the ravages of fire which
has evidently swept through it many
times, almost ruining the finest trees.
Still the general appearance of the
grove is extremely grand and impos-
ing. Continuing south the next is
the Fresno Grove, in the Fresno
confined to an area of about two miles
square. There are some 600 large
trees, the largest having a circumfer-
ence of about 85 feet just above the
base. Some distance south is the
Dinky Grove and still farther in the
same direction is a grove which is in
and adjacent to the General Grant
National Park. This is two miles
square, near Millerton and is in the
route to King's River Canyon. The
General Grant is a base circumfer-
ence of 106 feet. The historic stump
represented by a cross section at the
centennial, still remains. One tree
cut down in the King's River forest
was nearly 2200 years old and another
colossal scarred monument, burned
half through, had annual rings over
4000 in number, which showed it was
in its prime during the time of the
Sierra winds, when Christ walked the earth.
Easterly from Visalia, on a high
plateau three miles square, with a
background of high mountains and
facing in a third and fourth direc-
tions the deep canons of the Marble
and Middle Forks, is the Giant For-
est, the greatest forest on the globe.
A careful estimate of the trees over
300 feet high and with a girth of
more than 50 feet, places the number
at 3000. The highest tree measured
is 405 feet. The General Sherman,
the giant of the giants, has by gov-
ernment measurement a base circum-
ference of over 100 feet, a greatest di-
ameter of 34 1/2 feet and a height of 370
feet. Eighty feet above the ground
the circumference is 80 feet. The
dead giant spanning Crescent
Meadow is 310 feet long. South of
the Giant Forest about 30 miles te-
gins a series of groves and forests,
best known as the Tule River Groves
and the finest block of Big Tree
forest in the entire belt. In the
northern groves there are very few
young trees but here for every old,
torn, scorched giant there are many
in all the glory of prime vigor.
There are also many young trees and
saplings growing rapidly on the
moraines, rocky ledges, along the
water courses and in the moist
meadow earth. The largest measured
tree is Old Methusalem with a base
circumference of over 110 feet. Red-
wood Mountain, Bear Creek, Middle
Fork, North Tule, Alder Creek, East
Branch of Kern, and South Tule and
Deer Creek forests have areas of from

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Etc.

one to two square miles. Near Santa
Cruz, on the coast, is a grove of
Sequoia sempervirens, a redwood
grove of great beauty. The largest
tree is 50 feet in circumference at the
base and 275 feet high. In size many
of the redwoods fall very little below
the Big Trees and many of them
have a diameter of an area
sufficiently large that if the trunk
was sawed off there would be ample
room on the stump to build a large
house of ten to fifteen rooms. Cli-
matically the home of the Big Tree
is, in the spring, summer and au-
tumn, ideal, and one may live com-
fortably out of doors among these
trees throughout the summer.

DIED.

MOORE—At Newton Upper Falls,
Aug. 10, William P., son of William
H. Moore, 25 yrs. 5 mos. 1 d.

WALSH—At West Newton, Aug. 8,
John J. Walsh, aged 32 yrs. 4 mos.
28 ds.

PRIEST—At Auburndale, Aug. 7,
Henry A. Priest, aged 55 yrs. 3 mos.
20 ds.

BURRAGE—At West Newton, Aug.
7, Emeline, widow of Johnson C.
Burrage, aged 88 yrs. 3 mos. 19 ds.

KILDUFF—At Eliot, Aug. 6, Anne
Kilduff, aged 74 yrs.

G. W. MILLS,

Funeral Director.

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Concerts, Funerals, Etc.
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BUSINESS NOTICES.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—For removal a good stable
2123, Address or inquire at 233 Fuller
Street, West Newton.

FOR SALE—High back Goddard buggy,
rubber tires, made to order, cost \$200.
Price \$50. Dr. W. O. Hunt.

To Let.

TO LET—In Newtonville, two pleasant fur-
nished rooms, in private house, near
steam and electric cars. Apply at No. 445
Newtonville Avenue.

TO LET—A house with 7 rooms, all the
conveniences, furnace and range, set
teins, well located, for less than \$20 per
month. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Drake, 304
Waltham St., West Newton.

Wanted.

WANTED—A first-class coachman. One
who understands stable-work and the
care of horses, and is a good driver. Apply
at the house of L. H. Pratt, 73 Highland
street, West Newton.

FOR SALE—Good board and rooms apply at 21
Thurston Street, Newton.

GIRL WANTED to use BENT'S DE-
STROYER for dandruff and falling
hair. Paraffin, 25c. Kills lice on children
and all insects. Destroys insects on plants
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bites. At Lacroix Drug Store.

WANTED—A capable and reliable girl
good cook and laundress. Apply at
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101 TREMONT STREET,
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Our entire stock of
Trimmed Hats and Toques
to be closed out at cost. Also
a few untrimmed hats.

E. JUVENE ROBBINS, ELIOT BLOCK,
NEWTON.
Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Metropolitan Park Commission.

Rules and Regulations for the Gov-
ernment and Use of the Charles
River Reservation.

RULE 1. No person shall enter or leave the
Reservation except at the regular designated
entrances.

RULE 2. No person shall dig, cut, remove,
deface, defile, or ill-use any building, struc-
ture, fence, sign, bush, plant, turf, rock or
other thing herein, belonging to the Com-
mission or have possession of any part
thereof; but this rule shall not prohibit the
picking of wild flowers and edible berries in
reasonable quantities for personal use.

RULE 3. No person shall throw any stone
or other missile, or have possession of or
discharge any destructive weapon, firearm,
firecracker, torpedo or firework; or make
fire, or throw or place upon the ground a
lighted match, cigar, or other burning sub-
stance; or post, paint, affix or display any
sign, notice, placard or advertising device;
or, except with written authority from said
Metropolitan Park Commission, engage in
business, sell, or expose for sale, or give
away any goods, wares, or circulars; or set
a trap or snare, or lure or have possession
of any wild animal or bird; or injure or disturb
any bird's nest or eggs; or drop or place and
suffer to remain any piece of paper or other
refuse, except in the receptacles designated
therefor.

RULE 4. No person shall solicit the ac-
quaintance of or annoy another person; or
utter any profane, threatening, abusive or
indecent language or loud chatter; or make
any subscription or contribution; or have
possession of or drink any intoxicating
liquor; or play any game of chance; or have
possession of any instrument of gambling;
or do any obscene or indecent act; or
provoke, or pray aloud, or make an oration
or harangue, or any political or other can-
vass; or display a flag or banner; or move in
a military or civil parade, drill or review;
or lie down upon a bench or go to sleep
thereon; or play any musical instrument ex-
cept with written authority from said Metro-
politan Park Commission.

RULE 5. No person shall bathe except in a
proper costume, and in places designated
therefor, or loiter or run about or lie upon
the beach or shore in bathing costume.

RULE 6. No person shall ride or drive an
animal or vehicle except upon the drive-
ways, or upon other than the right hand side
of the road except when passing another animal
or vehicle, or past an animal or vehicle, or
except to the left thereof, or across a road
unless the right of way is given to all other
animals or vehicles, or by the side of a road
on one vehicle; or ride a cycle past an animal
or vehicle going in the same direction
without sounding a bell or alight and pass
another animal to a fence, tree, bush or shrub.

RULE 7. No person shall ride or drive an
animal or vehicle except upon the drive-
ways, or upon other than the right hand side
of the road except when passing another animal
or vehicle, or past an animal or vehicle, or
except to the left thereof, or across a road
unless the right of way is given to all other
animals or vehicles, or by the side of a road
on one vehicle; or ride a cycle past an animal
or vehicle going in the same direction
without sounding a bell or alight and pass
another animal to a fence, tree, bush or shrub.

RULE 8. No person shall ride or drive an
animal or vehicle except upon the drive-
ways, or upon other than the right hand side
of the road except when passing another animal
or vehicle, or past an animal or vehicle, or
except to the left thereof, or across a road
unless the right of way is given to all other
animals or vehicles, or by the side of a road
on one vehicle; or ride a cycle past an animal
or vehicle going in the same direction
without sounding a bell or alight and pass
another animal to a fence, tree, bush or shrub.

RULE 9. No person shall have or allow a
vehicle for carrying merchandise, or a ve-
hicle in use for carrying merchandise or
articles other than the requirements proper
for a pleasure vehicle, or a horse, or any
vehicle in a funeral procession, except upon
a traffic road, or to gain access by the short-
cut way from the nearest street to the front
entrance of a house facing on the Reserva-
tion.

RULE 10. No person shall stop an animal
or vehicle so as to obstruct a pathway,
boundary road or driveway, or a sidewalk
or crossing thoroughfare or so as to prevent the
passing of other vehicles, or otherwise than
lengthwise with a pathway, boundary road
or driveway, and close to the sidewalk
thereof.

RULE 11. No person having charge of an
animal or vehicle shall neglect or refuse to
stop, place, change the position of or move
said animal or vehicle as directed by a police
officer.

RULE 12. No person having charge of an
animal shall allow the same to stand without
properly being taken care of in the charge
of some person, except that an animal hitched to
a place provided therefor, or to a weight of not
more than twenty pounds may be allowed to
stand unattended for not more than five
minutes.

RULE 13. No person shall refuse or neglect
to obey any reasonable direction of a police
officer.

Any person violating any one of the above
rules is liable to a fine of twenty dollars for
each offense.

The reservations, parkways and roads un-
der the control of the Metropolitan Park
Commission are public property and it is
the duty of every person to see that the
above rules are observed, and to call the at-
tention of the police to any violation thereof.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts
MIDDLESEX, ss. July 15th, 1903.

Seized and taken on execution and will
be sold at Public Auction at my office in my
chambers, numbered 233 Church Street
in Newton in said County of Middlesex, on
Saturday, September 6th, 1903, at ten o'clock
a. m., all the right, title and interest that
Albert Smith had on May 4th, 1903, at 9
o'clock and 10 minutes a. m. (that being the
time when the same was attached on me-
morandum) in and to the following described
parcel of real estate, to-wit: A certain lot of
land situated in Somerville in said Middle-
sex County, and being lot 29 as appears on a
plan of land in Southerville and Cambridge,
Mass., belonging to Person Davis February,
1872, W. S. Barbour and A. Dodge, Civil En-
gineers, and recorded with Middlesex South
District Deeds, said lot 29 bounded and de-
scribed as follows, viz: Northerly by lot 27
on said plan 100 feet; Southerly by a
street 50 feet; Southerly by land now or
formerly of said Davis 100 feet; Westerly
by land now or late of W. A. Saunders
50 feet, containing 800 square feet. Being
same premises conveyed to said Albert
Smith by deed of Thomas Kearney dated
November 28, 1866, and recorded with Middle-
sex South District Deeds, lib. 17, fol. 4.
SAMUEL W. TUCKER,
Deputy Sheriff.



\$45.00
DROPPED STYLE \$45.00.

No agents employed. Machines not
sent out on subscription. New Machines
rented, \$3.00 per month, and sold on ren-
tal-purchase plan.

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SEWING MACHINE CO.
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OLIVE SOAP.

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For Toilet and Skin Use. E. W. WHITNEY,
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Original and Only Genuine
SAFE, PLEASANT, Efficacious, and
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in RED and Gold metal boxes, sealed
with blue ribbon. Taken either, Refuse
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this season, either
Inside or Outside Painting,
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in any manner, let us fix up a scheme for
you and estimate the cost. We know that
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Sole Agent for Newton of the
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Dining Rooms, Libraries and Fe-
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stock the largest Assortment of
fine and medium grades of Wall
Papers of any concern in Boston.
Prices as low as the same grade
of goods can be bought at New
England.

Newtonville.

—Dr. W. O. Hunt, during July and August will be in Newtonville Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, other days at North Falmouth.

—Mr. J. A. Baxter and family of Lowell avenue have moved to Brookline.

—Miss undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Kempton of Birch Hill road are spending a few weeks in Maine.

—Mrs. Kellogg of Prescott street is enjoying a few weeks' sojourn in New Hampshire.

—Miss Emma E. Ross of Hull street is spending her vacation at Buttonwoods, R. I.

—Mr. Clinton W. Kyle was registered at the Summit House, Mt. Washington, last Saturday.

—Mr. Douglas and family of Trowbridge avenue have returned from a short stay in Maine.

—Mr. Arthur S. Beal of Washington street is enjoying a few weeks' outing at Provincetown.

—Miss A. Ferguson of Watertown street is enjoying a short outing at North Conway, N. H.

—Miss Gloria B. McDonald, formerly of Utica, N. Y., is the new clerk at Hammond's bakery.

—Dr. John B. Davis of Walnut street is registered at "The Pocahontas," Kittery Point, Me.

—Mr. M. Sinclair Williams of California street has returned from a vacation trip on Cape Cod.

—Miss C. E. Benson of Chesley avenue is visiting her former home in Jamestown, New York.

—Mr. Willard E. Folland of Highland park has returned from Maine, where he spent his annual vacation.

—Mr. G. H. Eddy and family of Walnut street have returned from a few weeks' outing in New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Phinney of Danielson, Conn., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clapp of Chesley avenue, this week.

—Mr. Frank Frost, assistant driver at the engine house, will be married to Miss Nellie Rogers of this place on Sunday evening.

—Forward your baggage by Hunting's Newtonville & Boston Ex. to all Boats and Railroad Depots. Claim checks given.

—Mrs. N. G. Wheeler of Bowers street left Monday for Center Harbor, N. H., to join her daughter, who has been summering there.

—Miss Evelyn Hammond of Highland park, together with a number of friends, is enjoying a few weeks' camping at Paxton, Mass.

—Miss Maude Ricker, the bookkeeper at Somerville's market, is spending her vacation at South Acton. Mr. Miss Doherty is filling her place.

—Rev. Ozora S. Davis has charge of a camping party made up of 25 boys from the Congregational church. The party has its camp at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. John F. Davis of 442 Walnut street, have returned from a visit of several weeks to the "Mount Kineo House," Moosehead Lake, Me.

Business Locals.

George Breeden, 233 Walnut Street, has been appointed the agent for Newtonville and vicinity of the Hancock Fire Insurance Company, of New York, the Royal Exchange Assurance, and Alliance of London; three very large companies.

The economy of nature demands that the system of man be supplied with sufficient pure water to aid the digestive process, to maintain the equilibrium, depleted by the filter like action of the kidneys and by elimination through the pores of the skin. That craving of the system which manifests itself as thirst, is satisfied by no other means so fully as it is by drinking White Rock Water. The tonic properties of this water are united to rare digestive qualities, which aid the stomach in its functions.

"Landsdowne."

A large property situated in the city of Boston is to be placed on the market for development. The property is known as "Landsdowne," and the sale of the same has been placed exclusively in the hands of Edward T. Harrington & Co., the well known real estate firm. "Landsdowne," formerly known as the old Morse Farm, is situated in West Roxbury, and is about 3000 feet in length and 500 feet wide, containing over 1,500,000 square feet of land. It runs parallel with Temple Street and at right angles with Baker Street. This tract is one of the finest in this section of the city and was at one time considered by the city of Boston for a rifle range, the price being about \$150,000. There are 209 lots, varying in price from \$350 to \$600, and in size from 5000 to 6500 square feet. This is not to be an ordinary land sale but the development of one of the finest tracts of land remaining unsold in Suffolk County. Restrictions are to be placed upon the land so that nothing in the way of an objectionable business or building can be placed there. It is intended to make the section as attractive as any in West Roxbury. The price has been made easy, the terms being a cash payment and monthly remittances, bringing the purchase within the means of those who had not previously contemplated buying.

Street Railway Matters

Last Sunday evening about 8.30 one of the large open cars of the Needham line jumped the track at Homer street, suspending all traffic on the Needham and Newton Centre lines for about one hour. The car was going pretty fast when the forward truck left the rail and ploughed up the street for about 15 feet. Fortunately no one was injured.

West Newton.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Cate are enjoying a short stay in Maine.

—Mrs. G. T. Dodd of Prince street is visiting friends in Worcester.

—Mr. Samuel Pray is registered at the Kearsarge, No. Conway, N. H.

—Mr. B. F. Lyons has returned from a short business trip to Buffalo.

—Miss Carrie Wise of Cherry street has returned from a visit to Rutland, Vt.

—Miss Gertrude Sawyer of Cherry street is back from a visit at Barre, Mass.

—Mr. E. P. Hatch returned Tuesday from a short visit at the White Mountains.

—Mr. Fred Furbush of Watertown street has been confined to his home by illness.

—Mr. William H. Mague is making improvements on his house on Washington street.

—Mr. Edward Gateley of River street has returned from a short visit at Athol, Mass.

—Mrs. Geo. H. Frost of Fuller street has started on a two months' trip to California.

—Engineer R. F. Cummings of the fire department is on duty again after his annual vacation.

—Mr. C. G. Carley and family of Austin street are spending the month of August in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Phelps of Highland avenue left this week for a short outing at Boothbay, Me.

—Mrs. Frank Linnell of Auburn street is enjoying a few weeks' outing at Orleans, Mass.

—Rev. and Mrs. John Matteson of Auburn street left this week for a short sojourn in Maine.

—Mr. C. F. Eddy is making repairs in the vacant store in the Village Hall building this week.

—Mr. Lawrence Bond of Elm street returned from Europe last Monday in the steamer Mayflower.

—Mr. George Lyman and family of Watertown street are spending a few weeks at Andover, Mass.

—Mrs. J. M. Hastings spent the week with her son, Mr. Walter Hastings, at his home in Lawrence.

—Mr. John M. Eaton and family of Boston are occupying the house of Mrs. C. E. Cram on Lenox street.

—Mr. C. F. Eddy of Cherry street has returned from Middleboro, where he has been spending a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sanderson of Watertown street have returned from a few weeks' outing at Highgate Centre, Vt.

—The Newton Veteran Firemen will participate in the annual muster which is to be held at Salem next Thursday.

—Rev. George H. Cate of Watertown street will conduct the union services at the Congregational church on Sunday morning.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall paper at reasonable prices.

—Carrier Charles Kimball made the largest catch of any in his party last week at Five Islands, Me. He caught a beautiful trout, which tipped the scales at five pounds.

—Mr. Winfield Scott, who has been spending a few weeks' vacation on his father-in-law's farm at Wilderence, N. H., has a badly dislocated shoulder, the result of being thrown from a bronco last Monday.

—In the Pierce school during the past month, many of the school children have been spending two hours daily in manual training, basket work and weaving. Judging from the results, the attendance, the interest and the quality of work, the summer session deserves all the encouragement it receives. Some eighty children are enrolled.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Hall were the donors for the trip of the Boston Floating Hospital last Monday. Miss C. A. Lovett, Mrs. A. G. Hosmer and Mrs. W. C. Carton of West Newton, Mrs. G. B. King, Miss Ruth King and I. H. Taylor of Newton Highlands and Mrs. S. J. Ryall of Newton were among the guests present.

—Last Saturday the death of Mr. John J. Walsh occurred at his home on Margin street. The deceased was 32 years old and was regarded by other members of the bar as a promising young lawyer. He was the son of the late Dr. Peter D. Walsh of Boston and had only lived in Newton a few months. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning from St. Bernard's church. Solemn requiem mass was offered by Rev. C. J. Galligan.

Death of Mrs. Bourne

Mrs. Ellen M. Bourne, for sixty years a resident of Auburndale, passed away on Wednesday, the twelfth, at the old homestead on Auburn street, at the age of eighty-four years and six months. She was a well known and highly respected citizen, having lived in this historical homestead since coming to Newton in 1843. At that time this suburb consisted of only four houses, the Bourne farm occupying all the land north of the Albany railroad, and from what is now Ash street to Charles river. There was no Weston bridge then, but only a fording place, across the river. What is now Woodland road was then only a cart path. The Bourne homestead was in 1775 the old "Whittemore Tavern," and stood where the Albany R.R. tracks now are between Auburndale and Riverside. Mrs. Bourne was born in Castine, Me., in 1819, was married in 1838 to Wm. P. Bourne and moved to Charlestown, Mass., where she lived until moving to Auburndale. All of her children survive her, three daughters and one son.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Boston Theatre—The play of "Miss Petticoats," in which Miss Kathryn Osterman will star the coming season, her first appearance being at the Boston Theatre on Monday night, September 14, and the engagement being for two weeks only, has achieved the distinction of causing decided disruption in the exclusive Wamsutta Club of New Bedford. Those who have read the book of the same name, written by George T. Richardson and Wilder D. Quint of Boston, from which the dramatization was made by Mr. Richardson, will recall that the Attawam Club figures conspicuously in the story. Some of the members of the club are said to be easily recognized in the book and play. One or two members of the club do not appear in a light that is any too favorable and some of the incidents of the story concerned the famous Ladies' Day at the club, which in actuality is the Wamsutta Club, but in the book and play is called the Attawam. These facts started the trouble brewing and when it was announced that the novel had been made into a play which would tour the principal cities of this country an agitation was started by a certain faction to cut out their Ladies' Day altogether and thus bar petticoats from its exclusive walls forever. Then to cap the climax a prominent society woman of New Bedford, who is said to be the Mrs. Worth-Courtleigh in the play, made a wager that she would get into the club on a day that was not Ladies' Day, and she did. This was recently and just previous to the annual election. The matter of petticoats, and the book and the play which take their title from this article of apparel, became an issue in the annual election of officers. The board of officers who believed in petticoats and Ladies' Day at the Wamsutta Club was defeated and an entirely new set of officers was chosen. In the meantime the defeated faction is seriously considering the plan of resigning and organizing a new club. Miss Kathryn Osterman who appears in the stellar title role of this play will invite both the defeated officers and the newly elected officers to occupy boxes at her performances in New Bedford on Monday and Tuesday nights, Sept. 28 and 29, immediately following the Boston Theatre engagement.

Boston Theatre—At the present rate "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the great New England play, which will soon have its fourth engagement at the Boston Theatre, where it will be seen for three weeks only commencing Monday night, Sept. 28, will in time equal the famous record of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other notable books and plays that have achieved lasting distinction through continued popularity. There are a few statistics in connection with this play, which are of more than ordinary interest. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" appeared first in book form and was written by Charles Felton Pidgin, whose ambition was to turn out a novel that would sell at least 100,000 copies, and then be considered worthy of dramatization. Instead of giving his manuscript to an established publishing house he gave it to an enterprising young woman, who started a publishing house, the C. M. Clark Company, by putting this book on the market. Within a year the 100,000 mark had been reached. Within two years another hundred thousand had been sold, and then the play was produced with enormous success. The book has reached nearly 300,000 copies now, an average of 1,000 a week being sold in this country, Canada and England, or about 100,000 yearly. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" in its dramatized form is now in its third season and has been witnessed by over one million people. The publication of the book was the means of placing the firm that issued it in the front ranks of publishing houses, and the play made from its established an important new theatrical concern, the Puritan company. The author, Charles Felton Pidgin, has gained wealth and fame from both book and play and his royalties each year amount to much more than a bank president's salary. When "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is seen at the Boston Theatre next month it will be found almost entirely in new dress.

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No. 5, Aug. 20—Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, etc.

No. 6, Aug. 20—Thousand Islands, Montreal, etc.

No. 7, Aug. 21—White Mountains.

No. 8, Aug. 31—White Mountains.

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Author of "The Southerners," "In the West's Nest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

GENTLEMEN ALL.

"LOOK, you fool!" said the admiral roughly, furious with rage at being balked in this way, though, in spite of himself, his heart exulted in the nobility of the man. "Look, you beggarly Irishman!" he exclaimed, turning the surprised young man about before he could recover himself. "Look on the picture of her whom you reject! Gaze upon it! If you love her, say whether or no your high flown sentiments of honor can stand against that prospect." It was his final appeal, win or lose. He had staked all upon the throw.

There in the great frame stood the most beautiful picture that the eyes of either man had ever seen. Elizabeth was standing. One tiny hand clutched tightly her heaving bosom; the other arm was stretched out with upraised palm like a goddess in command. The light of the flickering candles cast subtle shadows upon her face. The dusk of the room intensified the illusion and spiritualized her beauty. O'Neill looked at her with all his life in his gaze. So glorious, so splendid, so perfect a creature would shake the very soul of honor itself!

The admiral had played his last card. This was the end of his resource, and he watched the Irishman with all the intensity of a tiger about to spring on its prey. The moments fled. He knew that he had lost. Elizabeth had risen in the stress of her anxiety. The strain had been too much for her. She had been about to intervene between them when the glances of the two men arrested her step. She waited, one little foot outstretched, her body leaning forward slightly, a picture of triumph, her eyes as two lambent flames playing upon her lover. He watched her in awe-struck silence, sank on his knees, stretched out his arms, murmuring softly:

"Thou knowest that I love thee! I have dreamed sometimes that in happier days thou mightest have given me thy heart, but I could not take it with a bar sinister of shame between us! No!—Was she moving? Was that some trick of the wavering light?"

"Good heavens!" cried O'Neill fearfully, rising. "See—is it a spirit? She shakes her head! Look you, my lord, she is alive. The picture fell last night, you remember—'Tis herself! Elizabeth, Elizabeth, you have heard and seen—have I not decided well?"

"How dare you, my lord!" exclaimed the girl, coming down from the dais and stepping swiftly toward the astonished admiral, who shrank back from her. "How dare you make my hand the reward of treachery, my person the bait for dishonor? And by what right do you dispose of me without consulting me? Am I a slave, that you force me upon this gentleman? My word is given to your son; you yourself insisted upon it. You would play the traitor double and would fain make him do the same. And for what? To compass the death of one poor man to whom I owe life and honor, who is only fighting for what he calls his freedom! Shame upon your gray hairs, sir! Oh, the insult to my modesty, to be thus banded about between two men—And you, sir!" she cried in tempestuous passion, turning to O'Neill. "You do me the honor to refuse me—to reject me—me—Elizabeth Howard—look at me—you would have none of me!"

"My honor!" cried O'Neill, amazed at her sudden change and inconsistency.

"Your honor. Have I any honor, sir? Would you have left me a shadow of it between you? Stand back, sir! My lord, is it thus you discharge the trust committed to you by my mother—to give this gentleman opportunity to return to France and say that he has refused my hand?"

"He shall not go back to France, Lady Elizabeth," said the admiral sternly.

"Why not, pray?" asked Elizabeth, faltering, her passionate anger checked by the admiral's word and look.

"Because he shall be tried and hanged tomorrow as an American spy or a captured traitor, whichever he may elect."

She stood as if petrified at these cruel words.

"It is right, sir," said O'Neill. "I submit, and if you would make me die happy say that the hideous proposition I have had from you was but the test of my honor."

"Oh, sir," cried Elizabeth in agony, throwing herself upon her knees before the admiral, "forgive me for my wild, intemperate speech! I know not what I say. You have been a father to me from the beginning, and I have ever loved you as one! I have turned to you for everything. Unsay your cruel words! Retract this order! You cannot condemn this honest gentleman! Dispose of me as you will. I love him—I love him—aye, let the truth be heard—even for his rejection of me! Nay, had he not done so I would have hated him! Spare his life! I will marry Edward, do anything you wish! Grant me this boon!"

"I cannot," said the admiral slowly. "I pity you, from my soul I do, and him as well, but I dare not. There is but one thing that would excuse my clemency to his majesty—there is the

alternative he has nobly rejected. Die he must or give up his captaincy!"

"A thousand deaths rather than that!" answered O'Neill. "Rise, Lady Elizabeth; your appeal is vain. Rejoice in your approval of my action, thankful to God that I have heard you say, 'I love you, I shall die happy.'"

"No, no!" said the girl, spreading her arms protectingly before him and then throwing herself upon his breast, "you cannot die—you shall not die! Oh, my love, my love, I knew not until I heard you speak what this feeling was! I cannot let you go! Surely, you would never be so cruel as to part us now!" she cried brokenly, looking back at the impassive old man. His hands were steady enough now. They never trembled but from shame. "What has he done? He came here to see me—me alone—to take me in his arms as he holds me now, and you condemn him to death for that! Did you never love when you were young? They whispered that it was my mother who had your heart. They told me that she was unhappy because they forced you apart. 'Twas to you she confided me. Have pity, in her name, have mercy!"

"Enough!" said the admiral. "It is not that I will not, but I cannot. He has chosen; he must die."

"Then may death come to me," said Elizabeth, "because, for all eternity, I love him!"

"And this!" broke in the cold, stern voice of Major Coventry, who had entered the room at that moment, "is the welcome I receive from my bride tomorrow, and this is the reward of the efforts I have made to secure the release of the Marquis de Richemont, my friend! May God have pity on me—my sweetheart and my friend!"

"Sir," said O'Neill brokenly, "I crave your forgiveness. I knew that she was yours—I do not understand how we got into this position," passing his hand over his forehead in bewilderment—"but this I know—I am to die! There is no choice. She will yet be yours."

"Never—never!" cried Elizabeth, turning to him. "Edward, if you have truly loved me—if I have rightly estimated you, your nobility of soul, your generosity of heart—you will plead for us with your father. You will give me up. You are too proud to take an unwilling bride and one who in spite of herself—for I have fought against it for your sake—confesses that she loves another. You will intercede with your father. I will bless you all the days of my life. Edward, Edward, the companion of my childhood's hours, my friend, my brother, my only hope is in you! Speak!" She fell at his feet and clasped his hand, which she covered with kisses. There was another silence. Coventry covered his face with his other hand. The sweat of agony bedewed his brow.

"Rise, Elizabeth. You shall not put your trust in me in vain," he cried hoarsely at last. "Father, can nothing be done? I will not stand in the way."

"My son, Lady Elizabeth, Lieutenant O'Neill, there is nothing that can be done. My duty is perfectly clear. The only possible salvation of the prisoner would be in the action which he has refused even to consider, and, sir, if it were my duty to effect, if possible, the capture of your captain and his ship through you I can only say that I am glad that I have failed. I apologize to you. You are a man of honor indeed, sir. I know few who would have resisted such a plea as this. Say no more, Elizabeth. It is not that I will not. I cannot! Edward, here is my seal. Make out the warrant for an order for a court martial tomorrow morning. It is a necessary form, of course. The execution of Lieutenant O'Neill will follow at once." Elizabeth did not faint—no, not yet. There would be time for that later. She clung to O'Neill and listened.

"What shall be the manner of my death, sir?" queried the latter.

"Hanging, sir. 'Tis the penalty prescribed by the law."

"It is a poor death for a man, my lord, but 'twill serve. A last request, sir. I am a sailor—may I be hanged upon a ship?" he asked again, pressing the trembling woman to his breast.

"I grant that—would that I could grant more! Major Coventry, you will direct Captain Pearson of the Serapis to execute the sentence of the court, which will meet on his ship, the prisoner to be confined there meanwhile. You will find the papers in the library. Here is my seal. Hasten and get the painful matter over." Coventry left the room at once in obedience to his orders.

"And at what time, sir, will the sentence be carried out?" asked O'Neill, Elizabeth still clinging to him, covering him with incoherent caresses and fighting against despair.

"Tomorrow evening at half after 4 o'clock."

"Very well, my lord."

At this moment the old sergeant entered the room and saluted the admiral.

"A French officer, which he says he's from the American Continental squadron, has come ashore in a small cutter, under a flag of truce, and desires to speak with your lordship. He asks for a safe conduct."

"Tell him he shall return as freely as he came, on the word of a British officer, and admit him."

A slender, dapper little man in the brilliant uniform of a French marine officer, his head covered with a powdered wig, entered the room a moment later and bowed profoundly. Elizabeth started violently as she beheld him.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked the admiral.

"The Vicomte de Chamillard, a colonel of marines in the navy of France, serving as a volunteer in the American squadron," was the reply.

"And you come on behalf of?"

"Captain John Paul Jones, to protest against your unlawful detention of another French officer, the Marquis de Richemont, my lord."

"He is a spy, caught in the very act; he has admitted it, and, if that were not enough, I find he is an attainted traitor. A court is ordered for tomorrow morning on the Serapis; his execution, which will be inevitable, is set for half after 4 o'clock in the evening; he shall hang from one of the frigate's yardarms."

"De Chamillard," said O'Neill, "you can do nothing."

"The laws of war!" persisted the Frenchman.

"It is in accordance with those laws that I do what I do," replied the admiral shortly, "and you may say to your captain that if I catch him he shall swing from the first yardarm that comes in the harbor."

"I am answered, then. Very good; I shall remember your courteous words, my lord. And now I enter my formal protest against this unwarranted action on your part concerning the Marquis de Richemont. The king of France will have something to say about it. I bid you farewell."

"Farewell, sir," said the admiral, indifferently turning away.

"De Richemont, goodbye; embrace me."

"As the two men came together the Frenchman whispered, 'This woman—is she your friend?'"

"Yes," replied O'Neill quickly.

"Mademoiselle," said De Chamillard, turning to Elizabeth with a keen look in his eyes. Recognizing him at last, she stretched out her hand to him. He murmured as he bent low over it, "Delay the execution for at least six hours, and I will save him." Elizabeth sank down in her chair, a gleam of hope in her heart.

"I salute you," he said, turning away.

"Sergeant," cried the admiral, "attend the Vicomte de Chamillard and see him safely bestowed on his vessel."

As the Frenchman turned toward the door he came face to face with Major Coventry returning with the orders he had prepared.

"Paul Jones, by heaven!" shouted the latter.

"At your service," said the supposed Frenchman, promptly tearing off his wig and laying his hand on his sword.

"Ha!" cried the admiral. "Have you dared to come here? I have you now! Call the guard! Sergeant, arrest this rebel, this traitor, this pirate! Disarm him! You shall never leave this castle but for the ship, sir. The yard-arm is there."

"Stop, my lord," answered Jones calmly as the men crowded toward

him. "Stand back, sergeant! Back, men! You cannot touch me. I have that which will protect me wherever flies the English flag."

"And that is—" said the admiral, smiling contemptuously.

"Your word, sir—the word of an English officer."

The old man bit his lip in chagrined silence. He struggled with himself, looking at the easy, insouciant Scotsman before him.

"In seventy years it has not been broken," he said at last. "Well for you that you secured it. Go! You are free! You are a bold man, sir; but, I warn you, do not cross my path again."

"I am proud to have met so true a gentleman. Will you honor me?" said Paul Jones, presenting his snuffbox to the admiral. The old man hesitated, laughed in spite of himself and finally helped himself to a pinch.

"The insolence of the man!" he exclaimed. "I'd like to have met you in my young days, yardarm to yardarm."

"I would have endeavored to occupy you, sir," said Jones coolly. "And now I bid you farewell."

He shot one meaning glance at Elizabeth, and his lips seemed to form the words "six hours" as he departed from the room.

"Here is the warrant, sir," said Coventry. "Again I ask, and this time I ask my father, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, sir; less as a father than in any other capacity. Sergeant, take your prisoner. Major Coventry, you will conduct him on the Serapis and remain there as my representative until the execution is over. Sir, you have borne yourself well this day. I would shake you by the hand. Goodbye."

O'Neill clasped the proffered hand warmly and then looked from Coventry, standing erect, immovable, white faced, to Elizabeth, who was still sit-

ting with bowed head, a world of entreaty in his glance. Coventry nodded and turned away. O'Neill stepped quickly to the girl's side, took her hand in his, bowed low over it, pressed a long kiss upon it.

"May you be happy!" he said. "Farewell!" She looked at him in dazed silence.

"Sir," he continued, turning back to Coventry and saluting him, "I am ready. Lead on."

"Forward, march, sergeant!" commanded the officer hoarsely, and with no backward look the little cortege moved from the room. The girl rose to her feet as if to start after them, but the old man restrained her.

"O'Neill, O'Neill!" rang through the hall—a wild, despairing cry—and then Lady Elizabeth sank down white and still at the feet of the admiral.

"And this is love!" he murmured, shaking his old head. "I had forgotten it."

CHAPTER XIII.

A DESPERATE MOVE.

IT was morning when Elizabeth came again to the terrace above the water battery overlooking the harbor. She had passed a night of sleepless agony, and her pallid face, with its haggard expression, the great black circles under the eyes—for her grief had been too deep for tears—gave outward evidence of her breaking heart. She had besought the admiral again and again to stay the execution of her lover, urging every plea that the most desperate mind could suggest. She had implored his mercy and pity upon every ground, and upon his inexorable refusal had begged that he might be reprieved for a few hours and that she might at least be allowed to see him before he died. Touched by her sorrow, at first the old man had been inclined to grant this petition and had scribbled a line on his official paper, giving the desired permission, but before he signed and sealed it he changed his mind and deemed it best to refuse—more merciful to her, in fact.

It really wrung his heart to be unable to extend clemency to this young man. He repented him of the temptation he had thrown in his way. The nobility with which O'Neill had refused and rejected the chance of life which had been offered him, the simplicity with which he had given up everything for honor, impressed him more than ever. He was sick at heart at the grief of his ward, whom he truly loved, and the broken, despairing face of his son since he had learned that Elizabeth loved O'Neill haunted him. He wished that the Irishman had never come across his path, though he could not but admire his honor, his grace and his courage. He was bitterly sorry that he had ever attempted to influence the man. He had an uncomfortable and growing suspicion that his plans had brought nothing but trouble to every one. Breaking away from the presence of Elizabeth, whose anguished face was a living reproach to him, he finally secluded himself in his office and refused to see her again.

So the day, like yesterday, wore away, but, oh, how differently! The girl never knew how she passed the hours. She wandered restlessly up and down the terrace, her eyes strained upon the sea. The garrison, who idolized her to a man, had been apprised by the sergeant of what had happened, and, to a man, they were upon her side. The men would never forget the picture she made as they watched her pacing to and fro, ceaselessly gazing at the white ship in the harbor—her lover's prison, his scaffold, even.

The sense of impotent helplessness with which she was compelled to face the situation, the knowledge that O'Neill was doomed absolutely, that there was nothing that she could do or say which would alter the decision, was terrible. She had been accustomed to have her will and, like most women, loved it. Now she had to stand by in the bright sunlight with all the strength of life and youth and love in her veins and in his and see her lover choked to death—hanged like a dog—at the black yardarm of that great ship yonder.

And for what? Womanlike, she put aside every thought of him but that he had dared death itself only to see her, to be in her presence again! Oh, how splendid, how handsome, how noble, he had been in the great hall when he had refused her rather than to take her as the reward of treachery! And now he was to become a lifeless lump of clay, alive to her only as a memory, a recollection—how cruel! She could not, she would not, stand it! She racked her brain over and over. Was there nothing? No—

It was late in the afternoon. Her maid had not been able to drag her from the terrace whence she had a view of the ship on which her lover was to be executed—murdered, she said. As she gazed upon it she noticed two men climbing nimbly up the black shrouds about the foremast. When they reached the foreyard they ran out on the yardarm. One of them carried something. A rope was dragging from it. In obedience to an imperious command her maid ran and fetched her a glass. One look through it showed her—she was a sailor's ward—that they were rigging a whip on the yardarm, they were securing there a girtline block through which a rope was rove leading to the top and thence to the deck. She divined at once its hideous purpose. The hour! The hour! Had it grown so late? Was it so near, so near? Was there a God in that blue heaven bending above her head? Could such things be?

A sick feeling came over her heart, and she would have fainted but for a sudden inspiration. Again she seized the telescope—an unusually strong one, by the way—and, raising it to her eyes with unsteady hand, eagerly swept the sea off in the direction of Flamborough

Continued on page 7.

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66 HIGHLAND AVENUE, NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

Newton Centre.

—Mrs. N. M. Brooks has reopened her house on Ward street.

—Mr. John O. Ellis and sister are enjoying a short stay at Temple, N. H.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville, Tel. 445-5.

—Mrs. Charles A. Vinal and family of Ashton park have returned from York Beach.

—Mr. Percy A. Barton of Gardner's will spend his vacation at Old Orchard, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Gray of Chestnut Hill are at Wentworth Hall, Jackson, N. H.

—Mrs. C. M. Metcalf is the guest of Mrs. E. W. Pratt of Trowbridge street this week.

—Mr. Robert Hurley of Boylston street left this week for a short outing at Plymouth.

—Mr. D. E. McWain of Pelham street has returned from a business trip to England.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Goddard of Beacon street are guests at the Atlantic Club, Allerton.

—Mr. J. E. Smith and family of Westbourne road are visiting friends at Amherst, N. H.

—Rev. Edward T. Sullivan, who has been visiting his parents in Detroit, Michigan, has returned.

—Mr. Frank Osborne of Trowbridge street left this week for a vacation outing in New Hampshire.

—Mrs. Alvin R. Flanders and family of Norwood avenue have returned from a short stay in Maine.

—Dr. Geo. E. May of Commonwealth avenue returned this week from a trip to New York.

—Mr. Timothy Murphy of Langley road returned this week from a vacation trip to Halifax, N. S.

—Mr. W. E. Shedd and family of Ridge avenue left this week for a visit at Centre Harbor, N. H.

—Mrs. L. E. Murphy and family of Pelham street are enjoying a vacation outing at Windsor, N. S.

—Master Morton Knapp and Miss Ella A. Knapp of Warren street are spending the week in New York.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Merriam of Glenwood avenue are among the guests staying at the Atlantic Club, Allerton.

—Mr. Raymond M. Barker of Ashton park has leased the house and farm of Woodard brothers, Highlandville. Mr. Barker will raise fancy poultry.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

—Mr. Charles Lyford won first place in the tennis tournament which was held on the playground last Monday. There will be a tournament open to all comers on Tuesday afternoon at 3 on the same courts.

—Rev. J. H. Bashford, D. D., the president of Ohio Wesleyan University, will conduct the union service which will be held at the Methodist church on Sunday. Mr. Henry D. De- gen will lead the prayer meeting next Friday evening.

—The funeral of Louisa, the 3 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Gilcrease of Hillsboro terrace, was held last Saturday afternoon. Rev. E. M. Noyes conducted the funeral service and the interment was in the Newton cemetery.

—Wednesday morning at the Church of the Sacred Heart Miss Agnes Loretta MacMahon was married to George Raymond Luddy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. J. Lee. Miss Elsie MacMahon was bridesmaid and E. J. B. Hines of Boston was best man.

—Master Worcester Proudfoot of Maple park left Saturday on a rather novel trip. The young man intends to paddle up the Charles river in his canoe, then carrying his canoe over three miles to the Sudbury river, to Concord, than up the Merrimack to Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

—The vacation school will close with an exhibition to be held Friday, the twenty-first of August, from two until five o'clock. The public is cordially invited to inspect the completed models, and to see the children working in their classes. The school is in that part of the Rice building, which is entered from Lyman street.

—Since the opening of the Mother's Rest, it has been found that underwear for women is greatly needed, also blouses for boys from 2 to 5 years of age. The committee on special relief, solicits, therefore, second hand underclothing or new material for this purpose, which may be left in the basement of the Methodist church on Friday mornings between 9 and 12. During these same hours, every Friday until August 12, the young ladies will meet there to sew for the Mothers' Rest and will gladly welcome assistance of the women.

Business Locals.

—Strictly fresh eggs, direct from our farm, can always be had at Murphy's market.

—Strawberry plants for sale. W. C. Briggs, Bellevue street.

MARRIED.

LUDDY—MACMAHON—At Newton Centre, Aug. 12, by Rev. T. J. Lee, Geo. R. Luddy and Agnes L. MacMahon, both of Newton.

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Newton Highlands

—Mrs. Nickerson has gone to Cape Cod for a short stay.

—Mrs. W. W. Martin of Hartford street has gone to Gloucester.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith of Circuit avenue are at home again.

—The Webster family are having an addition made to their house.

—Mr. McKean and family of Harrison street, Eliot, are in New York.

—Mr. Costello and sisters of Lincoln street, have removed to Dorchester.

—Miss Nellie Crafts of Montford road is visiting her father at Winthrop.

—Mr. S. D. Whittemore and family have gone to Paris, Me., for a summer outing.

—Marion B. Morse was a visitor at the summit of Mt. Washington last Tuesday.

—Mrs. Manson has gone to Hancock, N. H., and is the guest of the Brickett family.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and the Bouve family of Eliot, have returned from their summer outing.

—Mr. and Mrs. Martelle and her sister, Miss Fannie O'Connor, have returned from their stay in Maine.

—Mr. Noble, an evangelist, has taken a house belonging to Mr. Dickerman on Dickerman road at Eliot.

—Mr. E. P. Jones of Harrison street has taken a three years' lease of the Ireland estate on Lincoln street at Eliot.

—The apartment on Floral street, lately vacated by Mr. Goldsmith, has been let to Mr. Foster of Boston, who will soon occupy.

—Rev. James T. Landrigan is the new assistant to Rev. John J. Downey, superintendent of the Industrial school on Winchester street.

—Mr. W. B. Draper has purchased of the Brookline Co-operative Bank a lot of land in the rear of his estate and fronting on Woodward street.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 831 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls with H. S. Hiltz, Eliot station. Tel. N. H. 21240.

—A house belonging to the estate of the late C. Henry Adams, near Eliot station, has been sold to Mr. Scott of Westwood, who buys for a home.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

—Mrs. Kate Murphy of Winchester street was arraigned in the police court Thursday for attempt to poison the cattle of John Driscoll. She was held for the grand jury in bonds of \$300.

Upper Falls.

—Miss Gertrude and Mr. Frank Osborne of High street have returned from a two weeks' visit at Asbury Park and Keansburg, N. J.

—Miss Nellie M. Osborne of High street is spending two weeks at Hotel Rockaway, York Beach, Me., and Miss Florence Osborne is spending the month of August with friends at the Bates cottage, Sandhills, Scituate Harbor.

Lower Falls.

—Miss A. M. McDowell, matron of the Newton Hospital, is at the Pendexter Mansion, Intervale, N. H.

Our Schools.

That the public schools of the city of Newton rank second to none in this state, is a well known fact. With the passing of each school year, renewed lustre is added to the already bright record of our schools. From all the higher institutions of learning are heard reports of the high standard and the excellency of the work done by graduates of Newton High.

In the Rank List, which has just been published by the faculty of arts and sciences of Harvard University, for the academic year 1902-03, appear the names of eleven members of the class of Newton High 1902, who have won honors in their studies during their first college year. Their names are as follows: Reed C. Mayo, Edward M. Richards, Thomas W. Watkins, Donald M. Macomber, George A. Coleman, Allan D. Kinsley, Roger L. Lewis, Rupert W. Graves, Miles A. Libbey, Frank A. Pemberton and Homer T. Reade. Each of these young men received their education in the public schools of this city and prepared for Harvard by taking the classical course, covering four years at the high school. The city of Newton has also three young men who won the highest ranks in the entrance examinations for the Military and Naval Academies. Mr. Frank L. Nagle, Jr., who stood highest in the examinations held for entrance to West Point is a graduate of the class of Newton High 1902. Mr. Bruce R. Ware, Jr., who passed the best examination for entrance to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, was a member of the class of 1905, Newton High. Mr. Miles A. Libbey, who was a close second to Ware, receiving a 1/2 of a point less, is a graduate of Newton High 1902.

With such proof as the records of these young men furnish, Newton is fully justified in asserting that its public schools are in no way inferior to any in the state, or indeed the United States.

Auburndale.

—Mr. John Burr of Auburn street has returned from a short stay at Nantucket.

—Mr. Howard E. Cole of Auburn street is spending his vacation at New Harbor, Me.

—Mr. Albert Hall and family of South Pine street have removed to South Medfield, Mass.

—Mr. Walter P. Thorn of Auburndale avenue has returned from a few weeks' outing at Plymouth.

—Mrs. E. A. Walker of Auburndale avenue has returned from a few weeks' outing in New Hampshire.

—Mr. Henry L. Jewett and family of Grove street are spending the month of August at Freeport, Me.

—Mr. S. W. Dike and family of Hancock street are visiting for a few weeks at Thomaston, Conn.

—Mrs. Walter Walling and son Lester, of Central street, are spending a few weeks at Kittery, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. George E. Johnson of Hawthorne street are at York Beach for the remainder of August.

—Miss Minnie Gleason of Hancock street has returned from a few weeks' outing at Mirror Lake, N. H.

—Mrs. A. L. Cole and son Harold of Auburn street left this week for a visit to Provincetown, Mass.

—Mr. Arthur C. Farley will conduct the prayer meeting at the Congregational church this evening.

—Miss Bessie Dana of Ash street left this week for West Sterling, Mass., where she will visit friends.

—Mr. W. K. Chandler and family of Maple street have returned from a few weeks' outing at Falmouth.

—Rev. Dr. Francis N. Peloubet will conduct the morning service at the Congregational church on Sunday.

—The Misses Laura and Cora Capstick of Aspen avenue returned this week from a visit to Portsmouth, N. H.

—Miss Martin, the superintendent at the post office, is enjoying a much needed rest at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire.

—Mrs. Everett Soule and Miss Carrie Soule of Lexington street left Monday for a few weeks' outing at Freeport, Me.

—Mr. Arthur Richardson and family of Woodbine terrace have returned from a few weeks' sojourn at Hampton Beach, N. H.

—Mrs. Abbie C. Loring, who has been spending the summer at Weston, has re-opened her house on Loring street this week.

—Miss A. Gage of Woodbine terrace returned Monday from Hampton Beach, where she has been spending the month of July.

—Miss Mabel Thorn and Miss Marion Thorn of Auburndale avenue are spending a few weeks with relatives at Nashua, N. H.

—Mr. George F. Pond and Mr. Harry Pond of Lexington street are enjoying a few weeks' outing at Camp Ballantine at Point Shirley.

—Mr. James Thornton, who has been the guest of his uncle, Mr. M. Walsh of Melrose street, returned to his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Barker of Aspen avenue leave Monday for Newport, where they will spend the remainder of August with Mrs. Barker's parents.

—Hon. E. L. Pickard, who is spending the summer with his family at South Harpswell, came up to attend the funeral of the late H. A. Priest on Monday afternoon.

—Mr. Isaac S. Dillingham of Woodland road, who is spending the summer with his family in Maine, attended the funeral of Mr. H. A. Priest on Monday afternoon.

—Mr. George P. Dike of Hancock street is enjoying a month's business and pleasure trip through Scotland, England and Germany. Mr. Dike will spend most of his time in Glasgow and England.

—Rev. John F. Cowan, D. D., conducted the service at the Congregational church last Sunday morning. In the evening there was a union service, with a brief sermon. The topic was "Lessons from Paul; How We May get His Passion for Souls."

—Quite a number of Newton people are in North Woodstock. In addition to the names previously reported is Mr. E. G. Chamberlain, who is surveying the reservation presented to the Appalachian Mountain Club by Mr. Joseph Stacy Fay, located in North Woodstock.

—Profound sorrow is felt by all the people of this village on account of the death of Mr. John O. Godfrey, who for many years was the head master of the Williams grammar school. Mr. Godfrey was universally beloved by his pupils and their parents and all those who came in contact with him felt his influence for good.

Owing to the fact that he never lived here, but every night returned to his home in East Boston, and also on account of his modest retiring disposition he was not prominent in the social life of this city.

For the past few years he has been in very poor health and was trying to recuperate a little at his boyhood home at Wakefield, N. H., where the end came. The funeral was held from his old home, to which he had returned to die, last Saturday afternoon.

As soon as word was received in this city of his death, the flags on all the school houses throughout the city were ordered at half mast as a final tribute of love and respect to one who has done much in moulding the character of the younger generation of this place.

—The Home Savings Bank, located at 75 Tremont street, Boston, opposite the Tremont Temple, allow interest on deposits of Three Dollars and upwards, and their Deposits and Surplus are now above \$9,500,000. See their advertisement in another column.

NORUMBEGA PARK.

Those sprawling, tiny kittenish baby lions, which were born a month ago at Norumbega Park, have been exhibited in the Zoological Garden the past week and thousands of visitors daily have collected about their circular platform from which they hold court, and have paid tribute to the young actors of the lions, "Emperor" and "Empress," the monarchs of Norumbega Park. So great is the fascination of fondling these rare pets that many spend hours about the baby lions' throne, forgetting the many other attractions of the park.

The program in the Rustic Theatre every afternoon and evening the coming week will consist of an unusually brilliant array of talented artists. Solaret, the fire dancer, has been such a phenomenal success that a return engagement has seemed advisable. Some of the feats undertaken by Eldora and Norine include a rapidly executed series of novel and difficult balances, which are so gracefully accomplished as to make the best act ever seen of its kind. Among the others are Ah Ling Foo, the Chinese magician, O'Brien and Best, comedians and acrobats, and Eckhoff and Gordon in their vocal and instrumental musical sketch.

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Our Mid-Summer Cotton Values.

2000 yards 36-Inch 8c. Shirting Percales,	6 1/2c
2500 yards, 2 to 19 yards lengths 12 1-2c Bates Gingham,	8c
3000 yards 27-Inch 10c Fancy Muslins,	6 1/2c
2350 yards Boston Mfg. Co.'s 25c Flemish Gingham,	10c

These Values are not Equalled in any other Store in this State.

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107 to 115 Moody St., Waltham.



10 Green Trading Stamps FREE on the last Wednesday in every month upon presentation of stamp book at this store.

"DON'T KNOW" CLUB.

Members Entertained With the Story of a "Mother's Heart" Song.

The meetings of the "Don't Know" had lost no popularity. In fact there was always a full attendance of members. The number of eligible storytellers had dwindled, but yet there were some good ones to be heard from. It fell to Mr. Archibald Cleverly to entertain the gathering and he did with the

STORY OF A "MOTHER SONG."

"Is voice ain't the kind as makes a great singer, but its good enough for your show," and Bill Higgins smiled patronizingly at a small boy, who had just completed a struggle with a heart-aching and voice-breaking ballad.

It was not at a musicale and Bill Higgins was not a critic. No, yet Bill gave his decision with all the assurance of a superior mind, so it might well have been something of that character. Had it been, however, there would never be this story.

"He's got a good deal in him, whatever you say," affirmed Prof. Walters. "Me and him is going to make a strong team this season, and you can gamble that the season will be the best ever."

The little boy had nothing to say. He was recovering from his performance and like many a musician of greater fame, listened while the managers tore his musical aspirations to shreds.

"Prof." Walters had no right to the title of manager any more than he had to that of "Professor." His friend Bill Higgins was a manager of shows, but what kind of shows? Higgins voted them O. K. so long as there were any receipts at the box-office, but Walters claimed the "legit" was not in his line and that he had no use for it.

Walters has been a "professor" ever since he bought, for fifty cents, the formula of a compound of herbs and water, and began the sale of his "Farmer's Friend and Family Remedy."

It needed but few herbs, much water and many bottles for Walters to secure a good stock of medicine. With these, a tall hat (never mind the age) and a spring coat (forget it, greasy collar) and a suit of clothes (no matter about the pattern) he was well-fitted for a "tour" of the country. "Prof." Walters did "tour," he was successful. He began to get testimonials from people whom he first expected had served him with papers on a charge of poisoning; there was now money enough for car fares, and he was eating three and drinking six times a day.

But "Prof." Walters traveled alone. Bill Higgins could have all the tie-counting with a troupe he wanted. "Prof." said, but the medicine business was good enough for him.

So it happened that on a Sunday night prior to "Prof." Walters third summer trip he invited Bill Higgins to this room. "I want you to hear the kid," he had told Bill, because he is certainly a wonder. You see, I picked him up on the street. He was selling papers when I found him. There was a lot of kids standing 'round him and listening to his singing. I stopped myself. It was all right. Think I wouldn't make that make a feature of your show Walters my boy? Well sir, the idea struck me as so good that I waited till the boy got through singing and the crowd had gone away and asked him would he like to come on the road with me.

"Says I, 'I go to all the interesting places in the country and you can go with me. I need a good attraction, and I think you are all right.' Well he told me as how he was up against it; mother and father dead, uncle a no-good and so forth, and I says, 'You come with me.' Well he come; there he is."

The singer had tried to listen to the conversation, but the fatigue of his efforts and the drowsiness of the atmosphere, had made him sleepy and, unheeded by the two men, he had crawled upon the small and dirty sofa and had fallen asleep. As both men saw him they lowered their voices. They were vulgar, unscrupulous, but not hard-hearted. They were sympathetic in so far as their narrow vision of human suffering penetrated. Walters meant to be kind to the boy and he was—in his way.

"You may have some trouble with 'im," said Higgins, "cause boys 'is age is liable to get a swelled 'ed when they sees there's making a 'it with the public. So long as 'e don't get that and so long as 'e minds 'imself, I guess you won't 'ave no trouble. I wouldn't let 'im 'ave any of that remedy if I was you, it might be the last song for 'im."

If Higgins intended his last sentence as a jibe it was lost on Walters. He seemed quite impervious as he remarked, "I'm going to have him sing. Be careful that You Don't Break Mother's Heart."

"Mother's 'art' songs always go," nodded Bill, approvingly.

"Yes," his companion continued, "and I'm going to have him sing 'The Boy Who Bravely Bore the Battle Flag.' Them kind always makes a hit with the rubes. He's got one or two others, and he can sing them if they want 'em."

"Something comic wouldn't be bad," suggested Bill.

"That's right, too," I'll teach him 'Mr. Dooley,' that'll be a new one on them."

"Prof." Walters, accompanied by the "wonderful boy soprano," started upon his annual tour a few days later. Their first stop was a small town in Connecticut. Upon securing permission from the chairman of the board of selectmen "Prof." Walters began arranging for an exhibition in the square on the evening of the day of his arrival.

Having obtained, by an advance payment of fifty cents, the possession of a wagon, Walters dragged it into

the center of the square early in the evening. A gasoline torch, attached firmly to a pole, and the pole to the body of the wagon, was suspended over his head. The sight of an unusual amount of illumination brought many, and more came when "Prof." Walters began talking. In all there were nearly 300.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the lecturer, "I know that this place is a little above the average in intelligence. If I hadn't known that I wouldn't have come here. Now I want to introduce myself to you, and I want to introduce myself right. For the first thing on the program, and this is going to be one of the finest programs ever given at an open air performance, let me present something that's real up-to-date. I mean its the best in the country."

"Leslie Mayo, the world's famous boy soprano, will now favor you with that beautiful and sympathetic story, so well set to music, 'Be Careful That You Don't Break Mother's Heart.'"

Leslie Mayo stood up before his audience. It was the first time he had been presented to an audience. In the city his singing had been without solicitation or introduction. Tonight he was a performer and a professional. If there was any uneasiness on the part of those in the wagon it lay entirely with Walters. The boy saw nothing to make him nervous. The crowd was silent; it looked friendly so he sang.

Walters stood motionless. He wanted the audience to believe that the boy had sung before the largest and most critical audiences in the world—in fact he told the people that before the evening was over. So Walters fretted inwardly though showing no outward signs of his distress.

"The 'Mothers' 'art' song was successful. So were the others that followed. The 'Kid' had made a hit. On the other hand Walters was "pushing out" a goodly amount of the remedy, and jointly the partners had "made good."

After the show was over and all paraphernalia had been gathered up Walters and the boy started toward the hotel. The establishment had not the dignity of a hotel, but it was a good excuse for the town's maintaining a bar, and it thrived.

Walters looked about the office and caught sight of a New York drummer reading a metropolitan newspaper. Had not the drummer laid the paper down as though through with it forever, Walters would have asked him for it. As it was he had only to pick the paper up from where it had been thrown on the floor.

Like the class of newspaper readers that he represented Walters was attracted by the larger head-lines and the illustrations. These he had been studying but a short time when his eye fell upon the likeness of a 10-year-old boy. "Thunder," he said, "that's the picture of the kid."

With that he fell to reading the accompanying story. The part of greatest interest to him, however, was this:

"The police were able to inform young Mayo's mother tonight that they had discovered certain startling facts which will undoubtedly lead to the restoration of her lost child."

"William Higgins, who had been overheard to state that he could tell the newspapers a thing or two, was brought to the Tenderloin precinct station and questioned. Higgins would not talk at first, but finally admitted that young Mayo accompanied a friend of his, a patent medicine fakir in to the country on a tour."

"When pressed to give the fakir's name Higgins said it was 'Prof.' Walters. Walters' address was soon secured and from the landlady of the boarding house the name of the first place the fakir intended to visit was secured. An inspector will start today for the place, which it is thought, was a small town in Connecticut."

The "Prof." sat dumfounded. For a time he could not take his eyes from the paper. What a liar the "kid" was! When he did look up, however there stood before him a tall middle-aged man, whom any one familiar with the police force of a great city might recognize as a "plain clothes man."

"Come Walters, I want you," said the individual.

After the trial and Walters had been found not guilty of the charge of kidnapping, the first to congratulate was Bill Higgins. Walters was too thankful to be anything but friendly to Higgins and accepted the latter's invitation to eat at a "high-toned" restaurant with him.

Seated at the table, when all but two cups of black coffee had been taken off, Higgins remarked to his companion, "That song was your hoodoo, Walters."

"What song?" asked the other somewhat surprised.

"Oh, you know, that 'mother's 'art' song."

Letter to James Paxton, Newton

Dear Sir: Most mixed paints are either adulterated or short measure. Devco Lead and Zinc is neither, so it cannot be classed with mixed paints. That's why it takes fewer gallons of Devco to paint a house than it does of a mixed paint, and it lasts longer for the same reason.

Ferguson & Thompson's store, Delhi, N. Y., was painted some years ago with thirty-two gallons of mixed paint.

Painted it last spring with Devco Lead and Zinc—thirteen gallons did the work.

Devco Lead and Zinc is here or will be here very shortly. Spread the good news.

Yours truly,
F. W. Devco & Co.
New York.

P. S. J. W. Briggs & Son, W. E. Tomlinson, and McWain & Son sell your paint.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Boston Theatre—The Boston Theatre management looks upon "Quincy Adams Sawyer" as one of its most successful attractions of the entire season and it is naturally expected that during the coming annual engagement there for three weeks, commencing Monday, Sept. 28, it will surpass all its former famous records for "standing room only" business. This will be its fourth visit to the Boston Theatre and it has yet to see a Boston performance which has not been either attended by a filled house or one which has not only tested the capacity of the theatre but has been enjoyed by additional hundreds of people occupying all the available standing room. It is very interesting to note that this play which was dramatized by a Boston man, Justin Adams, from a book written by a Boston man, Charles Felton Pidgin, published by a Boston house, the C. M. Clark Company, follows at the Boston Theatre a play, "Miss Petticoats," also dramatized by a Boston man from a book written by Boston authors and published by the same company. A new artist in the title role of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" will be seen this season and his personality is said to be an ideal one for giving the proper interpretation of this difficult character of an aristocratic young Boston lawyer who stirs up no end of amusement and trouble in a small country town.

Grand Opera House—Next week's attraction at the Grand Opera House will be the "Smart Set," which was so favorably received at this theatre last season. It is a notable novelty in as much as it is the only musical comedy which is now being presented in this country entirely by colored people. Even the lyrics and music are by colored author and composer. The cast suggests a continuous round of song and merriment and a feast for the eyes, for the chorus is made up of carefully chosen Southern beauties of varying brown shades and the principals are all leaders in the various special lines that go to make up a complete and satisfactory colored show. Among the well known favorites in the company are Billy McClain who has handled more colored choruses than any other man in this particular field of stage work; Henry Morris Jackson, a capital entertainer; Millie Cordia and Mattie Weeks who are capital singers and display some stunning costumes and many new additions to the company. The comedy is a splendid vehicle for colored artists and the dances, choruses and costumes have been arranged and selected with care. Great liberality and good judgment have been shown in providing elaborate and scenic equipment. In fact "The Smart Set" may be fairly considered as the greatest colored musical show on earth.

Boston Theatre—A very interesting story is told in connection with the engagement of Kathryn Osterman in "Miss Petticoats" at the Boston Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, Sept. 28, under the direction of Joseph Victor, the once spirituelle blonde, who has brought suit against Miss Osterman, and her manager, J. J. Rosenthal, she went to Mr. Rosenthal's office in New York on May 15, about being placed as Lucy Worth-Courtleigh in "Miss Petticoats." To quote her own words Miss Victor says: "Mr. Rosenthal said he thought I would fill the bill but he couldn't engage a blonde in his company, as Miss Osterman, who stars in the production, is a blonde. I told Mr. Rosenthal I would change the color of my hair as I wanted the engagement. We made a verbal contract and Kathryn Osterman who was in the office, seemed pleased with the arrangement. Having had my hair turned black I went back to Mr. Rosenthal's office and he informed me that the place had been filled. It was bad enough to have my hair ruined but there are other things to be considered too. Aside from losing my blonde hair I have lost the best man in the world. It seems she was engaged to George Matthews, a young business man of Columbus, Ohio. When George went to New York to visit his golden haired sweetheart and found her converted into a raven haired incarnation of injured indignation he waxed wroth and proceeded to censure instead of condoling. When Miss Victor's lawyers called upon Manager Rosenthal he admitted having made a verbal agreement with the young woman but he had no idea she would change the color of her hair and when she did not appear in the course of a month he engaged another young woman to play the part of Lucy in "Miss Petticoats." A compromise has just been effected whereby the lady who was engaged for this place has been induced to accept a money consideration for her contract and Miss Victor, having instructed her attorney to withdraw the suit, will appear as Lucy Worth-Courtleigh in "Miss Petticoats."

Keith's Theatre—Isabelle Urquhart has the only sketch in the Keith show for the week of Aug. 24. Its title is "Even Stephen," and it is certainly an amusing conceit. Of course it will be well acted by Miss Urquhart and her support. The variety proper will be very fast and very laughable, for it has all the constituents of a popular program. In acrobatic comedy there will be Blockson and Burns, two of the cleverest of American eccentrics, and Boyce and Wilson, who disguise their features with burnt cork. James F. Kelly and Dorothy Kent are two of the liveliest entertainers in vaudeville their East side song and dance being one of the best specialties on the stage. The Golden Gate quintet is made up of five of the best colored singers and dancers in the business, their character changes being equal to those of any white performers, and Kelly and Violette have the reputation of being neat singing duo north of Mason and Dixon's line. It will be the closing week for the Faddettes woman's orchestra, and their numerous admirers and friends are preparing to give them a big send off, especially on the closing night of the week.

Majestic Theatre—The announcement that "York State Folks," that delightful rural play, is to play a return engagement in Boston, at the

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Majestic Theatre will be welcome news to many theatregoers. Its remarkable summer run at this house stamped it as the greatest success of its kind that ever appeared in Boston. That a dramatic production could be made at the tag end of the season, when the thoughts of the theatregoers were turning vacationward, and meet with such success as that accorded "York State Folks" was unheard of previously. Instead of the expected fortnight's performances, the play ran on to crowded houses through seven weeks clear into the middle of July, and then a halt was called because of the necessity of giving the players a rest after 50 consecutive weeks of work. Nothing more appropriate could have been selected for the opening of the season at the theatre this Saturday evening than "York State Folks" but the engagement is positively limited to two weeks as the route of the company is booked for the balance of the season and the engagement will positively end on Saturday evening Sept. 5. The same popular scale of prices of 25, 35, 50, 75 and \$1 will prevail at the evening performances and the bargain matinees at which the best seats can be secured for 25 and 50 cents will be given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. "York State Folks" will be followed on Labor day, Sept. 7, by a production of William A. Brady's musical comedy success of last season, "Girls Will be Girls."

Boston Music Hall—"Shadows of a great City" embellished with new scenery and novel effects, will be the attraction at Boston Music Hall next week, commencing with the usual matinee on Monday afternoon. Mr. Chas. B. Jefferson, manager of the play, has devoted his summer to the superintendence of this production, which will be produced on a larger scale than ever before. "Shadows" is known as one of the strongest comedies, striking pictures and startling climaxes all go to make up a picturesque and interesting play. The company will be composed of the best material in the dramatic profession, and a banner week can be predicted. One of the most pleasing attractions seen at Music Hall last season was "Only a Shop Girl," which introduced the Captivating comedienne Miss Lottie Williams as a star. This attraction will be seen at Music Hall again this season.

Hub Theatre—A play with a heart story, true to nature, romantic, and yet consistent, is to be the next attraction at the new Hub Theatre at the corner of Washington and Dover streets, commencing next Monday afternoon for a week, with daily matinee. We refer to the comedy drama, "Slaves of the Mine," which is the joint authorship of Daniel L. Hart, whose "Parish Priest," "Melbourne," and "The Juckins," have placed him in the front rank of dramatists, and of C. E. Callahan, whose "Con Hollow," "Foggy's Ferry," etc., etc., have given him similar prominence. The new play is founded upon a most ingenious plot turning upon a law peculiar to most mineral states, and certainly so to Pennsylvania, which makes void a conveyance of ore unless specified in a deed of land.

"They all Spoke Well of You," a new song by Al. Trahern, is the latest ballad craze in New York. The composer has sent two copies of this song to every music store in the United States and Canada, making a total of some twenty thousand copies, so that those who wish a copy will have no trouble in securing it.

Nearly Drowned.

Capt. Charles Sadler of the B. A. A. life-saving crew rescued two young men from drowning last week Thursday evening.

The young men, both of whom are members of the Newton boat club, but whose names could not be ascertained, were upset while canoeing about midway between the bridge and the B. A. A. boathouse. Neither could swim, and their cries were heard by Mr. Sadler, who put out to their aid in a canoe.

One of the men was just disappearing for the third time when Mr. Sadler grabbed him by the hair of the head and pulled him into the canoe.

The other fellow was hanging on the overturned canoe and was rescued with less difficulty.

Both were taken into the B. A. A. boathouse and it was some time before they were able to go to their homes.



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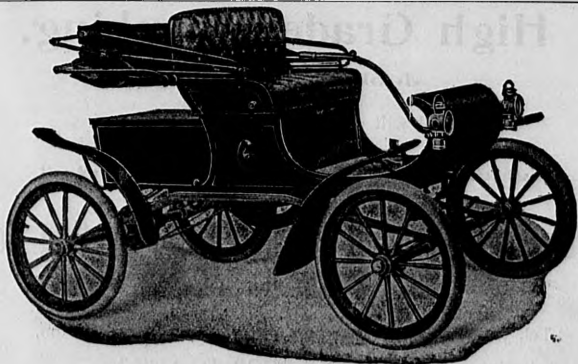
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panied with the name of the writer, and
unpublished communications cannot be
returned by mail unless stamps are en-
closed.

Notices of all local entertainments
to which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line
in the reading matter, or \$1.00 per inch in
the advertising columns.

THE TAX RATE.

The size of the tax rate just an-
nounced, ought not to be any surprise
to our readers, if they have followed the
various items which have recently
appeared in these columns, and the
Assessors are certainly to be con-
gratulated upon their ability to keep
the rate down to \$16.80.

The reason for the increase of
forty cents over last year is not far
to seek. The large amount of the
numerous state taxes and assess-
ments, the increase in the city tax,
together with a smaller increase in
valuations than usual, combine to
produce a result which will not be
very satisfactory to our taxpayers.

It will be noted in studying the
figures that the total personal estate
shows but a slight increase, and it
is probable that this item in the fu-
ture may lose instead of gain. The
tendency to invest in Massachusetts
corporations and other forms of direct
non-taxable property being responsi-
ble for this condition.

Another interesting fact is that the
real estate increase is principally in
wards five and six. The claims hitherto
made that the south side of the city
has not been bearing its full share of
the taxes are seemingly justified by
these facts. The new scheme of as-
sessment has evidently been a success
in this direction.

We cannot let this opportunity pass
without reminding our readers that
\$16.80 is too high a rate of taxation
to attract desirable residents to this
city. Economy must be exercised in
both city and state expenses. Those
of the city are wholly within the con-
trol of the voters and their wishes in
this particular ought to be clearly
stated to the aldermen at City Hall.

State expenses cannot be reached so
easily, but the kind of men we send
to the State House should be the
thought of every taxpayer. A
thought which should be expressed at
the caucuses and at the polls.

THE CHARLES RIVER.

The Charles River and incidentally
the City of Newton have received un-
enviable notoriety this last week from
the establishment and enforcement of
the new rules of the Park Commission
governing the Charles River Reserva-
tion; and the resulting protests from
some canoeists, who believe the rules
infringe their personal liberties.

The best sentiment of this city will
heartily endorse the efforts of the
Commission to make the river a re-
spectable place for our young people,
and to rid the community of a large
and rapidly growing hoodlum ele-
ment.

Conditions on the river for the last
two years have been rapidly retro-
grading and many parents have for-
bidden their daughters to go upon it.
Indecent exhibitions, drinking, and
profane language have been not un-
common, and the efforts of the Com-
mission to eradicate these evils must
be commended. The community will
even stand the most stringent meas-
ures for a time if the desired result
can be obtained. It will be noticed
that the officers and more prominent
members of the leading clubs having
headquarters on the river are not tak-
ing active part in the protests which
have been made, and indeed, they are
quietly approving of the work of the
police. Such an attitude is signifi-
cant of the feeling of the best ele-
ments interested, and typical of the
sentiment of the entire city.

Nonantum.

—Mr. M. Ryan of Adams street
left this week on a month's trip
through New York, Delaware and
New Jersey.

—Carriers James Dunn and William
Dunn together with their families,
are spending their annual vacation at
White Horse Beach.

—Mrs. Hattie Webster Stearns, the
widow of the late Dr. D. Waldo
Stearns of this village died at the
residence of her parents at South Bos-
ton last Tuesday morning, after a
long illness with tuberculosis. The
funeral was held yesterday afternoon
at the Parlow Chapel, Newton Ceme-
tery, the services being conducted by
the Rev. E. B. Hornbroke of Newton
and Rev. Henry E. Oxnard of the
North Evangelical Chapel.

THE RIVER.

Arrests Made by the Park
PoliceFor Violation of New Rules of the
Park Commissioners.

Matthew A. Peterson of Dorchester
and Miss Flora Smith of Somerville,
were arrested last Saturday afternoon
by the Metropolitan Park police on the
Weston side of the Charles river
between Riverside and Waltham for
violating the recently established
rules of the Park Commission pro-
hibiting indecent conduct. The case
is the first under the new rules and
will come up in the Waltham Police
Court next Monday. The defendants
have engaged counsel and will fight
the case, claiming they were wholly
within their lawful rights and that
arrest was an outrage.

Meetings to protest against the new
rules of the Metropolitan Park Com-
mission regarding the use of the
Charles river were held on Wednes-
day evening in the various bathhouses
from Waltham to Riverside.

Those present represented every
shade of opinion from that of de-
manding the removal of Supt. Hab-
berly to the mere interpretation of
the rule as enforced by the police.

At Norumbega boat house, Samuel
Dilloway, Harry B. Cathart and
Clarence F. West were appointed a
committee to represent that boat house
in the test case to come up in Wal-
tham next Monday and a sum of
money raised for expenses.

Similar action was taken at Gray
& Frost's boat house where F. G.
Carr and A. S. Morey were chosen
as a committee, and at the Riverside
Recreation grounds, where F. T.
Whitney and James Gibson were part
of the committee chosen.

The proceedings at all of the meet-
ings were held behind closed doors
and the greatest secrecy was main-
tained.

A feature of the agitation is the
circulation of a petition, addressed
to the owners and managers of boat
houses at Riverside, because the
petitioners believe that by threaten-
ing to take their canoes away from
that part of the river they will force
the managers to adopt some stringent
means of having the obnoxious rule
modified. The petition reads:

"We, the undersigned, owners of
canoes stored at your several boat
houses in Riverside, enter protest
against the police interpretation of
section 1 of the new park rules, and
unless modified we will move our
canoes to some other part of the river."

A committee composed of one or two
members of nearly every canoe club
had the matter of circulating the peti-
tion in charge, but, inasmuch as they
were doing the work unofficially, they
did not care to make their names pub-
lic.

Purification of the Charles.

Mr. Editor:

When the dearth of rain supply
drains our beautiful and "sinuous"
Charles River so that it exposes to
the sun and atmosphere its vast
stretches of weed and swamp, produc-
ing the nauseous, inveterate and ma-
larial stench that threatens the phys-
ical health and buoyancy of our
youth who enjoy canoeing on its rest-
ful bosom we are justly concerned
and shrink from the danger ourselves
and properly proclaim the cautionary
signals to our households. That is
wise. But we have waited for our
Metropolitan Park Commission to
awaken to the insidious and growing
danger to the morals of our sons and
daughters who delight in this exhi-
larating and recreative pastime of
canoeing on the Charles. Far be it
from me to speak disparagingly of
the physical and mental and moral pos-
sibilities of this delightful aquatic
sport. Yet this diversion has attract-
ed from its paddles near large num-
bers of the youth of both sexes who have
unwittingly diverted canoeing from
a pleasant and frolicsome exercise,
into planned opportunities for too
promiscuous relations with each other
without the wide restraints of chape-
ronage. The consequence is that the
river's banks and shady secluded nooks
are sought out for "lovers' retreats"
where the pleasure seekers degrade
this exhilarating pastime into ques-
tionable repose, that to talk it mildly
is notorious shady, putting to blush
the old time custom of our ancestors
known as "bundling" under the re-
straints of home.

Parents little realize the danger
lurking in these apparently innocent
outings. They are not aware that
the river is infested with moral lep-
ers who paddle in their graceful
canoes attractively lined with be-
witching pillows and cushions con-
taining no other occupant, up and
down the river near the banks trying
to lure the unsuspecting to enjoy the
canoe with them. The river formerly
attracted our best people young and
old, who have quite largely forsaken
their healthful and pleasurable exer-
cise in the open air and their gen-
erous bathing in the strength giving
sun's light, because of the degrad-
ing and immoral atmosphere that
now surrounds it.

Why it has been so degraded is be-
yond my ken and surely does not
speak well for human nature unre-
trained.

In the interests of society I bid our
good Park Commissioners God-Speed
in their laudable effort to save our
youth from themselves and moral con-
tamination.

To me it is one of the most pleas-
urable methods of getting physical
life and exercise in the open, and
these little possible picnicking excu-
sions in a restful canoe, with its

simple banquetings on the shaded
banks furnish pleasant memories to
regale the long winter evenings before
us. I trust our citizens will pay no
attention to the mischievous appeals
that may be made to the Commission-
ers to cease their timely crusade in the
interest of public morals and will en-
courage them to so use their discre-
tionary powers that our beautiful
Charles may be kept morally pure
that our best people can venture there
for health and strength without fear
of having their modesty shocked, and
can allow their young people to pur-
sue what in itself ought to be inno-
cent and moral enjoyment. Surely
this crusade is timely!

An Observer.

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CHAMPLAIN'S SHORES INVITES THE SUM-
MER VISITOR.

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standpoint the summer vacation
stands second to no other agent in
prolonging life and making it health-
ful and happy. The man who takes
his pleasure and rest as he goes along
is doubly blest, for when the final
reckoning of his life comes he will be
found not only to have accomplished
more of satisfactory work but to have
added to his days. The country, with-
out question, is the ideal place for the
summer holiday and Vermont, of all
the summering sections of New Eng-
land, offers most to the visitor. Thou-
sands already there this season could
testify to the truth of this assertion.
The particular attractions of the
Green Mountain state, are its perfect
summer climate, its unrivalled moun-
tain, lake and valley scenery its op-
portunities for boating and fishing,
and its excellent hotels and hospitable
farm and village homes where enter-
tainment can be had from \$4 to \$10
per week. A profusely illustrated
book describing the great variety of
exceptionally desirable and attractive
resorts on the islands and shores of
Lake Champlain and in the Green
Mountains, with a chapter of the
Adirondacks and Canada resorts is
published by the passenger depart-
ment of the Central Vermont Rail-
way, and is mailed for 4 cents post-
age on application to T. H. Hanley,
New England passenger agent, 360
Washington street, Boston.

NORUMBEGA PARK

Patrons at Norumbega Park have
for several seasons now looked upon
"Felix" as one of their oldest friends
in the Zoological Garden, but it has
never occurred to them that this term
of "oldest" may be applied in two
ways. Any animal that remains "on
deck" in a zoological exhibit for
three seasons or more becomes known
as "an old friend," but "Felix" is
really aged. He is a regular Methu-
elah among monkeys and yet he is only 12
years of age, for the average life of
the monkey in captivity is from two
to three years. Of all the animals in
the monkey house at Norumbega
Park there is no other one that is over
three years old. So far as his age is
concerned, "Felix" might be the
great-great-grandfather, etc., grand-
father of them all. It is nip and tuck
now between "Felix" and the baby
lions as to which one commands the
more attention. To appreciate just
how much of a curiosity "Felix" is
the reader should know that his age
in comparison with the average age
of a monkey in this climate is so
great that he bears the same relation
to the other apes as a man who might
be 500 years old would to the average
mortal who lives to the age of three
score years and ten.

It is difficult for those who have
never visited Norumbega Park to
realize that the expenditure of a few
cents for car fare and the ridiculous
amount of five cents for admission
patrons obtain a free seat in an im-
mense Rustic Theatre and witness a
better vaudeville program than
that offered in nine-tenths of the wor-
ld's theatres in this country. The man-
agement can afford to do this by cat-
tering to large audiences. The seating
capacity of the open air theatre at
Norumbega Park is 3000 and there is
room for another 2000 to stand and
witness and hear all that is going on
on the stage. There is a capacity of
3000 twice daily and car fares col-
lected from that number, plus the
admission fee, and the large revenue
from the few hundred reserved seats,
make it possible to provide the very
best acts in vaudeville.

A complete change in the program
is made each week and that provided
for the coming week is one of the
strongest seen here this season.

River Carnival.

Preparations are about completed
for the grand illumination night to be
held on the Charles River at Waltham,
on next Tuesday evening, under the
direction of the Charles River Amuse-
ment Association. The members of
the committee in charge have worked
hard during the past several weeks
and the indications are that the il-
lumination will surpass in beauty
anything of the nature ever before
attempted and will attract thousands
of people. According to the plans
a concert will be given on Fox Island
by the American Watch Company
band. The island will be decorated
and illuminated with hundreds of
fancy lanterns, and during the con-
cert there will be a display of fire-
works from a large float anchored in
the stream a short distance from the
island.

Hundreds of owners of canoes have
promised the committee to decorate
their craft, and the bathhouses along
the river will present a brilliant ap-
pearance with their decorations. The
grounds around the Pumping Station
and estates bordering the river banks
will be ablaze with colored fires, fire-
works and lanterns, the entire spec-
tacle being one of great beauty and
magnificence.

WONDERFUL ANTISEPTIC PROPERTIES

Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Etc., readily
give way to a treatment of



Used generally by phy-
sicians and hospitals as
the best ANTISEPTIC
for dressing all kinds of
wounds, relieving pain
and reducing irritation
and inflammation.
Get the Genuine. Look
for Trade-Mark.

THE M. AND M. EXPOSITION.

IT WILL OFFER HONOR PRIZES FOR BEST
AERONAUTICAL EXHIBITS, INCLUDING
WORKING MODELS OF AIR-SHIPS.

The rapid and marvelous advance in
this country as well as in Europe to-
ward the practical and effective solu-
tion of the problem of aerial naviga-
tion has aroused universal attention.
This subject, so fast passing beyond
the realm of speculation, theory and
conjecture into the province of
pure, practical, enlightened and suc-
cessful experiment, will likely re-
ceive the fullest possible considera-
tion a year hence at the World's
Fair, in St. Louis.

Meanwhile the public of Boston and
New England will shortly receive
such a perfect and comprehensive ob-
ject lesson in this very matter as to
familiarize it with the latest and most
approved of Aeronautical appli-
ances.

This opportunity comes next Octo-
ber at the Triennial Exposition of
the Merchants and Manufacturers
Association, to be held in Mechanics
Building. The idea, originally, of
the directors of the association was to
have but one exhibitor of aeronautics
exhibit an air-ship. Now, how-
ever, it has been decided that the
field of competition shall be made
broad enough to comprehend any and
it is to be hoped every first class in-
vention designed to solve that most
perplexing of all human problems
in the line of applied mechanics,
namely the navigation of the air.
Already, printed circulars containing
this announcement of a free for all
competition and an offer of honor
prizes have been sent through the
country to every industrial centre with
a view to attract the attention of
mechanics and inventors generally.
These circulars were issued last week
and doubtless will have the desired
effect, bringing the merchants and
manufacturers exhibition not merely
a variety of inventions, but the very
best in this particular field of
aeronautics. The public will see from
the first time in Boston not one but
a number of veritable air-ships.
Some of them, of course, will be
simply miniature models; others, the
full size machine, with power pro-
vided and applied, and the whole
apparatus prepared for the practical
experiment of aerial navigation.

This feature alone of the forthcom-
ing exposition seems destined to
arouse an extraordinary degree of
public curiosity. It will go far to-
ward making the big fair a stupen-
dous success. Another feature,
almost equally as novel and impor-
tant, is liquid air, about which there
still appears to be as little general
knowledge as of that other marvelous
force in nature, electricity.
Then for diverse entertainments
there will be the Japanese Garden
with the Geisha girls, and Creator's
famous band.

Police Paragraphs.

—Edward Kelley and William J.
Armitage, both of Pine street, West
Newton, were in the municipal court
Tuesday morning on complaint of
patrolman Kimball, charged with
drunkenness and disturbance. Both
pleaded guilty, Kelley's case being
continued until November, and his
companion sentenced to two months
in the house of correction, from which
he appealed.

Fred Donohue, aged 20, of Pond
avenue, West Newton, was arraigned in
court Wednesday morning, charged
with assault upon a conductor of one
of the Boston & Worcester electrica
late Tuesday evening. According to
the testimony, the defendant made
himself obnoxious to the passengers,
and when told to desist, struck the
conductor in the face. He was ar-
rested by patrolman Shaughnessy and
fined \$35.

Some time Tuesday night a new
house on Hammond street, Chestnut
Hill, was entered by thieves and a
number of carpenter's tools valued at
\$10 stolen.

MARRIED.

AUSTIN—HILL—At Lexington, Aug.
18, by Rev. C. A. Staples, Henry
Austin, Jr., and Martha Hill, both
of Newton.

MILLS—QUIRK—At Watertown,
Aug. 12, by Rev. J. M. Farrell,
John A. Mills of Newton, and Julia
A. Quirk, of Watertown.

BAILEY—MACKINNON—At Au-
burndale, Aug. 12, by Rev. S. C.
Gunn, Harry W. Bailey and Effie
Mackinnon, both of Newton.

DIED.

STEARNS—In South Boston, Aug.
18, Hattie Webster, widow of the
late Dr. D. Waldo Stearns, aged 36
years, 10 months.

STEDMAN—At Newton, Aug. 18,
Benjamin Stedman, aged 56 years,
5 months, 13 days.

RILEY—At Nonantum, Aug. 13,
Marry, widow of Michael Riley,
aged 55 years.

G. W. MILLS,
Funeral Director.

(15 Years Experience.)
Office & Waterrooms 813 Washington St., Newtonville
Open day and night. Lady wait, when desired.
Telephone 445-5, 175-5 Newton.

Established in 1846 by Franklin Smith

A. L. EASTMAN,
Furnishing Undertaker,

251 Tremont St., Cor. Beaver Fl., Boston.
Telephone 660 Oxford. Open Day and Night

J. S. Waterman & Sons,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS
and EMBALMERS.

2329 and 2328 Washington Street.
Adjoining Dudley Street Terminal.
Personal attention given to every detail.
Chapel and other special rooms connected
with establishment. Competent persons in
attendance day and night.

Telephone, Roxbury 72 and 73.

GEO. H. GREGG & SON,
Undertakers

Established 1865
ALL THE NEWTONS
Telephone Newton, 64-2-3-4.

BEETHOVEN Male Quartette
Of Newton.

Concerts, Funerals, Etc.

West Newton 261-8
Newton Highlands, 283-3.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—For removal a good stable
No. 2336. Address or inquire at 253 Fuller
Street, West Newton.

FOR SALE—Two ladies' bicycles, been used
very little; expensive wheels, set cheap
as owners are going away. Address, "H,"
Newtonville.

FOR SALE.

No. 1 horse hay, A few loads last year's
Timothy at \$1.50 per 100; 1800 crop No. 1
Timothy, \$1.10 per 100; 1 load White Clover,
\$1.00 per 100. No. 1 Brook meadow hay,
\$1.00 per ton, delivered any where in New-
ton in loads to suit. Address COOLIDGE
BIOS, South Sudbury, Mass.

FOR SALE—A second-hand 5 H.P. steam
engine (Taylor Mfg. Co.) and a 12 H.P.
upright boiler. Now at Graphic office.

To Let.

FOR RENT—Rooms furnished or unfur-
nished, singly or together, light, house-
keeping permitted. Address "N," Graphic
office.

TO LET—A house with 7 rooms, all the
modern conveniences, situated in the heart of
tub, well located, for less than \$20 per
month. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Drake, 404
Waltham St., West Newton.

Wants.

WANTED—A young lady assistant book-
keeper, one that lives at home, must be
a good penman and accurate; \$5 to start
with; state age. Address "J. L. B.," Graphic
office.

WANTED—By an American gentleman,
a position to care for a male invalid, old
or young. Best references. Call or address
F. H. Farnsworth, 64 Lowell street, Wal-
tham, Mass.

WANTED—A first-class coachman. One
who understands stable-work and the
care of horses, and is a good driver. Apply
at the house of L. G. Pratt, 73 Highland
street, West Newton.

GIRLS WANTED to use BENT'S DE-
STROYER for dandruff and falling
hair. Harmless, 25c. Kills lice on children
and all insects. Destroys insects on plants
and animals. Cures mange and mosquito
bites. At Lacroix Drug Store.

WANTED—A capable and reliable girl
to do house and laundry. Apply at
315 Franklin street.

Miscellaneous.

LOST—A pocketbook somewhere on Water-
town street, between Newtonville and
Watertown on Thursday. Will the party
who was seen to pick it up please return it to
the Graphic office and avoid all further
trouble.

NORUMBEGA
PARK

Opens Daily On the Charles.

THE IDEAL RESORT

Rustic Theatre

Afternoons at 3.30. Evenings at 8.05.
Week commencing August 24,
Hale & Frances, Crosby & Howard, Bran-
dow & Wiley, George Davis and others.

Important New Attraction
THE GREAT SUB-MARINE GUN
For Practice.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN
Many New Features, Including Camel and
Donkey Rides for the Children. See the
Baby Lions.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHALET
Enlarged—New Attractions Added.

AUTOMOBILE STATION
Carriage Park and Bicycle Racks.
Finest Canoe Service on the Charles

CITY OF NEWTON



WEST NEWTON, MASS., AUG. 20, 1903.

PROPOSALS FOR GRADING.

Proposals for laying the walks and grad-
ing the grounds around the C. C. Burr
School on Ash Street Ward 4, according to
the plans and specifications on file in the
office of the Public Buildings Commissioner,
Room No. 10, City Hall, will be received
until 2 p. m., Tuesday, Aug. 25th, 1903, at
which time they will be opened and read.
GEO. H. ELDER,
Public Buildings Commissioner.



\$45.00
DROPPED STYLE \$45.00.

No agents employed. MACHINES NOT
sent out on suspicion. New Machines
rented, \$3.00 per month, and sold on ren-
tal-purchase plan.

STANDARD
SEWING MACHINE CO.

173 Tremont St. BOSTON

CASTLE

OLIVE SOAP.

Made from pure Olive Oil—no Animal Fat.
for Jellies, Skin Whitening, etc.
Manufacturer, 50 Long Wharf, foot State St.,
Boston. Drop a Postal Card. Tel. Connection

FRYE SCHOOL.

Preparatory Courses for Harvard,
Tech, and professional schools, and
brief special courses. English a
specialty. Number of pupils limited,
with small classes, and every pos-
sible attention to individual needs.
Experienced specialists as teachers. Un-
surpassed location. No better English
or college preparatory courses in
this vicinity. Term begins Sept. 21.
HENRY K. ROWE, Principals, Boylston
Chambers, 730 Boylston St., Boston.

If you are going to fix up your house
this season, either

Inside or Outside Painting,

Papering or Decorating

In any manner, let us fix up a scheme for
you and estimate the cost. We know that
we can please you.

Picture Framing, Gilding, Window Shades.

HOUGH & JONES CO.,
245 Washington St., Newton.

Telephone Richmond 1221-7.

B. WEINBERG,
FASHIONABLE

Ladies' Tailor.

Golf Suits and Walking Suits a Specialty.

160 Hanover Street, BOSTON

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in

Newtonville.

—Dr. W. O. Hunt, during July and August will be in Newtonville Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, other days at North Fairmount.

—Miss Martha Dix of Fuller street is registered at Pequot, N. H.

—Mr. A. A. Savage of Brooks avenue left this week for a trip to Maine.

—Mr. George F. Kimball of Walnut street is visiting at Portsmouth, N. H.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Mrs. John F. Payne of Bowers street is enjoying a few weeks outing in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Jennings of Washington Park left yesterday for New York.

—Mr. Andrews and family of Newtonville avenue are back from a visit on Cape Cod.

—Mrs. J. M. Cook and family of Austin street have returned from a visit at Lowell.

—Mr. H. W. Coldwell of Walnut street has returned from a few weeks rest in Maine.

—Miss Ethel Sampson of Washington street is enjoying an outing at Linfield, Maine.

—Mr. Ralph Higgins of Brooks avenue is enjoying a vacation outing at Point Allerton.

—Miss Gertrude A. Strout of Lowell avenue is spending the remainder of August in Maine.

—Mr. John Harrington of Court street is able to be out again after his recent illness.

—Mrs. T. C. Nickerson of Lowell avenue has returned from an outing at Point Allerton.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Skeele of Clyde street have returned from a visit at New York.

—Miss Alice Sampson of Washington street is spending the summer at Mere Point, Maine.

—Mr. Russell and family of Washington Park, are spending a few weeks on the Cape.

—Mr. Lincoln Righter and family of Walnut street left this week for a visit to New York.

—Mr. Wilbert Morggrage of Cabot street has returned from an extended trip through California.

—Miss Lucy M. Davis of 442 Walnut street, is a guest at the Ben Mere Inn, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

—Mr. Nicholas Mauger and family of Brookside avenue are spending August in New Hampshire.

—Mr. E. J. Cox of Brooks avenue attended the Old Home week celebration held in New Hampshire.

—Mr. E. K. Hall and family of Grove Hill avenue have returned from an outing at New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Knight of Walnut street, have returned from a month's stay in New Hampshire.

—The telephone company has been placing their wires in underground conduits on Walnut street this week.

—Mr. Charles N. Sladen and family of Lowell avenue, returned this week from a brief sojourn at North Scituate.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sydney H. Hobson of Walker street, are receiving congratulations upon the recent birth of a daughter.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. George of Newtonville avenue, left Wednesday, for a month's stay at Windgates, West Gloucester.

—Forward your baggage by Hunting's Newtonville & Boston Ex. to all Boats and Railroad Depots. Claim checks given.

—Dr. John B. Davis of Walnut street, will spend the remaining weeks of his vacation at Ben Mere Inn, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

—Master George Curtiss of Newtonville avenue, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Hinds at their summer home at Bridgewater.

—Mr. A. Fred Brown and family of Walnut street have returned from Pittsfield, Mass., where they have been spending the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Phinney who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clapp, of Chesley avenue have returned to their home in Danielson, Conn.

—Mr. George W. Morse who is spending the summer with his family at Kathadin, Me., is making extensive alterations upon his home on Court street.

—Mr. L. B. Renfrew and family of Clyde street left this week for New Hampshire, where they will spend the rest of August and the early part of September.

—Miss Evelyn Hammond of Highland Place returns tomorrow from Paxton, Mass., where she has been spending a few weeks with friends camping out.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall paper at reasonable prices.

—Rev. Chas. L. Goodrich, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church, Plainfield, N. J., will preach at the union service at the Methodist church next Sunday morning.

—Master Eddie Sladen of Lowell avenue, is a member of the camping party which is under the direction of Rev. Ozora S. Davis, at Lake Sunapee, N. H., for the remainder of August.

—Mrs. Newton Hammond and son Leroy Hammond, of Highland Place, returned home from Woodstock, Conn., where they have been spending a few weeks at Mr. Hammond's former home.

—Mr. George F. Williams of Washington Park, who has been spending the summer with his family at Orleans, Mass., returned home this week. Mrs. Williams and family will not return home until the middle of September.

Newtonville.

—Mr. James H. Rand of New York has leased the Richards house 399 Newtonville avenue.

—Daniels & Howlett Co. Morse Building make a specialty of finishing and care of hard wood floors.

—Rev. Charles L. Goodrich D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church of Plainfield, New Jersey, will conduct the union services at the Methodist church on Sunday.

Business Locals.

Don't forget to order your Baker Beans and Brown Bread for Saturday night and Sunday morning at Hammonds, 280 Walnut street, Newtonville.

West Newton.

—The street department is resurfacing Chestnut street.

—Mr. C. A. Waters has returned from a fishing trip to Rangely Lakes.

—Miss Hattie Ward of Prince street has returned from an outing at Rindge, N. H.

—Mr. George Frost of Washington street is spending the week in New York.

—Mr. W. D. Noyes has purchased and is improving the house at 95 Crescent street.

—Olof Ohlsen is building a house on Crafts street near the Albemarle Golf grounds.

—Miss Marjorie Lincoln and E. Wilson Lincoln of Otis street, are at Ocean Point, Maine.

—Mr. C. R. Clapp and family of Temple street have returned from a sojourn on Cape Cod.

—Mr. C. W. Hatch participated in the coaching parade held last week at North Conway, N. H.

—Miss Grace Hopkins of Webster street is spending the week with friends in Portland, Me.

—Dr. Paine's family of Washington street have returned from a few weeks stay at Lake Champlain.

—Mr. George A. Frost is having a large music room added to his residence on Chestnut street.

—Miss Elizabeth P. Thurston of Fountain street is spending her vacation in Glendive, Montana.

—Mr. E. A. Hunting and family of Chestnut street have returned from a sojourn at Kennebunk, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rand of Austin street have returned from Yarmouth Beach, Nova Scotia.

—Miss Richmond who has been spending the summer in Waban, is staying with Mrs. M. B. Hussey.

—Judge J. C. Kennedy made an address to the Cohasset Grange at Dudley Pond, Natick, last Wednesday.

—Mrs. William M. Pettigrew of Sharon avenue is enjoying a four weeks' sojourn at North Sandwich, N. H.

—Mrs. Theodore Nickerson who is spending the summer on her farm at Peterboro, N. H., was in town Saturday.

—Mr. Harry L. Burrage who is spending the summer with his family at Bar Harbor, was in town a few days this week.

—The West Newton National Bank has taken the room in the rear of the Savings bank and is fitting up for its safe deposit vaults.

—Mrs. Frank Linnell and family of Auburn street have returned from Orleans, Mass., where they have been spending the summer.

—Mr. Charles Cuniff fell from his wheel Saturday morning injuring his right foot in such a way that he is compelled to use a cane.

—A still alarm last Wednesday afternoon was for a small fire in Eddy's coal yard, caused by sparks from a locomotive. Damage \$25.

—Miss Mabel L. Wells has purchased of Mr. Fred D. Parker a lot of land on Prospect street comprising about 6,500 square feet and a frame house.

—Mr. George A. Walton of Chestnut street has returned from Brookline, where he has been spending a few weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Dunbar.

—The following West Newton boys were members of the youthful party which made the journey from Camp Wellesly, Freedom, Lake Ossipee, N. H., to Dana Farm, at North Conway, where they spent the night proceeding early in the morning through Pinkham Notch, to the Glen House, then ascended Mount Washington, from the Glen, George S. Fuller, and Joseph C. Fuller of Shaw street, John Avery Jr., of Perkins street, Charles S. Weller of Putnam street, and Hammond Fitzgerald of Chestnut street. After resting at the Summit house they returned to Camp Wellesly by way of Tuckermans ravine, a tired but happy band.

—Mr. George T. Lincoln, accompanied by Hon. Edward B. Wilson made a trip on Mr. Lincoln's automobile to Woodstock, Vt., last week. They left West Newton, at 12:30 Friday, spent the night at Concord, N. H., and reached Woodstock, Saturday afternoon. On Sunday Mr. Lincoln made the return trip. He left Woodstock at 9 a. m., and arrived in West Newton at 9:45 p. m. The return was through Pelchville, Springfield, and Charlestown, Vt., Bellows Falls, Keene, Fitzwilliam, Windchen, Fitchburg, Lancaster and Bolton. Mr. Lincoln reports sandy roads and hard hills on the outward journey but fair roads on the home trip. The week before, Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Willard C. Warren of Lenox street, made a trip to Hartford and return on the auto.

City Hall Notes.

The tax rate of \$16.80 is divided as follows: State tax, 78 cents; County tax, \$1.03 and city tax, \$14.99. Last year the state tax was 48 cents; the county, \$1.00 and the city \$14.92.

Waban.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls at Rhodes' Drug store. Tel. N. H. 237-3.

—The engagement of Harold L. P. Van Norman of Chestnut street to Mrs. Maud Nias West of the Woodland Park Hotel, is announced.

—The semi-finals and finals of the tournament of the Waban Tennis Club will be played tomorrow afternoon at 2:30. Another tournament will be held on Labor Day.

—Charles J. Page and another have completed the following transactions in Newton: To William P. Harrington, a lot of land on Wyman street, containing 12,325 feet; to Walter H. Collins, a lot of land on Pine Ridge road, with an area of 9621 feet; to Patrick C. Cotter, a lot of 8090 feet of land, situated on Beacon street, and to Mary E. Sullivan, 8949 feet of land on Pine Ridge road.

REAL ESTATE.

A comparison of our new tax rate of \$16.80, with other cities shows that Newton is not alone in advancing rates and that the advancement is general throughout the state.

The Boston Globe prints the following figures which make interesting comparisons for Newton tax payers:

The tax rates for several of the cities and towns in greater Boston have been announced for 1903, and so far the city of Quincy, which reduced its rate from \$17.40 to \$17.30, is the only place to show a decrease from a year ago.

Boston at \$14.80, Brookline at \$10 and Nahant at \$8, however, are stationary, having the same figures for 1903 as in 1902.

On the other hand, Chelsea's rate jumps from \$17.60 in 1902 to \$18.60 this year, Newton increases its rate from \$16.40 to \$16.80, Somerville from \$16.40 to \$17.20, and Waltham from \$16.50 to \$17.10.

The tax rates in other places near Boston have not yet been announced. Whether the general tendency to increase the rate indicates extravagance, or is only the reflected desire of these communities to have proper civic conditions, only a student of finance who has considered each locality's needs and its surroundings may decide.

Boston's total real estate value this year is \$985,553,300, and the personal estate is set at \$24,897,023. There was a gain in the personal and realty values of \$29,175,707.

Brookline's real and personal property is valued at \$87,179,900, a gain of \$1,086,100 over 1902. The real estate is set at \$59,966,200, against \$57,915,100 last year, and the personal estate is \$27,213,700, against \$28,178,700 a year ago, being a loss of \$965,000. The number of polls is 6132, an increase of 179.

Newton's real estate this year is \$48,066,750, against \$46,978,550 a year ago, and the personal estate \$15,059,825, against \$15,024,930.

The total valuation of Somerville is \$56,981,360, against \$55,485,370 last year; personal valuation \$5,625,900, against \$5,730,800; the real estate \$51,296,100, against \$49,697,500.

The real estate in Chelsea is valued at \$23,747,500, personal \$2,324,564. This is a total gain in valuation for 1903 of \$153,469. The real estate last year was valued at \$21,604,650 and the personal at \$2,340,945.

Personal property in Waltham is valued at \$5,712,548, against \$5,346,556 a year ago; real, \$15,967,700, against \$15,625,000.

The real estate in Quincy is set at \$19,692,300, which is \$559,100 larger than a year ago; personal estate \$3,162,300, an increase of \$139,808.

In Nahant there are 295 polls, valuation of personal estate \$2,599,641, real estate \$2,587,037.

Henry H. Read has leased the following houses in Newton Centre. House No. 13 Crystal street, to D. A. Ferguson. House No. 25 Paul street, to Mr. Stone.

Alvord Bros. have sold for Marcus Morton and others a lot of land on Hancock avenue, Newton Centre, of about 10,400 feet. The purchaser M. F. Brooks will immediately erect a residence for his own occupancy.

Alvord Bros. have sold to M. F. Bravo for occupancy the estate No. 14 Hillsboro Terrace, Newton Centre, consisting of a modern house and about 6500 feet of land, the whole assessed for \$6000.

Alvord Bros. have leased the Fitz house No. 112 Homer street, Newton Centre, to W. H. Fearnside. Also the Davis house on Pleasant street and Bracebridge Road, Newton Centre, to L. K. Liggett. Also, two rooms at No. 69 Union block, Newton Centre, to Mrs. F. A. M. Bird for music rooms.

Second Prize.

The Veteran Firemen have evidently overcome the hoodoo which has followed the tub Nonantum all the present year. At the Annual Muster at Salem, yesterday, they captured the second prize in a field of fifty-five, and \$150 has thereby been added to the Company's treasury. The Company were rather unfortunate in its time of playing coming just after a severe squall of rain and wind, and having wet paper to play upon. Their record of 218 feet and 11 1/2 inches is particularly good under the circumstances. About 75 men accompanied the tub and they report a most enjoyable occasion.

Mile. CAROLINE.

is now showing some very pretty HATS AND BONNETS at very reasonable prices.

486 Boylston Street, Boston. (In block of Brunswick Hotel).

SMART FRENCH PATTERNS.

Our Patterns Warranted to Fit. Advance Shirt Waists and Skirt Patterns a Speciality. SHIRT WAIST SUITS, \$5.00 NEXT TEN DAYS.

Ladies' gowns made to order or cut and fitted for home completion. Satisfaction guaranteed. French Pattern Patterns, Muehlenberg, Manager, 820 Washington Street, near Hollis St., Boston. Take elevator.

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SMART FRENCH PATTERNS.

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CHAPTER XIV.

ALMOST THE END.

"AM glad to see you, my friend," said O'Neill, smiling at him in a melancholy way.

"Would God that I could see you in any place but this!" answered the young Englishman.

"Ah, yes," replied O'Neill, his eyes brightening. "Then we might fight it out, man to man, sword to sword, and—"

"Not so," mournfully replied Coventry. "The battle has been fought, and you have won again. Whether you live or die, Elizabeth Howard is not for me."

"My poor friend, mark the day upon which I crossed your path be accursed! I have brought to each of you nothing but sorrow," replied the young sailor sadly, touched at the other's surrender.

"It was later O'Neill. Do not reproach yourself with that. All day long I have been striving to think of some means to delay this accursed execution until I could communicate with the flag. An appeal to his clemency might—"

"But no—see no way, nothing, unless you know," he hesitated and hung his head, blushing painfully.

"No more of that if you love me, Coventry," said O'Neill gravely. "Put yourself in my place. Could you do it? Ah, you shake your head, you see! Neither could I, not even to purchase heaven." There was a long pause between them.

"O'Neill," said the Englishman at last, "would that I could take your place!"

"But you cannot, Major Coventry," replied the other gratefully. "You honor me in the thought, but if you could I should refuse to allow it. You are the better man. All my life I have been a gay, reckless, pleasure seeking soldier of fortune, with never a serious purpose until now, and now it is too late! You are the worthy one, and you must live to watch over and to care for her whom we both love. Perhaps—surely—in days to come she will forget time, absence, you know—she will reward your devotion—she must—you will be happy!" His voice broke, and he turned away his face and looked out of the open port. Coventry shook his head.

"You know her not, sir. She is not for me, nor would I take her, loving you. My love is too deep for that. Nor would she come. She will never forget you," O'Neill's heart leaped at this assurance.

"The ship's bell on the deck above them struck four times. It was 4 o'clock. There was a little silence within the screen.

"The hour approaches," said O'Neill softly at last. "I would be alone for a few moments before you understand?"

"Yes," said the other, rising and pressing his hand. "Have you nothing to say, no message to send to?" he asked magnanimously.

"Nothing—nothing; it is best so. You will come for me at the time?"

"Yes, and I will stand by you to the end, like a soldier."

"You do me great honor," replied the other thoughtfully. Coventry looked at him a moment, shook his head and turned away.

In the prayers of the young Irishman the face of the girl he loved would obtrude itself. It seemed but a moment before he heard the tramp of armed men coming along the deck. They stopped before the screen. It was opened, and Coventry, pale as death, presented himself at the opening. The screen was promptly folded back, there were marines fully armed before it, the chaplain, too, in the white robes of his office.

"I am ready, gentlemen," said O'Neill calmly. "May I not go to my death unbound?" he asked.

At a nod from Coventry the master at arms unlocked the fetters about his feet and hands. The prisoner took his place in the midst of the little squad of men and ascended to the spar deck. The ship's company of marines was drawn up aft on the quarter deck. Most of the seamen of the crew were arranged in orderly ranks in the starboard gangway. Forward a grating had been rigged on the bulwarks under the port fore yardarm. A new rope led from the grating up through the block in the yardarm, came aboard to another block under the top and thence through a block fixed to the deck. Some sixty or seventy men chosen by lot from the ship's company had hold of the rope which was led aft along the port gangway. In front of the marines stood Captain Pearson and his officers in full uniform. The prisoner was halted before him.

"Are you aware, sir," said the captain gravely, "that the hour for the carrying out of the sentence of the court approaches?"

"Yes, sir," answered O'Neill courteously.

"Have you anything to say before that time?"

"I have to thank you all for your kindness to me; nothing else, sir."

"Allow me, sir," said the captain, "to assure you of the great personal distaste and regret I feel at being compelled to take this action."

"Your feelings do you honor, sir," replied O'Neill gravely, "but it is a matter of duty. Pray proceed."

"Captain Pearson," said Coventry in great agitation, "can nothing be done to delay this execution a few hours? There are considerations, sir, in my possession which, I feel sure, would incline his majesty could he be communicated with, to extend clemency to this gentleman—circumstances which—"

"Are these circumstances within the knowledge of Lord Westbrooke, Major Coventry?" answered the captain, surprised at the unusual nature of the interruption.

"They are, sir."

"Have you mentioned them to him? Have you called his attention specifically to them, I mean?"

"Yes, sir, I have," answered the soldier reluctantly.

"And they have evidently not influenced him, you see. Therefore I fail to see how I can permit them to weigh with me."

"But a delay, sir, of a day, of an hour even, until I can communicate with the admiral again! For God's sake, sir, do not hang this gentleman like—"

"Major Coventry, you are a soldier and should not make such an appeal. I have my orders. You have shown me no cause to disregard them. I cannot take it upon myself to do so. I dare not."

"But an hour, sir, until I—"

"Not a moment. At five bells they must be carried out," said the captain inflexibly. "No more, sir," he added as Coventry made an impetuous step forward. "I have indulged you too long already. Mr. Pascoe, take the prisoner forward!"

"It is useless, Coventry. Why prolong this agony longer? You have done what you could. I thank you and bless you," said O'Neill as they walked along the deck to the place of the grating.

"Will you please step up here, sir?" said Pascoe, the first lieutenant of the Serapis, who had the matter in charge, pointing to the grating on the rail as they came abreast of it.

"It is a fair and easy place, from which to step to heaven, sir, or to the other place as well," said the Irishman, smiling, as he stepped on the rail. "I pray you to tell your men to start me on my way with a quick pull and a swift run." Pascoe nodded in comprehension. This would be a case in which speed would be merited.

A boatwain's mate now stepped up beside the prisoner and bound his feet and hands with a lashing. A hangman's knot had been made by expert fingers in the rope leading from the yardarm and the hanging noose was quickly fastened about O'Neill's neck.

"The collar of an ancient order, this," observed O'Neill, still smiling. "And now one last request, sir," he added, turning to the lieutenant.

"And that is?"

"Throw away that black cap, sir. Let me go with my eyes open." The lieutenant hesitated a moment. The whole ship's company was filled with admiration for the intrepid and gallant Irishman.

"Do it, for God's sake, Pascoe!" whispered Coventry, springing up alongside O'Neill and the sailor, who, to avoid him, stepped back and stood on the rail by the fore shrouds.

"What are you doing there, Major Coventry?" answered Pascoe.

"Nothing. I promised to stand by him to the last," replied Coventry. The officer hesitated a moment and then threw the cap into the water.

"I thank you," said O'Neill huskily. "How much time is there?"

"About two minutes, I think," said the lieutenant nervously.

"You will run away with the fall at the first or last stroke of the bell?"

"The last, sir."

"No more," said O'Neill to Coventry, turning his face in the direction of the shore. The deep voice of the white robed priest alone broke the silence:

"Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord, most holy, O God most merciful, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee."

Out on the water a white sailed little boat was speeding swiftly toward them. There was a woman in it. The eyes of love, even in the presence of death, are keen, perhaps even keener than ever. It was Elizabeth Howard.

Good heavens! Why had she come here? She would arrive in time to see him swinging lifeless from the yardarm—a hideous sight for any woman. He could not take his eyes from her.

"See!" he whispered to Coventry. "That boat yonder! She is there!"

"My God!" said the officer. "What shall we do?"

"Nothing! 'Tis too late."

"She has something in her hand!" cried Coventry. "What can it be?"

"Forward, there!" cried the captain, watch in hand. "Strike the bell five!"

The mellow tones of the first couplet of the ship's bell rang out in obedience to the command. The hour was come! It was his death signal, but O'Neill never turned his head from the approaching boat. The old quartermaster

seized the bell deliberately, hanging over it reluctantly. A little shiver ran through the crowd.

"Stand by!" shouted the lieutenant in a stern voice. "Take a quick look and a level run, lads, for God's sake!"

The men grasped the rope, more firmly and eagerly into position for the jump. The next couplet was struck of the bell. The boat was nearer now.

Coventry saw that the woman waved something that looked like a paper in her hand. The last stroke of the bell rang out on the breathless, silent ship.

"Set the boat!" cried the lieutenant hoarsely. The men leaped forward instantly to the shrill piping of the boatswain and his mate. "Sway away!" he cried.

The tightened rope caught the Irishman by the throat. A lightning flash seemed to cleave the skies. He saw, up in a vision, a great hall hung with a picture frame, a woman radiant, beautiful, her eyes shining, an upraised hand. Like silver bells, a voice murmured, "I love him, I love him!"

She moved—ah, a gigantic hand seized him by the throat. He strove to cry out. It clutched him tighter and tighter. Blackness like a pair fell before him, shutting out the smiling face—death—again—he saw no more. He swung into the air and was nothing.

The quick eye of Major Coventry had detected at last what the girl was waving.

"That paper!" he cried frantically as the last bell struck. "It must be a reprieve. The admiral has relented."

Was it too late? Quick as thought he snatched the sheath knife from the belt of the sailor near him. It was too late to stop the men on the rope even had he possessed the power, but as O'Neill rose in the air he caught him around the waist and with one rapid blow severed the straining rope above his head.

Assisted at once by the sailor alongside of him, they lowered the bound, unconscious man upon the deck beneath them. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye. The men on the ship broke out in ringing cheers.

The rope, being relieved of the weight of the body, of course snapped rapidly through the block, and the men hauling it pitched pell-mell over themselves upon the deck. There was a moment of intense excitement. The seamen on the other side of the deck, cheering wildly, started eagerly forward. The officers, sword in hand, sprang in front of them, driving them back. The marine officer aft brought his men at once to attention with a sharp word or two, and every place was ready in case of disturbance. Pearson, white with rage at the interruption, leaped forward.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted. "Who has dared to interfere in this manner?"

"I, sir," replied Coventry fearlessly, looking up from his place by the unconscious man. "I am the son of the admiral, you shall dearly rue this unwarranted assumption of authority. What excuse have you to offer for interrupting the sentence of a court martial? What reason can you urge for your presumption?"

"Best abey," cried a seaman stationed at the port gangway.

"Sir," said Coventry, quietly meeting the eye of the thoroughly infuriated captain. "If I mistake not, you will find my excuse in that light!"

"Well for you, sir, if it be there! Never in my twenty years of service have I been so braved, and on my own ship too! See what light it is," said the captain, turning to one of his midshipmen, "and shut out what is wanted."

The lad came running back presently and saluted.

"'Tis a lady, sir—the governor's ward—Lady Elizabeth Howard. She wishes to come on board," he said.

"Lady Elizabeth Howard! This is no place for women. This man is still to be hanged. What can she wish?" exclaimed the captain, frowning.

"Receive her at once, sir, I beg," said Coventry. "She has a paper—my excuse, sir," he added, smiling.

"Show her on board," said the captain shortly to the midshipman. Then he looked down on the still unconscious form of O'Neill. "Send a surgeon here at once, sir," he continued, and as the latter presented himself, "Is the man dead?" he asked.

"No, sir," said the surgeon, examining him hastily and making ready to apply some necessary restoratives, for which he dispatched an assistant to the sick bay.

"Get him in shape, then, and quickly, for another attempt, for hanging him shall if he has to be held up for it!" ordered the captain sternly.

At this moment the midshipman, followed by Lady Elizabeth, pale as death, a fine boat cloak which belonged to her guardian, which she had caught up in the castle, duttering in the breeze, her hat gone, her hair disheveled, her hand clutching a paper, broke through the little group.

"Captain Pearson—where is he?" she cried nervously. Then, as her eyes fell on the prostrate form of O'Neill, she dropped the paper to the deck, covered her face with her hands and rocked to and fro in agony. "Oh, my love, my love! Too late, too late!" she wailed, faltering.

"Not so, madam," said the captain, turning toward her. "The man still lives, the surgeon assures me. He has but fainted. Have you a warrant to stop the execution? If not it must go on, and it shall go on with Major Coventry as well."

"The prisoner is reprieved, sir. Here is the paper," said Elizabeth, life coming back to her, "signed and signed by the admiral himself. Oh, I had it a moment since! Where has it gone?"

"Here it is, your ladyship," said one of the officers, lifting it from the deck and handing it to her.

"There," she said, presenting it to the captain. He opened it deliberately and glanced over the brief contents.

CHAPTER XV.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.

COMPANIED by the marine guard and leaning upon the arms of the surgeon and Coventry, who tenderly assisted his faltering steps, O'Neill was taken below, followed by Elizabeth, scarcely yet comprehending what had happened. The girl's heart was exulting wildly. So far she had triumphed. What next? When they reached the little screened enclosure between the

tents. She watched him with a nervousness she had not attempted to con-



He severed the straining rope.

real. Meanwhile the doctor had succeeded in rousing O'Neill. The first glance of his eyes fell on Elizabeth, and nothing else he saw.

"Heaven and the angels!" he murmured faintly, not yet comprehending the position.

"It seems to be made out properly and duly signed and sealed," said the prisoner until further notice, and permission for the bearer to see him alone," he added suspiciously. There was a little pause. He turned the paper over in his hand and looked sharply at the girl.

"The admiral chooses a strange messenger," he added. "I cannot say if this be regular or no. His handwriting is unfamiliar to me. I do not recognize this. You say you had it from him, madam?"

Elizabeth could not trust herself to speak; she only bowed. There was evidently something very suspicious to the captain in the whole proceeding. The signature did not seem just right.

"Ah! I have it—Major Coventry!" he cried suddenly.

That miserable young man, sick at heart, had shrunk into the background since Elizabeth had come aboard, and the girl had not seen him before. He had felt that his work was done when she appeared; but no, he was to find out that his troubles had but just begun.

"Oh!" she cried as he stepped forward, clutching him wildly by the arm, a look of terror in her eyes, as she added in a whisper, "Not you—I had forgotten you—we are lost!"

In the bitter knowledge that she had forgotten him he overlooked the clew to her action furnished by her last words.

"Here is a reprieve from the admiral," said the captain. "It seems to be correct, and yet—will you look over it and give me your opinion? You are familiar with his writing at any rate. My lady, forgive the questioning, but the matter is most serious, and I must be absolutely assured."

"Here is the paper, Edward," said Elizabeth desperately, taking it from the captain's outstretched hand. "Is not that the writing of the admiral?" she added entreatingly, and then, clasping her hands, she looked at him with all her soul in her eyes and waited, full of apprehension. A word, and he hung her lover, and incidentally, but surely, killed her; a word, and he set them free! What the consequences to himself of his decision might be, with the sublime egotism of love for another, she neither knew nor questioned. Coventry gave a brief glance at the document. He saw what was expected of him; his life or her happiness trembled in the balance. True to his determination, he did not hesitate a moment. In that glance of a single second he realized the truth, which he had more than suspected before.

"It is," he replied briefly and indifferently aloud. A little prayer to God for forgiveness leaped within his heart at the falsehood. He had connived at her deceit, failed in his soldierly duty, broken his honor, for this woman. The reputation of a lifetime of loyal service to his king, the honorable record of years of devotion to duty, had been thrown away in a moment for her. He had sacrificed more than life itself for his love, and she loved another! He turned the paper over in his hand and then quietly returned it to the captain. He said no other word. He scarcely even looked at Elizabeth. He could not trust his own gaze. There might be reproach in it. And he would—fain make the sacrifice like a gentleman at least.

"Thank God, thank God!" whispered Elizabeth under her breath, and the look of gratitude she flashed at him would have gone far to repay even a greater sacrifice perhaps.

The keen captain was not yet satisfied, however.

"You wished to release him yourself, I remember," he said uncertainly. "I am by no means persuaded that—but it is impossible for me to proceed now until I have seen the admiral. Take the prisoner below," he said to the guard, "and allow Lady Elizabeth to see him alone. Mr. Pascoe, tell the boatswain to pipe down and call the watch."

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Continued on page 7.

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(Patent Applied For.)

While it was at first supposed that Mr. Root's position would fall to Governor Taft, and it is still believed that it will be offered to that official, there seems to be some doubt as to the Governor's willingness to accept the position. It is believed that complete civil government will soon be accorded to the Philippines and that then the jurisdiction of the War Department in the islands will end so that Governor Taft's knowledge of the islands might not prove of special use were he to become secretary of war.

again. But he had duty to do. So soon as he was persuaded that they had left the ship he called the sentry from the opposite side of the deck and told him to mount guard again and on no account to disturb the prisoners. Then he ran rapidly up to the quarter deck and made his way aft to the marine on guard there. The man was looking out into the darkness at a dark blur on the water—a boat. Two figures could be distinguished in it, one of them a woman. Coventry saw them

"But the prisoner!" cried the admiral impetuously. "Have him brought on deck at once, Captain Pearson."

"But your ward, my lord—she is with him," said the captain.

"Bring her, too, then," the old man answered passionately.

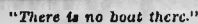
"But the crew—the men—not before them all?" said Coventry, striving to gain time.

"This one," replied his son. "I loved her. I love her still."

The two men looked at each other in silence. The admiral relented a little—it was for the last time—and drew the

(To be continued.)

Second door from Central block.



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"But your ward, my lord—she is with him," said the captain.

"Bring her, too, then," the old man answered passionately.

"But the crew—the men—not before them all?" said Coventry, striving to gain time.

"And you have done this work and wrecked yourself for a woman! You have been a fool, sir! What woman that ever lived was worth it?" said the admiral shortly.

"This one," replied his son. "I loved her. I love her still."

The two men looked at each other in silence. The admiral relented a little—it was for the last time—and drew the

ROBERT F. CRANITCH,
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Paper Hangings in Great Variety.
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Walnut St., - Newtonville.

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Provisions.

8 & 10 Cole's Block, Newton.

Newton Centre.

—Mr. George W. Little has moved from Paul street to Chestnut Hill.

—Benjamin Adey has the cellar in for a new house on Stearns street.

—Mr. George A. Keith is occupying his new house on Trowbridge street.

—Charles Collins moves into his new house on Dudley street, Oak Hill this week.

—Dr. Francis George Curtis and family of Chestnut Hill are at Ashfield, Mass.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—O. B. Coe Jr., and family have moved from Hillsboro Terrace, to Chestnut terrace.

—Mr. W. G. Burbeck of Bowdoin street Newton Highlands has moved to Grant avenue.

—Mr. P. W. Whittemore of Lake avenue won the Kebo golf trophy at Bar Harbor, Me., last week.

—Miss Katharine Austin of London, is the guest of Mr. E. W. Pratt of Trowbridge street this week.

—Mr. W. A. Prince of Newbury street has returned from a few weeks outing at Popham Point, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Barney of Pelham street left this week for a few weeks vacation at Nantucket.

—The Misses Gertrude and Maude Wilson of Clarke street are back from a brief sojourn in New Hampshire.

—Mr. Frank M. Forbush and family of Summer street are enjoying a few weeks vacation at East Jaffrey, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Frost of Cypress street are spending a few weeks with friends in Madison, N. H.

—Mr. William Byers of Lake avenue was a sufferer from the fire in South Boston, last Tuesday afternoon.

—The "Chestnut Hill" on Commonwealth avenue near Manet Road has been turned into an automobile station.

—Mr. B. E. Taylor and family of Grant avenue returned this week, from a short outing at Belgrade Lakes, Me.

—Mr. Alden H. Speare a former well known resident of this village is the guest of his aunt, Dr. Brackett of Crescent avenue.

—Mr. John A. Daniels of Parker street has been elected president and treasurer of the Columbia Engraving Company of Boston.

—Mr. F. A. Wright who has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. F. L. Gardner of Lyman street has returned to his home in Chicago.

—Miss Blanche Dewey formerly of this village has accepted a position in the choir of the largest church in Minneapolis, for the coming year.

—Rev. Ralph T. Flewelling will preach at the union services at the Methodist church on Sunday. He will also be the leader at the Friday evening meeting.

—Emanuel DeFazio of Beacon street cut his foot while bathing in Crystal Lake last Wednesday and was taken to the Newton Hospital in the police ambulance.

—Alvord Brothers have sold to F. L. Bravo for O. B. Coe, Jr., the estate No. 14 Hillsboro Terrace, consisting of a modern house and about 6500 feet of land, all assessed for \$6000.

—To Let in the Grafton, at Newton Centre, 6-room apartment and furniture for sale; nicely furnished; can be bought reasonable. W. B. Young, 24 Exchange place, or at Newton Centre.

—William Lincoln & Son report the sale of dwelling house and 17,000 feet of land, situated on Ward street, corner of Eastbourne road. The grantor is William H. Lincoln of Brookline, and the grantee William H. Palmer of Newton.

—There was a bad smashup at the junction of Hobart road and Commonwealth avenue last Wednesday between Knapp's grocery team and an automobile owned by F. A. Brownell of Rochester, N. Y. The team was badly damaged but no one was injured.

—The many friends of Mr. P. J. Waters, of Clinton Place will be glad to learn that he has won the four years scholarship to St. John's seminary Brighton, which was offered by the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters. Mr. Waters is a graduate of Boston College class of 1903.

—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Luddy of Newton Centre and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burns of Newton Highlands have returned from Canada. They were married on Wednesday morning, August 12th, and that afternoon they started on their wedding trip. A party of relatives and friends followed them to Boston and showered them with rice and old shoes. For the present, both couples are with the brides' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John MacMahon of Newton Centre and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Driscoll of Newton Highlands.

—Since the opening of the Mother's Rest, it has been found that underwear for women is greatly needed, also blouses for boys from 2 to 5 years of age. The committee on special relief, solicits, therefore, second hand underclothing or new material for this purpose, which may be left in the basement of the Methodist church on Friday mornings between 9 and 12. During these same hours, every Friday until August 1, the young ladies will meet there to sew for the Mother's Rest and will gladly welcome assistance of the women.

Newton Centre.

—Mr. Charles Kenny is back from Popham Point, Me.

—Mrs. J. E. Gaines of Parker street has returned from a visit to Osterville.

—Miss Bessie Cook of Beacon street is spending the week with friends in Attleboro.

—Mr. J. B. Mathews of Ashton Park, has returned home from Portland, Me.

—Carrier William Barry and family are enjoying a few weeks with friends in Newton.

—Mr. A. H. Leonard of Paul street is spending a few weeks at Long Island, N. H.

—Miss Grace Alvord of Ripley Terrace is spending the week with her sister at Monson.

—Mrs. J. H. Sanborn of Chase street has returned from a visit at Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Mr. Fred DeCourcy of Centre street is enjoying a few weeks vacation at Lowell.

—Mr. Gair Tourtellot and family of Chicago are visiting friends and relatives in this village.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Woodman of Centre street have returned from a visit in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Ralph Card of Pelham street returned Wednesday from a few weeks stay in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Walker of Pelham street have returned home after a visit in Maine.

—Mr. R. S. Roberts of Beacon street has returned from a month's vacation in Nova Scotia.

—Dr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Boutelle of Langley road returned this week from Danville, Quebec.

—Rev. and Mrs. J. Bashford, D. D., of Ohio, spent Sunday with Dr. Barker of Ashton Park.

—Miss Nellie E. Gibby of Centre street returned Wednesday from a few weeks stay on the Cape.

—Miss Florence King of Brookline street has returned from a short outing at West Lebanon, N. H.

Newton Highlands

—Mrs. W. W. Martin of Hartford street has returned home.

—Mr. John A. Lowell of Erie avenue, is on a Southern trip.

—Inspector Fletcher and family of Eliot, are at Hebron, N. H.

—Miss Jennie O'Connor is visiting friends at Hopkinton, Mass.

—The Kingman family of Fisher avenue, are at Green Harbor.

—Mr. Freeman Hutchinson and family have gone to the mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Levi of Chester street are at Pequaket, N. H.

—The Hardwick family have gone to New Hampshire, for a summer outing.

—The Goodwin family of Allerton Road, are summering in New Hampshire.

—Mr. A. S. C. Hilton is having extensive improvements made on his house.

—Mr. Salmon and family of Walnut street, have gone to Maine, for a summer stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Brigham have returned from a stay of several weeks in Vermont.

—Mrs. Ireland has vacated her house at Eliot, and it will be occupied by Mr. Jones of Harrison street.

—The death of Rev. C. E. Havens formerly of the Highlands occurred on the 11th inst., at Colorado Springs.

—Rev. O. S. Davis of Newtonville will conduct the service at the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

—Col. Cozzens the evangelist, of Dickerman road, Eliot, has an addition to his family by the birth of a daughter.

—Mr. G. H. Deary of Terrace avenue, have leased a part of the double house opposite the post office and will occupy soon.

—Mr. W. T. Logan and sons are back from Christmas Cove. Mrs. Logan will visit friends in Rockland and other places, before returning.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 831 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls with H. S. Hiltz, Eliot station. Tel. N. H. 21240.

—The sudden death of Mrs. Stevenson of Centre street on Wednesday night was a great shock to the community where she was held in high esteem.

Lower Falls.

—The Twilight A. A. of Newton Lower Falls, formerly the St. John's of the same place, will meet the strong Brookline team, winners of the Massachusetts Interstate League, on Crehore's Field, tomorrow at 3:30 p. m. As the Brookline team defeated the Newton Upper Falls team a few weeks ago 3 to 0, both Lower Falls and Upper Falls look forward to Saturday's game with intense interest, as the above teams will play for the championship of Newton, probably Labor Day morning at Newton A. A. grounds, Newton Centre. With the Lower Falls nine playing the ball they have been playing the past few Saturdays, there is no reason why they should not take Saturday's game.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—Mrs. Guy Kimbal of Grove street is being entertained by friends in Maine.

—Miss Laura H. Balse of 126 Cornell street is visiting friends at Boothbay.

—Mr. Robert Hayden of Pine Grove avenue is making a short visit in Boothbay, Me.

—Miss Carrie M. Wilson of Cornell street is spending a delightful time on the camping grounds at Sherborn.

—Mrs. George Richardson of Grove street was suddenly called away this week on the news of the death of her sister in Cambrian, Maine.

—Tuesday evening an Italian service was held in the M. E. church for the Italians of this place. There was a large attendance. Next Monday evening at 8 o'clock another will be held at the same place.

Auburndale.

—Mr. Robert Moran has left the employ of Mr. A. J. Gibson.

—Mrs. Herron and family are spending the summer at Fortune Rocks, Me.

—Misses May and Louise Davidson are spending the month of August at Randolph, Vt.

—Mrs. Keyes of Rowe street is spending the week with Mrs. C. A. Miner of Brockton.

—Mr. William P. Staples of Melrose street returned this week from a trip to Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Walter Cole of Vista avenue is enjoying a vacation trip to Portland, Me., this week.

—Mr. William O. Harris of Melrose street has returned from a few weeks outing at Oyster Bay.

—Miss Mildred Milham of Newell road is spending a few weeks at Chatham, New Brunswick.

—Mr. P. A. McVicar of Commonwealth avenue, has returned from a short outing at Allerton.

—Miss Edna Dow of Crescent street is at her aunt's, Mrs. Oakes, Warwick, Mass., for a few weeks.

—Mr. George Cook who recently broke his wrist by falling from his wheel is rapidly recovering.

—Mr. E. B. Wildman, the popular young clerk at the post office, is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. John B. Simonds and family left Saturday for a visit to Thomaston, Maine, their old home.

—Mr. George E. Johnson of Hawthorne avenue is enjoying a short outing at York beach this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. William F. Spooner of Aspen avenue, have returned from a visit to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Charles S. Cowdrey and family of Owlana road have returned from a few weeks stay at Greenville, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dunham are expected home very soon from their summer tour in England and Holland.

—Miss Anna P. Brookes of Salem is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. I. Lakeman, of Auburndale avenue, this week.

—Mrs. Nellie Leach of Portland, Me., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hadlock of Lexington street, this week.

—Mr. C. W. H. Strongman and family of Woodland road left this week for a visit to Lake Winnebago, N. H.

—Mr. C. A. Miner a former well known resident of this place is reported as being very ill at his home in Brockton.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Rand of Grove street have returned from a visit at the Fairview House, North Hartland, Vt.

—Mr. Arthur C. Farley was the leader of the prayer meeting held last Friday evening at the Congregational church.

—Mrs. M. E. Beardsley of Crescent street left Monday for New York, where she will spend the next four weeks with friends.

—Master Almon B. Thorn of Auburndale avenue is the guest of Master Proctor Chandler, at North Andover, Mass., this week.

—Mrs. Chas. F. Dow and son Charlie, of Crescent street are at the home of her parents in Norwalk, Conn., for a few weeks.

—Mr. F. H. Underwood and family of Commonwealth avenue are enjoying a few weeks' outing at Camp Indian, South Coventry, Conn.

—Prof. C. C. Bragdon of Lasell Seminary is a donor of \$2000 to the fund to replace the amount stolen by W. S. Allen from the Preachers' Aid Fund.

—May Sleeper Ruggles of Hancock street, was the only soloist at Piedmont church Worcester, last Sunday. She begins regular choir work in September at the Union church, Boston.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

—Rev. Dr. F. N. Peloubet preached last Sunday at the Congregational church. Mr. Arthur W. Kelly of Central street will conduct the services next Sunday.

—Mr. Charles Pickard of Maple street is spending a few weeks with his parents, Hon. and Mrs. R. L. Pickard, at their summer home at South Harpswell, Me.

—Mrs. Henry R. Turner spent a part of last week at Chesham, N. H., visiting her son, Master John, who is spending the summer at Dr. Henderson's camp near that place.

—Mr. Clifford Eddy who has been filling Mr. Charles Cowdrey's position at Eddy's coal office while the latter was on his vacation, spent Sunday with relatives at Eddyville.

Upper Falls.

—Miss Catherine Dugan of Chandler Place sailed last Saturday for Halifax.

—Mr. Walter Chesley of Summer street, spent the past week in New Hampshire.

—Letter carrier Ryder and family of High street, are spending two weeks at Providence.

—Mr. Eugene Fanning of High street spent a few days of the past week in Connecticut, on business.

—Miss Eleanor Mills spent a few days of the past week in this village the guest of Mrs. Joshua Randall of Elliot street.

—Wells Beach seems to claim quite a delegation from our village this summer. Among the village people who visited there the past week were: Mrs. Johnnot and little Caroline of High street who visited Mrs. H. E. Locke; Miss Eleanor Mills and Mr. Winchester Sawyer were the guests of Mrs. Everett the past two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dresser of High street and Mr. Chas. Brown and Miss Ida Hutton are spending two weeks at the Wenonah, at the same place.

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VOL. XXXI.—NO. 49.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1903.

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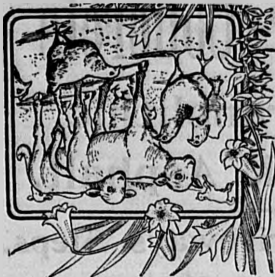
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Newton.

—Atwood's Pure Salve is fine for burns.
—Miss A. Wise left on Monday for a few weeks visit at Megansett.

—Mr. William J. Doherty of Watertown street is at Winthrop for a few weeks visit.

—Miss Harriet Vance of Hudson is the guest of friends on Waverly avenue this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Collins of Mt. Ida street are back from a short visit at Onset Bay.

—Miss Bessie Leary and Miss Alice Porter left Monday for a few weeks' visit at Whitman, Me.

—Ladies' hair dressing and shampooing by Mrs. J. P. Elliott-Anderson, 171 Charlesbank road.

—Miss Alice Shapleigh of Newtonville avenue has returned from a few weeks stay at West Lebanon, Me.

—Mr. W. R. Adams and family of Jewett street have returned from a month's stay at Ashburnham, Mass.

—Baldness and other scalp diseases successfully treated by Prof. Anderson, trichologist, 171 Charlesbank road.

—Mr. Douglas Smeaton of Mt. Ida street has returned from Onset, where he has been spending a few weeks with friends.

—Mrs. J. H. Wheeler and Miss M. R. Wheeler of the Hollis have returned from a visit at Hampton Beach, N. H.

—Mrs. Caroline E. Manning and family have moved from Bennington street to the Allen house on Centre street this week.

—Mr. Wesley R. Batchelder of Sargent street returned Saturday from Hebron, N. H., where he has been spending the summer.

—Dr. Henry J. Patrick of Newtonville conducted the service at Eliot church on Sunday morning. Dr. N. McGee Waters of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach next Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Dennison (nee March) of Park street left Monday for Meredith, N. H., where they will be the guests of Mr. Dennison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dennison.

—Rev. Thomas S. Samson, D. D., of Germantown, Pa., conducted the union service held at the Methodist church on Sunday. Rev. George S. Butters, D. D., of Boston will preach on Sunday at the morning service which will be held at the Baptist church.

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—Capt. E. M. Crockford of Newton who has been in the employ of Mr. L. E. Coffin for the past seven years has accepted a position in the Y. M. C. A. at Malden, Mass.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred W. Webber of Centre street have returned from a sojourn at Martha's Vineyard. They leave Saturday for a few weeks visit at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

—Mr. and Mrs. William I. Howell of Newtonville avenue, have been spending a few weeks at Cottage City and Newport. They left this week for New York and Philadelphia.

—John Hines of Gardner street, won the half mile novice race for boys under sixteen years at the annual field day of St. Patrick's church, Watertown, the prize was two dollars.

—Grace church has been well attended at all the services this summer. It is open regularly twice on Sundays 10:45 in the morning and 7:30 at night. Strangers are always cordially welcomed.

—Dr. Shinn has been invited to address a gathering of clergymen, teachers and others on the 9th of September in the Archdeaconry of Bedford, province of Quebec, upon subjects connected with “Religious Education.”

—The Christian Endeavor Societies of the Methodist and Baptist churches united and held a meeting at the Methodist church last Sunday evening. They will hold their next meeting at the Baptist church on Sunday evening.

—A gentleman leaving Newton will dispose of his dining room furniture, consisting of a table, side board, cupboard, sewing table, upholstered chairs, all of which were made to order. Inquire of M. H. Haase, 427 Centre street.

—There was a lively fire Monday evening in a house on Pearl court, owned by R. C. Taylor of Worcester, and occupied on the lower floor, where the fire started, by Mrs. Catherine Welch. Several children in an adjoining tenement were rescued by the police. Damage is about \$300.

—Mr. Henry A. Ball, an old and highly respected citizen of this village, was struck by a passing team last Saturday at Athol, Mass., where he has been staying since Old Home Week. Mr. Ball was bruised about the body and one shoulder blade was broken.

Baker & Humphrey
(Successors to Henry N. Baker.)
50 Kilby Street, Boston.
Telephone Main 361-2.

Newton.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington St.

—Mr. P. N. Kenway and family of Hollis street are back from a sojourn at Allerton.

—Miss Caroline A. Finneran of Boylston street Boston, has returned from Europe.

—Miss Sara Leavitt of Pearl street, has returned from a weeks vacation at Cliftondale, Mass.

—There will be the regular evening prayer service at Grace church chapel this afternoon at 4:30.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Kenslea of Watertown street are enjoying an outing at White Horse Beach.

—Mr. Kirk W. Hobart and family of Sargent street have returned from a few weeks stay at Provincetown.

—Miss Mina Henry of the Graphic staff leaves Monday for a visit to her home in Gibson, New Brunswick.

Hon. and Mrs. H. E. Hibbard of Washington street, have reopened their house after a summer at Woods Hole.

—Miss Lucy Stiles returned Monday from Great Diamond Isle, Me., where she has been enjoying a few weeks vacation.

—Pictures framed in up to date manner. Old mirrors gilded. Hough & Jones, Co., 245 Washington St., Newton.

—The Rev. R. K. Smith assistant at Grace church is on his way home from Europe. He is expected early next week.

—Miss Marion Brown of Pearl street will return tomorrow from South Acton, where she has been enjoying a few weeks vacation.

—Miss M. C. Morse of Church street has returned from Squirrel Island, Me., where she has been spending her vacation.

—Miss Eunice A. Miller of Washington street has returned from West Chester, Pa., where she attended her brother's wedding.

—Mr. James Paxton of Elmwood street has returned from Harbor View Gloucester, where he has been enjoying a few weeks rest.

—Mr. William Irving, the superintendent of the post office, has returned from Newfield, N. H., where he has been spending his vacation.

—On Wednesday evening there was a dance given in Nonantum Hall under the auspices of Young's orchestra. About 130 young folks were present.

—Desk room to let for carpenter, plumber, mason, electrician etc., near Newton depot—rent small, good opportunity. Address Box 81, Newton.

—Mrs. E. H. Byington of Franklin street, and Miss Mary Spence of Wesley street are enjoying a few weeks' stay at Bartlett and Intervale, N. H.

—Mrs. Annie E. Mandell of Hunnewell avenue, Newton, announces the engagement of her daughter Evelyn, to David A. Chapman, Jr., of Boston.

—Master Charles Henderson who has been spending a few weeks with friends on Waverly avenue, returned to his home in Dorchester, on Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Greene (nee Nichols) are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Greene's father, Mr. J. Howard Nichols, of Sargent street.

—Capt. E. M. Crockford of Newton who has been in the employ of Mr. L. E. Coffin for the past seven years has accepted a position in the Y. M. C. A. at Malden, Mass.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred W. Webber of Centre street have returned from a sojourn at Martha's Vineyard. They leave Saturday for a few weeks visit at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

—Mr. and Mrs. William I. Howell of Newtonville avenue, have been spending a few weeks at Cottage City and Newport. They left this week for New York and Philadelphia.

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Newton.

—Experience and ability at the barber's 289 Washington street.

—Ex-Mayor Bothfield will spend a few weeks at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mr. Chester Morgan of Charlesbank road is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Miss Rose Sullivan of Church street is at North Scituate for a few weeks.

—Miss Madeline Sullivan of Church street is spending a few weeks at Nantasket.

—Alderman A. R. Weed and family of Park street are at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mr. Arthur Porter of Church street is spending a few weeks in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Leighton Whitney of Elmwood street has returned from a short visit at Worcester.

—Dr. Clara Whitman Reed is at her cottage, South Acworth, N. H., will return about September 1st.

—Miss Nellie C. Grace, the popular clerk at the postoffice, is spending her vacation at Medfield, Mass.

—Mr. Fred W. Stone and family of Bellevue street are guests at the summer home of Mr. Chas. A. Stone at Shelburne, N. H.

—Sergt. Henry F. Mosses was elected second lieutenant of Co. C. last Friday evening, Corporal Daniels, the only other candidate, withdrawing in his favor.

Business Locals.

Business locals cost but 2 cents a word
Carpet work of all descriptions by Myles J. Joyce, 402 Centre street.

RIVER CARNIVAL.

Charles River from Fox Island to Waltham was a beautiful sight last night at the illumination under the auspices of the Caneists Illumination Association.

The trees on Fox island and along the river banks at Forest Grove, Crescent park and the Waltham pumping station were draped with thousands of Japanese lanterns for some distance. All the boat-houses were similarly decorated, although some way from the island.

From 8 to 10 o'clock a fine assortment of fireworks was discharged from a large raft midway of the island, and the pumping station. Maple grove harbor was roped off and into this the rocket sticks fell.

A band concert was given by the American Watch Factory band on Fox Island.

The officers of the Association are as follows:
President, H. I. Hatch, Roxbury; treasurer, George H. Bailly, West Newton; secretary, Charles D. Leonard, Waltham; W. H. Fanning, Newton Upper Falls; John H. Clough, Newton Edwin A. Romkey, Newton Lower Falls; Warren M. Ryan, Waltham; A. C. Broddrick, Waltham; F. O. Thomas, Boston; R. S. Hoffman, Boston; Charles Matterson, Waltham; W. H. Truelove, Waltham; C. F. West, West Newton; Charles Mills, Waltham; William J. Bannon, Waltham. Under the direction of this association nearly \$700 was raised for the illumination and concert last night.

Father Cummins' Monster Barbecue.
Father Cummins of Roslindale has completed all the arrangements for his 10th Annual Barbecue, which will be held Saturday next, August 29, at Apollo Garden, Roxbury. The following is the Official Program:—

4 a. m. Arrival of his Ox-Ship, “The Pride of Kentucky.” 5 a. m. The huge Ox placed on open-air grill. 10 a. m. Opening of Children's Carnival. Exhibition of Pike's Peak Climbers. Fancy kite flying by Professor Perkins, Flying Horses and Juvenile games. Cake walkers exhibition. 11 a. m. Exhibition of Ox roasting by Louis Arragonie, the famous Barbecue Chef. 12 m. Reception to delegates from Knights of Columbus, Massachusetts Order of Foresters, Ancient Order of Hibernians and Order of Hipsatophus. 1 p. m. Band concert by Bunker Hill Cadet Band. Mr. William McCready, manager. Cornet solos by Mr. Ernest Coleman, eminent cornetist. 2 p. m. Exhibition by 50 Virginia Troubadors and the famous Kentucky Cake walkers. 3 p. m. Arrival of the Barbecue Orators. Oration by Lieut.-Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr. Addresses by Hon. John H. McNamee, Mayor of Cambridge, Congressman John A. Sullivan, Representative John A. Coulthurst, Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, President of the Federal Trust Company, will preside. 5 p. m. Roast-Ox dinner. During the dinner the Virginia Troubadors will render their famous plantation songs and dances. Murtagh's Orchestra will furnish music all day long for dancing in the grand pavilion. The Bunker Hill Cadet Band will give concerts afternoon and evening. Grand illuminations and fireworks will enliven the evening. Gaity and good cheer will mark this famous mid-summer festival, the 10th Annual Barbecue, next Saturday, at Apollo Garden, where Father Cummins will entertain at least 15,000 people.

The Frye School of Boston, has a splendid record as a fitting school for college and professional schools. It now proposes to add to its work this year by keeping open afternoon and evening for all preparatory work, civil service etc., for the benefit of those who cannot attend the regular course.

"DON'T KNOW" CLUB.

The Tale of Hermit's Hill is Told by
Miss Fillmore.

"I had hoped to find a suitable excuse before my turn came, that I might not have to tell a story to the members of the 'Don't know' club," remarked Miss Martha Fillmore when at the eighth meeting of the organization it was announced that she was to be heard from. The minister's sister had been an attentive listener, always prompt in attendance and an ardent admirer of the character of the fiction she had heard.

There was, therefore, a protest on the part of the gathering when Miss Fillmore so mildly insinuated that she had rather be excused. "You mustn't think of it," they said. "We want to hear you very much."

"I suppose it would not be fair for me to decline, and so I am going to offer you something which I trust not one of you has heard." With this introduction Miss Fillmore proceeded to tell the

STORY OF HERMIT'S HILL.

My girlhood impressions of the place where the most interesting part of this story occurred will perhaps give you the best idea of it. The juvenile mind is more alive to those characteristics which appeal to the imagination, and where would any story be without imagination?

In the country village where I made my home there were all the elements of a fiction-writer's field. There was a story in the life of nearly every one, and many buildings and farms would have furnished abundant material. What I have to tell was never written I believe, though why I never understood.

That which always appealed to me as a certain though unexplored source of fiction, was Hermit's Hill, which lay at west of the village. An elevation that easily towered above all other mountains within 40 miles, it commanded many beautiful views. More than that there was a pretty river at the base, berry pastures half-way up, and on the summit a delightful grove of pines. Can you wonder that we children were fond of going there for a day's outing? We had but little difficulty in securing the permission of our parents, for the hill was not far distant, yet we sometimes hesitated after securing that permission—we were afraid!

To you or any other visitor Hermit's Hill would have no terrors, except perhaps as a long and difficult walk when one was undertaking to reach the summit. Yet we children had always the one dread—that of passing the haunted house and finding some one at home. As a matter of fact nearly everything concerning the haunted house was a part of the great number of tales told at the fireside. Firesides and haunted house stories are in my mind inseparable. This particular haunted house was near the main road which led to the top of the hill. An unfamiliar passer-by would have looked upon the house as one of the several deserted farms, and he might have added "too bad, it must have been a nice place once." Both observations could be made in perfect truth. No matter how many stories were told about the house, they were all of days gone by. No one for a moment suspected that there was to be a revival of the ghostly visitations; no one doubted but that his friend or neighbor who shunned the place was superstitious, yet he himself declared the house had no attractions for him.

There was no little comment, therefore, when the news was spread about the village that "Lem" Turner intended to occupy the haunted house. "Lem" declared that since he had bought the hill farm it would be much easier for him to care for his greater number of acres with a residence closer to it. Of course, every one agreed that "Lem" was perfectly right. It was not until the report that "Lem" intended to live in the building that there came other reports of the present occupation of the house by ghosts. The first tale was that brought by Henry Perkins, Henry was returning from a dance in our village to his home in Broadmill, and chose to cross Hermit's Hill. His sleigh was drawn by as fine a horse as Broadmill or our village could boast of, but the storm that came up that night deepened the drifts, which had been broken through only a short time before. Henry Perkins, or rather Henry Perkins' horse, decided that he could go no further. Perkins looked about him to see if there was a suitable place of shelter at hand. To the left, and almost as near as one could wish, was the 'Haunted House'.

"I'll drive Nellie in the barn, and if it isn't too cold I'll stay in the house myself. We can't get any further, anyhow," Perkins was not a man to think deeply on the subject of haunted houses, and this particular one had no interest for him except that it might afford him shelter. He found that the rickety barn was better than no place of shelter for Nellie and as for himself he felt that the house itself was not such a bad place after all. Having cared for the mare, he proceeded to enter the house. Hardly had he opened the rear door, which by the way, was tightly closed, though shaky on its hinges, when he heard groans proceeding from the upper floor. Through the loosely matched partitions he could see in the front hall the reflections of flashes of light. The flashes themselves evidently came from above. "I guess that's the light," said Perkins to himself, "although I thought that spooks had cleared out long ago." It was a gruesome search, that of looking over the house in search of the spiritual being, but Perkins was equal to it. In his steady and laborious way he walked up stairs. The groans continued, the flashes were frequent, and in addition there was

the noise of creaking boards. "That ghost can have this place to himself," mused Perkins, "the barn is good enough for Nellie and its good enough for me."

Perkins' story was heard at the village, and on top of it came the experience of two lumber merchants who had been passing the house on their way down from the pine grove on Hermit's Hill. They had heard noises and had seen flashes of light. In addition to these statements of reputable citizens there came other yarns. However truthful the other stories were does not matter as all had the same effect, that of giving a more gloomy aspect to the exterior of the house, and preventing people from loitering in that vicinity late in the evening. "What are you going to do about it?" inquired the friends of Turner. "Better be careful you don't do nothing rash. Spooks is ugly things to deal with," he added.

Turner made no reply. In his own mind, however, he had decided one point—the spook must go. That very night "Lem" Turner, accompanied by his friend Ed. Green, went to the house. The spirits were inactive and nothing was to be seen. The next day both visited the place however, but found nothing of a ghostly nature. "Some people have certainly heard some ghosts," declared Green, "but they don't seem to be here now." "Well," said Turner, "I guess we will have to come up here and spend the night."

"If you spend the night in the old place you will probably see all the spirits you want for some time. Why not get old Phil Webster, that old rattle-brain tramp. He don't care where he sleeps, and he could tell you next day whatever he saw."

"Has old Phil been in this vicinity lately?"

"I believe some of the boys have seen him around. Strikes me he's just the man you want."

"Yes, perhaps he is," replied Turner.

Turner's hunt for the ghost a few nights later was unsuccessful as he could find nothing. Reports from people who had passed by were heard in increased numbers. The ghost was elusive, it was agreed.

After several nocturnal visits each of which was without reward, Turner decided on a plan which he confided to no one. He went so far as to invite Ed. Green to happen along in front of the haunted house some time early in the evening, and to take a hand in if he saw anything going on. He intimated that he himself would be inside. It's strange," observed Ed, "that the ghost won't dance for you, and that he don't mind anybody else." Turner left his friend without further conversation. He had made up his mind to find the ghost, or exterminate him at any rate.

Had one seen "Lem" at work in the old house that very day he might have thought that he was wiring the interior for the installation of electrical appliances. But "Lem" was merely preparing a reception for the ghost. It had grown dark, and "Lem," who was seated in the attic with his hands full of wires, was waiting patiently for developments. At last he caught the sounds of footsteps. The person, whoever he was, did not see fit to proceed above the second floor. He appeared satisfied to remain there, and to "Lem" it seemed that the person had laid out for a rest. It was not long before the sound of carriage wheels could be heard in the distance. "Lem" easily recognized the rattle of Ed. Green's democrat. The person down stairs must have heard it too. Suddenly the silence was broken, "Lem" was taken by complete surprise. The individual down stairs was rattling a chain, groaning and flashing a light.

"This is a ghost who performs exclusively for the benefit of others," said "Lem," "well turn about is fair play." Thereupon Turner began the manipulation of the strings he held. Doors all through the house began to open and close, windows rattled and there were loud and mysterious rappings. Above all could be heard Turner's voice. He was howling and groaning. Such pandemonium was too much for the nerves of Ghost No. 1. He listened for a time to his rival and within a very brief time concluded that No. 2, was the better man, or ghost. "Lem" next heard the occupant of the second floor dashing down the stairs and out the front door. He also heard Ed. Green say "I guess we got you this time." Turner was not slow in suspending proceedings and joining the persons in the front of the house. Green was having a struggle with a weird, half-dressed object. When the mix-up was over Turner and his friend looked at the ghost they had captured. It was Phil Webster. When Webster was brought before a magistrate he admitted he had been living in the haunted house for some time. He went on to say he had invented the plan of frightening people away that his peaceful residence in the house might not be interfered with.

Wide-Spread Imitation.

The enviable reputation as a cleaner and disinfectant earned by Calumet's SULPHO-NAPHTHOL, has called forth wide-spread imitation of this unequalled household article. Nothing else, however, seems to combine the unique properties found in Sulpho-Napthol, those of an absolute destroyer of all germ life and a perfect cleaner. Its general adoption by hospitals, institutions, public buildings, railroad and steamship lines is sufficient endorsement of superior merit.

—A gentleman leaving Newton will dispose of his dining room furniture, consisting of a table, side board, cupboard, sewing table, upholstered chairs, all of which were made to order. Inquire of M. H. Haase, 427 Centre street.

—Chiropody parlors at Anderson's, 171 Charlesbank road.

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 24, 1903.

As part of the general scheme to bring discredit upon President Roosevelt's administration, two New York papers have, within the facts but likely to be very generally circulated and believed. The first of these appears in an ostensibly republican paper, but one dominated by Wall street interests and pledged to defeat the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt at the next convention if that be possible. These stories, which bear every semblance of truth, are to the effect that the President has inaugurated a systematic investigation of the relations between union labor and the employees of all the executive departments of the Government with a view to discrediting organized labor.

These stories are, however, entirely without foundation as the President has not, nor does he intend to order such an investigation. The meager facts on which the allegation is based have been related in these letters before. After the William Miller case in the Government Printing Office, was brought to the special attention of the President, he wrote to Secretary Cortelyou a letter pointing out that there was no legal warrant for discrimination between union and of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission as a principle to be adopted. A copy of this letter Mr. Roosevelt caused to be sent to the head of each department for his personal guidance, should a similar question arise. In the course of the discussion of the Miller incident, representations were made to the President that the cost of printing and binding in the Government Office was excessive and it was alleged that this was due to the rules of the unions limiting the daily output of each of their members. Mr. Roosevelt then instructed that an investigation of the methods of the Office be instituted and that investigation has been quietly and thoroughly conducted by a committee specially appointed for the purpose. This committee in the course of its inquiry, asked of various members of the Cabinet, their experiences with union labor, the request for information being supplied incidentally to the investigation they were conducting, and on this flimsy pretext is based the allegation. The whole animus in the series of Washington dispatches printed by the paper referred to was shown recently when side by side with the last of them was printed a dispatch from Chicago saying that the stationary engineers' union had pledged themselves to defeat Mr. Roosevelt, in the convention if possible, but if not at the polls. The hope of the publication printing these dispatches is that the republican politicians may be led to believe that the President has incurred the enmity of the labor organizations and that his nomination would mean defeat for the party.

Another story, appearing in the Washington dispatches of a democratic paper of prominence is to the effect that Secretary Hitchcock has been charged with corruption by the Mayor of Lawton, Oklahoma, and that the President is about to begin an investigation of his Secretary of the interior. The alleged corruption has been described in detail but may be summarized as follows: It is stated that Secretary Hitchcock, after receiving a sum of several hundred thousand dollars from the sale of lots and improvements in the towns of Lawton, Anadarko and Hobart, caused the same to be deposited in banks and trust companies in St. Louis, the directors and stockholders of which were friends of the Secretary, and that the Secretary had delayed the construction of public improvements in those towns to the extent of which it was intended that these funds should defray, in order that his friends might profit by the interest.

When seen by our correspondent Secretary Hitchcock stated emphatically that the funds referred to had been placed in the United States sub-treasury at St. Louis. The delay in constructing the desired and needed improvements was explained by the fact that in practically every instance honesty and good judgment necessitated the rejection of the bids accepted by the local authorities and in order that creditable and permanent public improvements might be had, the Secretary sent to the scene experts of the Geological Survey who are now engaged in making surveys and preparing specifications, such being evidently needed to prevent the erection of extensive water works in locations where no adequate water supply is obtainable, and similar serious blunders.

The irresponsible character of the allegations is still further shown by the fact that the alleged "charges" made to the President consisted merely by a petition, exciting the urgency of the desired public improvements, together with the fact that the necessary funds were in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior and urging the President to expedite the matter in so far as he might find it practicable. No charge of fraud was contained in the petition which the President promptly forwarded to Secretary Hitchcock without recommendation or request for further information.

Discouraging news comes from Oyster Bay with regard to the proposed financial legislation. So far from reaching an agreement likely to prove acceptable to the republican leaders of both houses, is the Senate sub-committee, that the President has abandoned all idea of urging upon Congress, in his message to the special session, the advisability of any form of financial enactment. The members of the sub-committee are still working, as individuals, however, but with little apparent prospect of reaching any agreement which will command unanimous support.

No authentic news has been received from Bogota regarding the Panama canal treaty since the report that it had been rejected, as drafted by the Colombian Senate. The Administration is still hopeful, however, that the Senate will reconsider its action as it has been known to do under similar circumstances on several previous occasions.

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By Trolley

Trolley rides have now become quite popular, and are enjoyed almost daily by lodges, clubs and family parties. The ride from Boston to Worcester, a distance of about 40 miles, and return, is one of the most delightful that we know of, the route being through a country abounding in beautiful scenery and dotted with places of historic interest.

Knowing that many of our readers are interested in this subject, the Graphic has made arrangements with the publisher of an attractive little book entitled "Boston-Worcester Trolley Air Line," giving a description of the points of interest along the line, very handsomely illustrated with half-tone cuts, time tables, distances between stations, fares, time consumed and much other information, for a limited number of copies, to be given to subscribers of this paper.

The book was compiled by R. H. Derrah, the originator and successful operator of the "Personally conducted trolley trips" scheme, and which have in the past been enjoyed by so many of our citizens.

Any subscriber can have one of these books by calling at this office, or one will be sent to the address of any subscriber on receipt of a 2-cent stamp. Persons not subscribers desiring a copy of the book can obtain one by presenting or sending the heading to this article to the GRAPHIC office. A 2-cent stamp, to pay postage, must accompany requests by mail.

LITERARY NOTES

Every housekeeper will enjoy the sparkling symposium, "How Many Trades Must a Housewife Learn?" in the September National Magazine. Every lover of good fiction will enjoy the six really fine stories. June Winston, Carrie Hunt Latta's new novel composed of ten short stories, begins in this number. It is a deliciously amusing and touching story of child character. Frank Wickizer's "Two in an Airship" is the wittiest and most original love story of a decade. Eva Hampton Frayer's "Our Garden of Eden" is a charming idyl of girlhood. The other story tellers are Kenneth Harris of Chicago, Sara Lindsay Coleman of North Carolina, and Louise J. Strong of Missouri. Charles Ferguson discusses "The Expansion of the Republic." Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in the first of a series of popular science papers under the general heading, "American Angurians," predicts milder Winters and dryer Summers for this continent, and gives his reasons. Dallas Lore Sharp's "Some Friendly Birds" is a nature study in his best vein. In "Some of People of the New South" Lewis E. McBrayne tells how the new cotton mills below Mason & Dixon's line are calling half a million mountain whites out of ignorance in isolation, and bringing them for the first time into touch with modern civilization. Joe Mitchell Chapple writes of a trip overland from Boston to the Black Hills and Bennett Chapple tells "The Story of the Ingersoll Dollar Watch." The pictures and poem of the number are many and fine; the departmental gossip of Affairs at Washington, the Stage and Books as I find them by Kate Sanborn, are timely, crisp and entertaining.



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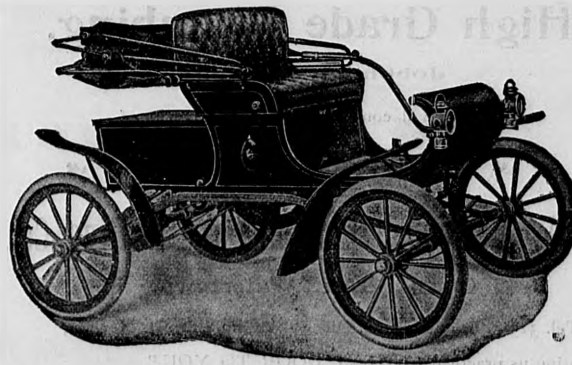
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DIFFERING VIEWS

About the New Rules for Charles River.

The Commissioners are Generally Upheld.

The recent action of the metropolitan park commission in promulgating rules and regulations for the public use of the Charles river reservation at Riverside comes as no surprise to those conversant with the conditions as they now are at this popular canoeing rendezvous.

Early in the season some of the people of the Newtons, who had observed what had been doing on at Riverside, talked of getting up a petition to the park commission asking for the trimming of the bushes along the banks in order to prevent their use as a shelter for canoeists who were using their craft improperly. Whether this petition was ever signed and presented or not is not known, but it is certain that some of the residents of the Newtons have presented the matter to the park board.

The public, as a general thing, will stand solidly back of the metropolitan park board's efforts to make the canoeing course of the upper Charles more orderly and more decent. The canoeists, at the outset, are indignant; but this is due more to misapprehension than to anything else. Those who indulge in the sport with propriety and with a due regard for their own safety and for the rights of others have little to fear from the new rules and regulations. These have been adopted after several seasons of careful supervision of the conditions at Riverside, and to a fair and impartial mind it is tolerably evident that they make for safety, order, decency and cleanliness in a public reservation which is weekly the resort of thousands of pleasure-seekers.—Practical Politics.

The recent action on the part of the Metropolitan Park police with regard to canoeists is calling down upon the heads of the park commission a perfect whirlwind of protests and objections. According to the papers of this morning legislative assistance has been promised the indignant wielders of the paddle, in the way of substantial curbs to the power and authority of the Metropolitan Park commission. We hope to be allied always with the interests of law and order, and we believe in hearty co-operation with the park and other commission which has in view the elimination of rowdiness on the river or elsewhere. As far as we can ascertain, however, this rowdy element has never been less in evidence than in the present season, and it is no wonder a storm of indignation is aroused when such vigorous steps are taken as to deprive the Charles river canoeists of all the pleasure and comfort to be found upon its placid waters.

Rules and regulations are all very well so long as they tend to remove from the river and its banks all obnoxious features, and individuals, when, however, so liberal an interpretation is permitted to the officers that they are allowed to insult ladies and gentlemen on the river, it is time legislation of some other point was put on the curb.—Watertown Tribune-Enterprise.

In spite of the efforts of the park police the worst cases on the river are not those that are taken into custody. The News does not believe in prying into deserted and secreted nooks for cooling couples but to patrol the river and put a stop to all rowdy actions. A disgraceful incident that occurred Wednesday when a colored man and a white woman, neither entirely sober, were seen rocking and splashing their canoe in broad river. The eye witnesses were so surprised by such actions that it was no wonder they asked the writer where the police were. On the other hand the News can easily see where the police could be busy at some other point when the pair were seen by them they might be acting all right. It is such things as this, however, that should be stopped on the river.—Watertown News.

The canoeing agitation, while amusing in some of its aspects, comes pretty near being what the late A. Ward used to call an "assoo." Of course it is a disgraceful incident which is more or less governed by the proprieties of society and in society notions of what constitutes propriety and impropriety are sure to differ. Every one knows what constitutes "propriety" even in a general sense and all who intend to be considered "above board" will endeavor not to lend themselves to any flagrant violation of it. But there are those so ultra conservative and conventional as to answer to the characterization straight laced or Puritanical. In the early days of the commonwealth boys and girls were hired to watch sheep on the hillsides at Rowley and in other parts of the state, and the solemn great and general court undertook to prevent their watching each other at the same time. But young people of every generation are very much alike and romances grew thick and fast, despite the prohibition. We hardly think that there is any call for special supervision of such canoeists as would naturally observe the proprieties of life when off the water, although it must be conceded that at the beaches or on the river, on a moonlight night, or even on a languorous summer afternoon there is a romantic atmosphere which is likely to make young people especially such as are in love with each other, or think they are, a little careless of surroundings, and liable to assume attitudes of ease which more fustian people would be very apt to criticize, while they themselves would not be conscious of committing any impropriety. Perhaps even a park policeman, having received instructions to keep a weather eye out for "spooney" couples, may naturally be expected to be sometimes

a little over vigilant even to the extent of absurdity. We have an idea that the whole matter, as at present discussed will be only a nine days wonder and will adjust itself.—Watertown News.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Boston Theatre—One of the refreshing features of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the popular New England play, which comes to the Boston Theatre every September as regularly as fall approaches, and will be seen there for three weeks, commencing September 28, is the fact that the same principals remain in the cast who originated their roles three seasons ago. The management has kindly refrained from following the theatrical custom of introducing a play with a strong cast the first season and depending upon the reputation of its first seasons to carry it along with an inferior cast in successive seasons. All those in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" who established themselves as great favorites the first time it was seen here, the season before last, will appear in the same characters of the play this season. The management has found that a great many theatre-goers attend a performance of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" one or more times during each visit to Boston and they seem to prefer to find the original players in the roles they have successfully created. The continued popularity of this best of country plays is such that the management have not found it necessary to resort to alleged stellar casts or a hysterical introduction of livestock in order to attract attention. The play remains exactly the same, but has entire new scenic equipment. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" visited some of the principal cities of Vermont last week and everywhere attracted unprecedentedly large attendances. The fame of the play had preceded it to such an extent that tickets were bought up within a very short time from the hour they were placed on sale. Theatre managers say that they have never witnessed anything like the enthusiasm which their patrons are manifesting over seeing this great rural drama.

Majestic Theatre—All good things must have an ending, and, although there might be strong desires upon the part of the patrons of the beautiful Majestic Theatre to have Fred E. Wright's production of the late Arthur Sidman's charming pastoral play, "York State Folks," continued indefinitely, it will be necessary to end the engagement at the time announced on Saturday night, September 5. No play that has been presented in Boston in recent years has ever won its way into the affections of the theatregoing public as has this one, and it is a matter of regret to the management that the play could not continue for a long run, but the season for "York State Folks" has been booked up solid, and existing contracts must be filled. Then, too, the Majestic has a line of other attractions booked to follow and on Labor Day a new attraction will be presented. The history of the success of "York State Folks" at the Majestic Theatre is without a parallel in the annals of Boston theatrical affairs. It was originally booked to come to the Majestic for two weeks last season, but the play made such a decided hit, that the engagement was extended from time to time until it had run well into July and had drawn enormous audiences during the hottest weather of the summer. No other attraction of a dramatic nature has ever held such a record, and it is a strong tribute to the ability of the players, the completeness of the production, and the value of the play as a dramatic entertainment, which permitted such an enviable record. The delightful comedy of Mr. Ray L. Rice as uncle Myron, the capable acting of Mr. James Lackaye as Simon Peter, the bewitching daintiness of Mrs. Sidman, the quaint drollery of Ernest Lamson and the general excellence of the other players which Mr. Wright provided for the production, make a combination that is always enjoyed by an audience, and those who have not yet witnessed this greatest of all rural plays, should embrace the opportunity afforded by the farewell performances. William A. Brady's magnificent production of the latest musical comedy, "Girls Will Be Girls," with Al Leach and host of other favorites, will follow "York State Folks," beginning a limited engagement on Labor Day.

Boston Theatre—Book plays are a great boon to the players. They may read a book when they see it announced as dramatized, and are thus enabled to select a part which they believe is suited to them. Or, on the other hand, they may discover that there is no character in the proposed book dramatization which they would care to play. The book play is very helpful to the manager in deciding upon the probable success of his production, for the reading of the novel will give him a much better insight as to just how it will look in stage form. Then he has an excellent guide in the book as to the selection of his cast. With the players familiar with a play through reading the book it is dramatized from, and the manager mentally casting his play is apt to be better cast than would be the case in an original manuscript play. An unusually large number of book plays are to be seen on the stage this season, and managers report that they have anywhere from 25 to 50 applicants for every to choose from. Manager J. J. Rosenthal who is directing the starring tour of Kathryn Osterman in "Miss Petticoats," George T. Richardson's dramatization of Dwight Tilton's novel of the same name, says he has had as high as 60 applicants for some of the characters in this play. "Miss Petticoats" will have its production in Boston where the book was written and published, the engagement being at the Boston Theatre, commencing September 14. Miss Osterman became interested in "Miss Petticoats" from reading the novel last season while playing in the West, and she grew so enthusiastic over the possibilities of making a star part out of the heroine of the novel that she wrote to the publishers regarding the dramatic rights. Other popular novels that have been dramatized for production this season are: "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,"



A SCENE IN "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN" AT THE TREMONT THEATRE.

in which Bertha Galland will star; "The Pit" in which Wilton Lackaye will appear; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in which Mrs. Madge Carr Cook will appear; "The Spenders," in which William H. Crane will star; "Hearts Courageous," and "Lady Rose's Daughter."

Boston MusicHall—One of the most notable successes at the Boston Music Hall last season was Wilson Barrett's great historical drama, "The Sign of the Cross," which will begin a two weeks engagement at that theatre, on Monday afternoon of next week. This wonderful play was first brought to this country six years ago by William Greet, by arrangement with Mr. Barrett, when it won instant favor and attracted enormous audiences in every city in which it was played. Last season the American rights to the piece were secured by Fred G. Berger, formerly manager of the late Sol Smith Russell, and his business associate, R. G. Craerlin, and a splendid production was made of the piece, which is still well remembered by those who witnessed it during its presentation at Music Hall. A number of the English artists who were brought to this country by Mr. Greet are still retained by Mr. Berger, and this season, he believes, he has the best cast that has ever been seen in the play. George Flood who won recognition last season by his clever work in the character of Marcus Superbus, is still playing that role. Mr. Flood established himself as a favorite with the Music Hall audiences last year and he will be assured of a hearty welcome when he makes his reappearance at that theatre next week. Other members of the company include Dudley Farnsworth, Elyn Eaton, William H. Ferris, Fred Clifton, John Davis, Harry Child, Manuel Alexander, M. D. Lents, Earl Reynolds, George Dudley, Wade L. Morton, Edward Mann, Beatie Toner, Margaret Barrett, Minnie Fielding, Mary Denning, Katherine Cary, Helen Leslie, Florence Maynard, Natalie Dunn, May Radcliffe, Arline Fort and Rose Tapley. A complete new set of scenery has been painted this season, and the play will be newly continued. Daily matinees will be given.

Hub Theatre—A vivid picture of life in the gold fields is seen in the first act of "The Game of Life," a thrilling melodrama by the eminent English playwright, W. Howell Poole. The rough life of the diggers are portrayed here, with quick, realistic dramatic action, calculated to excite interest in even the most indifferent playgoer. The second act shows an elaborate stage setting, representing a narrow mountain road, where occurs a thrilling "hold-up" of an overland stage-coach by Mexican bandits. The third act is set in picturesque surroundings of a country seat in England, with beautiful lawns, hedges and wooded hills stretching out in every direction, studded here there

with quaint old-fashioned farm and houses. In the fourth act is shown an exact reproduction of Waterloo Bridge, over the Thames River, by night, with Westminster Abbey and the great city of London beautifully illuminated in the background. It will be seen that the scope of scenic representations embraced a wide range—from the wilds of Colorado to the English metropolis, and through it all runs a romantic story of love and exciting adventure. "The Game of Life" comes to the Hub Theatre, at the corner of Washington and Dove streets, next Monday afternoon for a week's engagement, with daily matinees.

Tremont Theatre.

A hearty welcome is sure to greet the return, next Monday evening, of "Prince of Pilsen" to the Tremont Theatre, where Pixley and Luders' merry musical comedy last season broke all summer theatrical records in Boston with a continuous run of eighteen weeks. Manager Henry W. Kane, who created the character of Hans Wagner, and who is unapproachably funny, returns in the familiar role, and Ivar Anderson comes back to reappear as Tom Wagner, the young naval officer. Dainty Jeannette Bageard will resume the role of Sidonie, and Zella Frank will once more appear as the slangy bell-boy. Miss "Polly" Guzman, a Boston girl, who possesses a voice of remarkable dramatic quality, and is an actress of marked ability, will be seen and heard in the character of the flirtatious widow, Mrs. Crocker, and the "distasteful" side of the cast also includes Helena Fredericks as Edith Adams and Laura Denis as Nellie Wagner. The real Prince of Pilsen is this season played by Hobart Smock, a nephew of the late Vice President Hobart, a graduate of Rutgers and a member of the Delta Phi. For years his voice was the delight of diplomatic circles at Washington, and he recently was singing in New York. Victor Morley, a clever English comedian, plays Lord Somerset, and Joseph Donner, long connected with the Henderson extravaganzas as character comedian, enacts the part of the excitable French headwaiter. The engagement of "Prince of Pilsen" at the Tremont is for three weeks only, and on September 21, Mr. Savage will produce at that theatre a new musical comedy entitled "The Yankee Consul," the principal roles in which will be played by Raymond Hitchcock, of "King Dodo" fame, and Flora Zabelle.

NORUMBEGA PARK.

There have been a great many exaggerated reports regarding happenings on the Charles River in relation to canoeing, and now that the hysterical excitement over the honest efforts of the police to make the unwelcome hoodlum element maintain a proper decorum has somewhat subsided the

REMOVAL.

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closed.Notices of all local entertainments
to which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line
in the reading matter, or \$1.00 per line in
the advertising columns.

The decision of Judge Luce of Wal-
tham in the so-called "Kissing"
case, will be heartily approved by
everyone interested in freeing the
Charles river from objectionable per-
sons and actions. The remarks of
the judge are a warning to the hood-
lum element and will no doubt be
echoed by the Newton Court, if simi-
lar cases come within its jurisdiction
in the future.

Efforts are to be made by the city
authorities to interest abutments on
streets having grass borders, to keep
the same in as good condition as the
adjoining lawns. The Graphic men-
tioned this matter a few weeks hence
and now it is to be vigorously pushed
by the city.

Police Paragraphs.

In the Waltham police court last
Monday morning, Matthew A. Peter-
son of Dorchester, and Miss Flora
Smith of Brooklyn, N. Y., were
charged with "an obscene and in-
decent act" in a canoe on the Charles
river on Aug. 15, contrary to the
rules of the metropolitan park com-
missioners. Through counsel, the
defendants pleaded nolo contendere.
Peterson was fined \$20, the heaviest
penalty provided, while the case
against Miss Smith was placed on
file.

In passing sentence Judge Luce
said:
"The defendants, Peterson and
Smith, have pleaded nolo contendere,
and I have accepted that plea. The
rules and regulations made by the
park commissioners provide that any
person performing an indecent act up
on the waters of the Charles river
shall be punished by a fine not ex-
ceeding \$20. The rules, in my opin-
ion, are just, and the commissioners
should be entitled to the gratitude of
all just and right-minded people. Can-
oeing is a delightful pastime, and
especially on the Charles river, and
this river should be made so pure and
clean that a man should be able to
take his wife and children for a ride
in a boat or canoe without seeing ob-
jectionable things. The people should
stand by the commissioners in their
efforts to make the river as clean as
possible, and approve of their actions
in this respect."

Sometime during Friday afternoon
the Newton Centre Golf Club house
was entered and a valuable gold
hunting case watch, the property of
Mr. J. D. Greene was taken from one
of the lockers. The police believe
the break to be the work of boys.

Jerome A. Wright aged 22, a former
resident of Newton Highlands, was
arrested by the police of Westfield,
Mass., on Friday and turned over to
the Newton police who held a warrant
for his arrest. Wright while in the
employ of Curtis & Harris express
company last April stole \$25. The
case was reported to the police but
Wright was not to be found. In court
Saturday morning Wright was sen-
tenced to the Concord Reformatory.

Complaints in large numbers have
reached the police of late from the
owners of the big estates in and about
Chestnut Hill that their trees and
vines were being stripped of their
fruit, particularly on Sundays. The
offenders for the most part come out
to this city on the street cars.
Last Sunday Chief Tarbox with a
squad of six men in plain clothes cir-
culated through the streets leading to
the estates, and after a tedious wait,
apprehended three offenders, John
Solier, aged 23, of Eliot street, Boston,
an Italian with an unpronounceable
name, and a 13-year-old boy. In court
Monday morning the boy arrested
was discharged, while Solier and his
companion paid a fine of \$5 each.

The Waltz of the Ostrich.
The dance of the ostrich is one of
those peculiar native customs which
certain fowls develop, without any ap-
parent incentive except it may be the
law of heredity. It usually occurs at
early morning. The young, strong
birds are let out of their inclosure, and
is said to be entirely due to awk-
wardness and uncertainty. This leads
them to advance and turn in a dervish-
like whirl which is very quaint and fan-
tastic, as they float about assisting their
motions by their outspread wings.

They circle and reverse almost as a
waltzer would, and when a large num-
ber of these strange birds go through
their dancing antics it is almost im-
possible to believe that they have not
been taught the accomplishment by a
dancing master. Their waltz often
ends in disaster, as they break each
other's legs, which is certain death, or
become dizzy and fall down in a de-
moralized heap. The kick of an ostrich
has been known to destroy life.

Dickens as Justice Stareleigh.

One memory of Dickens is indelibly
impressed on my mind. I can recall
the whole scene as if it had happened
yesterday. I cannot have been more
than six or seven years old when my
father and mother took me to one of
his readings at 1 think, St. James'
hall. First he read the death of Paul
Dombey, which left me in floods of
tears, and next came the trial scene
from "Pickwick." I shall never for-
get my amazement when he assumed
the character of Mr. Justice Stare-
leigh. The face and figure that I knew,
that I had seen on the stage a moment
before, seemed to vanish as if by
magic, and there appeared instead a
fat, pompous, puffy little man, with a
plump, imbecile face, from which every
vestige of good temper and cheerfulness
—everything, in fact, except an ex-
pression of self sufficient stupidity—
had been removed. The upper lip had
become long and the corners of the
mouth drooped, the nose was short and
podgy, all the angles of the chin had
gone, the chin itself had receded into
the throat, and the eyes, lately so hu-
morous and human, had become as ma-
licious and obstinate as those of a pig.
—R. C. Lehman in Chambers' Journal.

His Idea of Prayer.

Harold, the five-year-old son of a
Presbyterian minister, was being pre-
pared for bed. He had spent a very
active day at conating and was weary
and very sleepy.
"Now, Harold, kneel down by main-
ma and say your little prayer."
"But, mamma"—half asleep, with his
head on her shoulder.
"Be mamma's good boy, now," coax-
ingly. "Thank God for all his goodness
to you."

But Harold was asleep.
His mamma gently aroused him.
"Harold, don't be naughty. Be a good
boy, now, and thank Jesus for the nice
home you have, the warm clothing and
fire to keep you warm, and a mamma
and papa to love you. Think of the
poor little boys who are hungry and
cold tonight, no mamma to love them,
no warm bed to go to, and—"
"But, mamma," interrupted the
sleepy boy, roused to a protest, "I
think them the fellows that ort to do
the prayin'!"—Lippincott's.

Fashion Models.

Fashion models who pose for a pho-
tographer are not to be confused for a
moment with those other models who
pose for artists. The camera and the
brush are far different mediums. One
can hide or forget blemishes, but the
other tells the truth, the whole truth
and nothing but the truth, says the
Baltimore Herald. An artist can add a
few inches to a model's height or
change the curve of her shoulders or
her nose or give her pearly teeth in-
stead of irregular, discolored ones, or
make any other improvement he de-
sires; but the photographer can but
press the bulb of his lens. Retouching
is unavailing if the model has assumed
a gawky, ungraceful pose. Not all the
king's horses and all the king's men
can make a camera transform an awk-
ward woman into a beauty.

A Poor Press Agent.

Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular
as a lecturer, and the way in which his
mother viewed the suggestion that her
son should take to the platform is
worth repetition. She wrote to him
from the native village which she had
never left for more than a day to say
that she did not think appearing before
audiences to be reputable business, and
when he replied that he had decided to
do it and had signed a contract to that
effect the dear old lady wrote back
that she was "still" his loving mother
and that she would tell no one in the
village about it.

Barbarossa's Enchanted Sleep.

The Germans have a legend that
Frederick Barbarossa is not dead, but
in an enchanted sleep in a cavern in
the Harz mountains. His long red
beard is believed to have grown during
this long enchantment until it covers
the table at which he sits and descends
to the floor. He has been there for cen-
turies and must remain for centuries
still, but he will finally be freed, so
the legends say, and lead his knights
to a glorious victory.

Ratulation of the Country.

"More'n thirty year sense, I heared a
preacher say one time how eddication
an' run an' money was bound to be the
ratulation of the country, an' set fire ef
it ain't poaty nigh come true a'ready.
You take it betwix these here rich
college fellers an' them dolt blowed
syndicates there, an' I want to know
what show they is for pore men same's
me and you?"—From "Overhauling the
Politicians" in Century.

He Was.

"Say, paw, was you ever the cynosure
of all eyes?"
"Yes; the other day when I went
runnin' down the middle of the street
after my hat I'll bet there wasn't a
man, woman or child in town who
wasn't there looking at me."—Chicago
Record-Herald.

Would Not Be Noticed.

Applicant—Yes, madam. I wish to se-
cure board, but I must inform you that
I am a vegetarian, madam.
Mrs. Shindlet—Oh, that will be all
right. You will not be expected to eat
the meat. None of the others ever do.

A Wife's Economics.

Husband—Are you aware, my dear,
that it takes three-fourths of my salary
to meet your dressmaker's bills?
Wife—Goodness gracious! What do
you do with the rest of your money?
—San Francisco Wasp.

He Read It.

Poet—Has the editor read the poem I
left here yesterday?
Office Boy—I think so, sir. He's away
ill today.

Lasell Seminary.

Lasell Seminary opens its fifty-
third year on September 24th. New
pupils are expected to classify at 9
o'clock on September 23d. Day pupils
are received and not over worked.
The quality of the personnel both of
teachers and mates is justly consid-
ered of serious importance by careful
parents.

Day scholars have all the privileges
of boarders such as free gymna-
sium, swimming-pool, military drill,
nerve-training, sewing, dress-cutting,
bookkeeping, etc.

The new organ with Mr. Henry
M. Dunham, as teacher ought to at-
tract some Newton pupils.

Intending pupils may address for
catalogue or other information.
C. C. Bragdon, Principal.

REAL ESTATE

John T. Burns has sold and rented
the following houses:

Sold for Mrs. Louis K. Wood, 2
Melville Terrace, 12 room house,
5000 square feet land to Mr. William
Wilson, Watertown.

Sold for Mr. C. E. Reilly Bellevue
street, 10 room house 10000 square
feet land to Susan K. Lovering of
Cambridge.

Sold for Mr. V. F. Bacon Cottage of
6 rooms 5000 feet land to Mr.
Stephen McElroy of Newton.

Fuller flat, Fayette street to Mr.
Hamilton.

Purdy house Newtonville, to Mr.
Melvin Watertown.

Clapp house Brook street to Mr.
Shea of Newton.

Bridges house Clarendon avenue to
Mr. Cox of Newtonville.

A. T. Stearns house Washington
street to Mr. Chas. Benyon of New-
ton.

Mr. Colby house West Newton to
Mr. Leonard of Newton.

Miss M. A. Gavin house Capital
street, to Mr. Gillis.

Mr. A. H. Waite house to Mr. Webb
Newtonville.

House 11 Avon Place to Mr. Walker
Newton.

House 11 Emerson street, to Mr.
Pefe, Watertown.

Leased Mr. Ed. Burnham house
Park street to Mr. John Benyon
Charlesbank Road.

Leased house No. 27 Park street to
Mr. Wellington Howes of Newton.

House 52 Capitol street to Mr. Da-
vies of Boston.

House No. 14 Williams street to Mr.
Eaton of Brighton.

House 652 Washington street, to Mr.
Ramsdell of Boston.

MARRIED.

BROWN-RICHARDSON—Aug. 22d,
1903, by the Rev. G. W. Shinn, D.
D.; Mr. James Brown and Miss
Ellen Richardson.

RUDDICK-THOMAS—At Newton.
Aug. 26, by Rev. George G. Phipps,
Frederick M. Ruddick and Alberta
L. Thomas, both of Newton.

DIED.

GAY—At Newton, Aug. 22, Nettie A.
widow of Levi B. Gay, aged 65
years, 9 months, 25 days.

SCHWORE—At Oak Hill, Aug. 24,
Margaret, widow of John M.
Schwore, aged 86 years, 11 days.

G. W. MILLS,
Funeral Director.

(15 Years Experience.)
Office & Warerooms 813 Washington St. Newtonville
Open day and night. Lady assist. when desired.
Telephone 445-5, 176-5 Newton.

Established in 1846 by Franklin Smith
A. L. EASTMAN,
Furnishing Undertaker,

261 Tremont St., Cor. Seaver Pl., Boston.
Telephone 660 Oxford. Open Day and Night

J. S. Waterman & Sons,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS.
232d and 232d Washington Street.
Adjoining Dudley Street Terminal.
Personal attention given to every detail.
Chapel and other special rooms connected
with establishment. Competent persons in
attendance day and night.
Telephones, Roxbury 52 and 73.

GEO. H. GREGG & SON,
Undertakers
Established 1865
ALL THE NEWTONS
Telephone Newton, 61-2-3-4.

BEETHOVEN Male Quartette
Of Newton.

Concerts, Funerals, Etc.
Tel. West Newton 261-8
Newton Highlands, 253-3.

A medium-priced, strictly nice
family hotel; American plan;
At table, rooms with board.

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St., cars pass for everywhere.

Now is the time to engage for the
winter season. Open all the
year. No bar.

HOUSEHOLD CLEANLINESS.



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ENGLEWOOD COURT

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FINEST APARTMENT HOUSE IN BROOKLINE.

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The New England Conservatory of Music

(Fifty-first Year.)

OPENS SEPTEMBER 17th.

Students are received at any time during the School year for special work
in any department or for full graduating courses. Lessons are given strictly
private or in small classes, according to the wish or needs of the pupil.

The faculty consists of the foremost artists and educators of the present day.
The facilities for study for rapid and thorough advancement are not to be found
elsewhere, either at home or abroad.

The departments of OPERA and ORCHESTRA furnish abundant and extra-
ordinary opportunity for the public performance of advanced students. The fre-
quent Conservatory concerts, recitals, lectures, etc., alone provide a liberal edu-
cation which is free to all students.

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splendid new building and its superior equipment.

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Rustic Theatre

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lardo, Smiri & Kessler.

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For Rifle Practice.

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Finest Canoe Service on the Charles

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Street, Boston; Mr. H. O. Barrett (Herman
Dow Co.) Causeway Street, Boston; and
many others.

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covers every
expense.

No. 9. Sept. 5, 4 days... \$17.50
Ausable Chaam,
Lake George, Eto

No. 10. Sept. 5, 5 days... Dixville Notch,
Rangeley Lakes.

No. 11. Sept. 7, 8 days... And Picturesque Maine.
The Grandest Tour in New England.

No. 12. Sept. 7, 7 days... Quebec, Eto.

No. 13. Sept. 7, 7 days... Saguenay River.
Many other tours in Sept. and Oct.

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school year September 21st.
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Manufacturer, 80 Long Wharf, foot State St.,
Boston. Drop a Postal Card. Tel. Connection

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SOAP.

The Best. Unequalled.
Cleans and Polishes
Copper
Brass
Tin
all kinds of
Paint

For removing Tar, Pitch, Varnish, Asle
Grease, Paint, Blacking and all kinds of
filth from the hands it is unequalled,
leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

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FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.
Chas. F. Bates & Co., Boston, Prop'rs.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in
a certain mortgage deed given by Helen
Small to Sarah L. Parker, dated January 8,
1903, and recorded with Middlesex (South
District) Deeds, book 3014, page 183 and as-
signed to John L. Wakefield by assignment
dated July 30, 1903, and duly recorded, will be
sold at Public Auction on the premises first
hereinafter described, for breach of the con-
dition of said mortgage, and for the purpose
of foreclosing the same, on Tuesday, Sep-
tember 15, 1903, at 3 o'clock P. M., all and sin-
gular the premises conveyed by said mort-
gage deed, and therein described substan-
tially as follows:

A certain parcel of land, with the build-
ings thereon, situated in that part of said
Newton called Waban, being Lot marked "A"
on plan entitled "Plan of Land in New-
ton, October 28, 1902, E. G. Mann, Civil En-
gineer and Surveyor," to be hereafter re-
corded, and bounded and described as fol-
lows: Beginning at a stone bound on the
Westerly side of Crofton Road, at the most
easterly corner of the running eighty-two
and four hundred twenty-two and 37-100
(222.37) feet to a stone bound; thence still
Westerly on land now or late of Alice A.
Gould, one hundred twenty-two and 37-100
feet to a stone bound; then turning and run-
ning Southwesterly by said land now or late
of Gould, seventy-two and 38-100 feet to
other land now or late of said Gould; then
turning and running Northwesterly by said
last mentioned land, one hundred eighty-two
and 85-100 (182.85) feet, to land now or late
of Russell Marston; then turning and running
Northwesterly by said land now or late of
Marston, one hundred twenty-two and 37-100
feet to a stone bound; then turning and run-
ning Southwesterly by said land now or late
of Gould, seventy-two and 38-100 feet to
other land now or late of said Gould; then
turning and running Northwesterly by said
last mentioned land, one hundred eighty-two
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Marston, one hundred twenty-two and 37-100
feet to a stone bound; then turning and run-
ning Southwesterly by said land now

Newtonville.

—Dr. W. O. Hunt, during July and August will be in Newtonville Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, other days at North Falmouth.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Bean are spending their vacation in Natick.

—Miss Florence Hall has resigned her position as bookkeeper at Bates.

—Mr. Hiram Forbes is enjoying a two weeks vacation at Portland, Me.

—Mr. E. D. Hill of Austin street is spending a few weeks at Friendship, Me.

—Miss Marcia Batchelder the postmistress is enjoying her annual vacation.

—Higgins & Nickerson are erecting a house on Walker street for Mrs. Wadleigh.

—Mrs. J. Howard Brown and family of Brooks avenue have moved to New York.

—The Misses Sibley of Otis street have returned from a vacation outing in Maine.

—Mr. George P. Hall and family of Brooks avenue are at Annisquam, for a few weeks.

—Mr. E. C. Dunbar of Kirkstall Road is enjoying a few weeks vacation in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles French of Otis street are enjoying a few weeks stay at Groton.

—Mr. R. Peabody and family of Crafts street are back from a short stay on the Cape.

—Miss Grace Bowman of Austin street is enjoying a month's stay at Halifax, N. S.

—Mr. Clarence Clapp of Chealey Place is on a business trip to New York, this week.

—Miss A. B. Frost of Eddy street will spend the month of September, at Providence, R. I.

—Miss Agnes Slocum of Walnut street has returned from a visit to New Hampshire.

—Mrs. Charles Curtis of Otis street has returned from a brief sojourn in New Hampshire.

—Mr. H. N. Milliken and family of Russell Court have returned from a visit to Digby, Me.

—The Misses Wakefield of Austin street have returned from a visit at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

—Mrs. Charles W. Beals of Lowell avenue has returned from a short outing at Provincetown.

—Mr. Bernard Ellis of Lowell avenue is making a trip through Baltimore and Washington.

—Mr. John Payne of Bowers street is spending the week with his family at Heron Island, Me.

—Mr. Fred Russell and family of California street are visiting friends in Quincy, this week.

—Mr. Fisher and family of Walker street have returned from a short outing in New Hampshire.

—Mr. William Bosson of Mt. Vernon street has returned from a month's stay at Bear Island, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Chase of Austin street are visiting friends in Vermont, for a few weeks.

—Mr. J. B. Newell and family of Walker street are spending a few weeks at Beachmont, Me.

—Mr. Bartlett and family of Madison avenue are back from a sojourn at North Sutton, N. H.

—Miss Elsie Clapp of Chealey avenue leaves tomorrow for a two weeks visit with relatives in Greater New York and Brooklyn.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 313 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls at Rhodes' Drug store. Tel. N. H. 237-3.

—Lieut. E. C. Waterhouse of Hose 4 attended the league muster held at Salem by the Veteran Firemen's association last Thursday.

—Dr. Baker will be at his office on Monday and Tuesday, August 31st, and September 1st. He will be in Falmouth the balance of the week.

—Miss Lillie Murphy has resigned her position as telegraph operator in order to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of her sister, Miss Catherine Murphy, the operator at Newton. Miss Katherine Whalen of Natick will be the new operator at Newtonville. Miss Whalen is not a stranger to Newtonville people although she lives in Natick for she has been substitute operator for some time.

—Miss Mabel Winifred Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Perkins Hall of Brooks avenue, was married last week Thursday, to George Loftus Noyes, the artist, at Stone Ridge Gloucester, the summer residence of Mrs. Henry Soule, a sister of the bride, in the presence of a large number of friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Bobbin. Following the ceremony an informal reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Noyes left on an evening train for a short wedding trip, after which they will proceed to California, where the groom is professor of painting in Stanford University.

—Mr. Gleason has placed on exhibition in his show window a beautiful painting of the old Jackson mansion on Washington street. The painting is all the more wonderful being as it is the work of a Newtonville young man Mr. Harry L. Stoddard who lives with his parents Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard. Young Stoddard has shown a wonderful amount of skill and talent in picture work of all kinds and is now trying to earn enough money to pay his way through some Art School. He made the sign for George Mills which is in his window. This sign is a beautiful example of the art of pyrography and displays a wealth of talent and genius in the designer. Apart from its beauty it attracts attention on account of its uniqueness both of workmanship and design.

Newtonville.

—Mr. Frank Frost has returned from a two weeks stay in Nova Scotia.

—Miss Agnes Savage of Brooks avenue is spending her vacation with friends in Maine.

—Mr. Albert Hooper and family of Austin street are enjoying a few weeks outing in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Atwood of Austin street are spending the week with friends on the Cape.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Patterson of Parsons street have returned from a stay at North Edgcomb, Me.

—Mr. James Otis Watson of Edinboro street has returned from a vacation trip to New Hampshire.

—Mr. Burnham and family of Parsons street have returned from a brief sojourn in New Hampshire.

—Mrs. Herbert Rogers and her daughter of Edinboro street are enjoying a sojourn at Arnisquam.

—Mr. William Scott of Austin street has returned from a two weeks stay in the maritime Provinces.

—Miss Helen Pierce of Walker street is spending the summer with her two sisters at Annisquam.

—Mr. Robert Woodman of Bowers street returned today from a month's stay at North Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. W. H. Rogers of Edinboro street is spending his vacation in the mountain near Franconia, N. H.

—Mr. Higgins of Brooks avenue attended the Old Home week celebration held at Dover, N. H., last week.

—Mrs. James Bond and daughter of Kirkstall Road are spending a few weeks with friends in the South.

—Mr. George L. Clark has sold his place on Otis street and will move next week to his farm in Weston.

—Daniels & Howlett Co. Morse Building, make a specialty of finishing and care of hard wood floors.

—Mr. Charles Lynds of Edinboro street has returned from Templeton, Mass., where he spent his vacation.

—Mr. H. Iveson Nutt of New York is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nutt of Highland Place.

—Mr. A. O. Clark and family of Lathrop street have returned from a month's outing at East Tilton, N. H.

—Mr. Frank Anderson of Brooks avenue has returned from the White Mountains where he spent his vacation.

—Captain Hazel Nutt of the 14th regiment New York is visiting his brother, Mr. J. H. Nutt, of Highland Place.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Knight of Edinboro street are enjoying a few weeks at their cottage at Craigville, Mass.

—St. John's church will be opened the first Sunday in September. The Rev. Richard T. Loring, will preach.

—Mr. S. P. Putnam of Washington street attended the Old Home week celebration held at Nashua, N. H., last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bedlow of Brooks avenue have moved to Boston. Miss Bedlow is studying music in Berlin, Germany.

—Miss Mamie Waterhouse of Eddy street left this week for Hopdale, Mass where she will spend the month of September.

—Miss A. B. Frost, clerk at Taintor's have returned from Skowhegan, Me., where she has been spending her annual vacation.

—Mr. Morse and family of Jamaica Plain, has moved into the house No. 195 Lowell avenue. Mr. Morse is a detective in the United States Detective Bureau.

—Miss Ada Welles of Otis street who is a guest at the Grand Hotel, at Mt. Vernon, N. H., won first prize at a whist party held there one evening last week.

—Mr. F. E. Davis first sergeant of Company K, first heavy artillery left Saturday for Portland, where he is to participate in the army and navy maneuvers.

—Mr. John F. Rourke the promising young pianist of Newtonville, played last week before a very critical and enthusiastic audience at the Manhattan Club New York. Mr. Rourke is a player of exceptional ability.

—Monday afternoon a large team loaded with potatoes while passing Paynes' drug store suddenly swung round so that the shaft struck the large plate glass window smashing it to pieces, and causing much damage to the goods on exhibition in the window. The horses although greatly frightened did not attempt to run away and thus escaped injury from the broken glass. The window was replaced by the insurance company on Wednesday.

West Newton.

—Miss Olive Leighton is back from a visit with friends on Cape Cod.

—Mr. E. C. Wilson of Prince street is enjoying a summer outing in Maine.

—Mrs. George P. Howlett of Prince street is spending a few weeks at Beach Bluff.

—Mr. Frank Linnell of Auburn street is spending a few weeks vacation at Orleans, Mass.

—Miss Alice Burrage of Prince street has returned from an outing at Rindge, N. H.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred M. Lowe returned from England last Friday, on the Devonian.

—The work of enlarging and repainting the Baptist church is progressing rapidly.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall paper at reasonable prices.

West Newton.

—Police officer R. B. Conroy of Washington street is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mrs. John T. Prince of Temple street is spending a few weeks at Mount Washington.

—Rev. L. J. O'Toole returned last week Thursday, on the Saxonia, from his trip to Ireland.

—Miss Mabel Jones of Chestnut street is spending the week with relatives in New York.

—Mr. E. C. Griffin and family of Temple street have returned from an outing at Boothbay, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Martell of Webster street are back after a summer's sojourn at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

—Mrs. F. E. Fuller, Mrs. B. F. Houghton and Miss Mabel Bixby have returned from a month's stay at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

—Mr. George L. Clark and family of Otis street are moving this week to Tower Hill, Weston, where they will make their home.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Felton of Chestnut street have returned from Allerton and are now spending a few weeks in the White Mountains.

—Dr. Baker will be at his office on Monday and Tuesday, August 31st, and September 1st. He will be in Falmouth the balance of the week.

—Mr. John T. Prince who is spending the summer at Mt. Washington, walked from the Ravine house over the Northern Peak, last Monday after noon.

—Mrs. Samuel Ritchie of Prospect street entertained a large number of her friends at a barn party last Friday evening. A hurdy gurdy furnished the music, during the evening refreshments were served.

—Dr. Austin Holden and family who have been living in the Allen house on Washington street have moved into the old Kenrick mansion on Waverly avenue, Newton.

—Mr. George H. Ingraham of Chestnut street returned this week from his summer home at Rindge, N. H. Mrs. Ingraham and family will return home tomorrow.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hatfield and Mrs. E. P. Whitely and family of Cherry street, who have been spending the summer in New Hampshire, arrived at Mount Washington Friday afternoon.

—On Wednesday evening the Newton Veteran Firemen's association will hold its regular monthly meeting at which they will make the final arrangements for attending the muster and playout which will be held at Waltham, on Labor Day.

—At the summer home of Mr. James Richard Carter at Jefferson Highlands, N. H., last Sunday evening Rev. T. F. Wright of Cambridge, gave an interesting address on "The Church of the New Jerusalem." What it is, and how it has appeared to a traveler. Mr. Wright is especially well prepared owing to his close observation of this sect while in Europe.

—Matthew McBride, aged 17, of this village daringly stopped a runaway horse on Elm street, last Friday evening, at the risk of his own life. The horse was driven by Thomas R. Stankard, and was hitched to an express wagon owned by P. H. Graves & Son of Waltham. The horse took fright and ran away on Washington street, and as it turned into Elm street, Stankard was thrown out and badly injured about the head and face. McBride saw the horse coming down the street, and sprang out, catching hold of the tailboard and swinging himself aboard the wagon. He crawled out on the shafts and freed the reins, which had become entangled in the harness, and brought the horse to a stop. Stankard was removed to his home, on Pond street, Waltham, in the police ambulance.

RUDDICK-THOMAS.

The marriage of Miss Alberta Louise Thomas, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Thomas of Pearl street, to Mr. Frederick Melver Ruddick of Harrison street, Eliot, took place last Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at the residence of the bride. Rev. George G. Phipps of Newton Highlands officiated, and the house was beautifully decorated with a profusion of roses, hydrangeas and golden glows.

The bride was gowned in white Swiss muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, with satin ribbon, over white tulle. She wore the customary tulle veil, which was ornamented with lilies of the valley. A corsage bouquet of bride's roses was worn with smilax falling to the foot of the dress.

She was attended by her sister, Mrs. S. Lee Hadley, of Indianapolis, as matron of honor, and who was dressed in light blue silk muslin over white tulle. She carried Mar chionell roses.

The double ring service was used and the ring bearer was Miss Mildred Hadley, a niece of the bride. She wore white Swiss muslin with pale blue ribbon. The ring basket was ornamented with smilax and sweet peas. Mr. Frank Thomas, brother of the bride was the best man, and Miss Lillian Ruddick, sister of the groom played the wedding march. Mr. L. D. G. Bentley and Master L. Burton Hadley were the ushers at the informal reception which followed the ceremony, the wedded couple being assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ruddick and Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruddick will be at home after September 15 at 445 Newtonville avenue, Newtonville.

City Hall Notes.

A special meeting of the aldermen will be held next week to draw jurors. The registrars of voters are fixing dates for registration.

HOME SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated 1888)
75 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON

OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE
Deposits and Surplus
above
\$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.
Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN,
GEORGE E. BROCK,
President.
Treasurer.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Grand Opera House—One of the most magnificent scenes ever presented on any stage is said to be the great wedding scene in "The Fatal Wedding" which appears at the Grand Opera House next week, commencing Monday evening. In order to make this scene as near perfect as possible, the management have procured the services of the well known organist, Miss Gertrude Haynes. Miss Haynes has a world wide reputation as a church organist, and has aroused a great deal of attention with her "Choir Celestial." This consists of a choir of twenty-five boys, headed by the boy soloist, Master Robert Duff. All of these boys are clothed in the regulation surplice and cassock, and as Miss Haynes plays upon an organ, which is especially carried for the occasion, the boys march in upon a magnificent church setting, singing some well known hymn, like "The Palm" or "The Holy City." The effect is most impressive, and for a few minutes the theatrical effect is entirely lost and the full significance of the religious intent seems to dominate everything, and everybody. This scene has again and again been declared the most effective ever presented on any stage. And yet, this is only one feature of the many to be seen in "The Fatal Wedding" and so there is little wonder that the attraction as a whole is proving such an immense success, and winning universal praise from press and public everywhere. Little Cora Quinten, who has always been such a favorite here as "The Little Mother" in the play will again be seen in that role. There will be matinees, as usual on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Mile. CAROLINE

is now showing some very pretty
HATS AND BONNETS
at very reasonable prices.
486 Boylston Street, Boston.
(in block of Brunswick Hotel).

SMART FRENCH PATTERNS.

Our Patterns Warranted to Fit.
Advance Shirt Waists and Skirt Patterns a Specialty
SHIRT WAIST SUITS, \$5.00 NEXT TEN DAYS
Ladies Gowns made to order, cut and fitted for home completion. Satisfaction guaranteed. French Pattern Parlor, Mrs. DEXTER M. Jager, 839 Washington Street, near Hollis St., Boston. Take elevator.

WASHINGTON TERRACE,

Corner Washington and Park
Streets,
BROOKLINE.

One Suite To Let.

INQUIRE OF
LUDWIG GERHARD,
212 Summer Street,
BOSTON.

MRS. SWEETSEN'S and MISS WILLIAMS'
Kindergarten and Private School.

274 Highland Ave., West Newton.
21st Year Begins Sept. 21, 1903.

Thorough instruction in a carefully planned course of study from Kindergarten to High School; manual training and elementary German included. For further information, address MRS. N. C. SWEETSEN, Glen Road, Newton Lower Falls.

New Wall Papers

We have just received a large invoice of Choice
Japanese Wall Papers

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR Dining Rooms, Libraries and Festivals. We carry constantly in stock the Largest Assortment of fine and medium grades of Wall Papers of any concern in Boston. Prices as low as the same grade of goods can be bought in New England.

THOMAS F. SWAN,
12 Corobill, BOSTON.
Next to Washington Street.
Telephone 264 Main.

P. P. ADAMS'

Alteration BARGAINS.

We are still doing business notwithstanding that we have carpenters, plumbers, electricians and ceiling workers busily engaged in making alterations and improvements which will give us the finest store in this vicinity. It will not be quite so pleasant shopping while these alterations are being made, but to pay for the inconvenience we shall offer "Great Bargains" in every department of our store.

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CHAPTER XVI. IN THE LINE OF HIS DUTY.

AS soon as they had drifted some little distance from the Serapis, O'Neill rose, threw off the boat clank, and stepped aft around the oarsman to the stern sheets of the boat, where Elizabeth sat motionless, holding the tiller. He knelt down before her.

"Elizabeth, dearest, we have actually escaped!" he said softly, stooping toward her. "I did not think it possible!" She released the tiller, took his hand in hers and kissed him in wild exultation.

"Free! Free!" she murmured, "and together—my own, my own!" Her words, her look, her caress, set his blood bounding again.

"Yes, yes; is it not heavenly, and with you? Oh, my soul, how can I repay you?" he whispered, giving back kiss for kiss, and stretching out his hands toward her. There was a little pause, broken by a rough voice, which its owner evidently tried to render more gentle. In a hoarse whisper the man at the oars asked:

"Where are ye a-headin' of the boat, yer leddyship?"

"I know not!" she answered wildly, seizing the tiller again. "Only away from that awful ship!"

"Who is this man at the oars?" asked her lover, rising and sitting down by her when he took the tiller from her nervous hands.

"Well, yer honor," said a low, deep voice, with a smothering laugh in it, "my name ashore, where I was left by Captain Jones' other night to look after you, might be Smith, or Brown, or any old name; but here in this boat it's Price—William P. Price—which is wot my mother told me, at any rate, though I ain't got no evidence but her word for it, an' she's dead, an' God be thanked I see yer honor alive."

"Price! You!" exclaimed O'Neill in great surprise. "How did you find him, dearest?"

"I found her, please yer honor," replied the man. "I seed her leddyship a-comin' down to the beach, an' I ups an' captures a small boat from the English, which the man 'll be awful disappointed like w'en he don't find her tomorrow, an' then I ups an' offers to take her off, an' I tell her I knows yer, an' we fixes it up, an' here ye are!"

They were not yet so far from the Serapis, even by this time, but that the quick ear of the girl detected the confusion on her decks—the shrill piping of the boatswain and his mates, the sharp commands of the officers, the tramping of many feet, were easily heard. She clutched her lover nervously, all alert at the thought of a possible further danger to him.

"Oh," she whispered, "they are doing something on the ship. Our escape is discovered. They will come after us!"

"Not with the whole ship," he answered, smiling, though listening with straining apprehension as well.

"I think they're a-gettin' under way, sir," said the old seaman. "Listen to the clankin' o' the pawls, yer honor."

"You are right. It cannot be after us, though. A cutter or two would suffice for that."

"It 'll be fur the Richard an' the rest of 'em. Cap'n Jones, he said he'd capture them ships afore the mornin' watch, an' if you wasn't hung afore that time he'd trice up the whole crowd to the yardarms unless they'd let you go free. Our vessels ought to be a-comin' up from Plumbury putty soon now. But if I mought make so bold, w'ere are ye headin' fur now, sir?"

"We head for the Richard, of course," said the young man promptly. "That's w'ere we b'long," said the sailor joyfully. "I don't want no fightin' goin' on an' I ain't there!"

"Nor I," replied O'Neill. "I would put you ashore, Elizabeth, before we go, but—"

"Whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people," she quoted softly. "Whom have I now but you? To whom can I go but to you?" she murmured, laying her hand upon his own. It was dark on the boat, but if it had been broad daylight he could not have helped it—he kissed her.

"Oh, to be worthy of it all, to be worthy!" he answered.

William grinned sympathetically, wiped his mouth wistfully with the back of his hand, and tried to look away. Presently, unshipping the oars, the two men stepped the mast and hoisted the small sail. The little boat, under the freshening breeze, began to draw through the water rapidly. In order to win out of the mouth of the harbor, they would have to pass in a direction which would bring them once more near the moving Serapis. They could hardly hope to escape discovery. They had, of course, gained a good start on the frigate. But as she was soon covered with sails, and her great height enabled her to catch the freshening breeze blowing over the hills, which was lost to the smaller craft, she literally rushed down upon them.

A noble picture she made to those on the boat. Ghostlike and eerie in the pale moonlight, shining fitfully through the overcast heavens, the great white ship towered above them, her sailing masts covered with clouds of snowy

canvas stretching far out on either side of the spreading yardarms. Her sails swept the skies. Her keel plowed the deeps. The wind sang in the top hamper. The white water, shot with sparks, piled up in front of her, bubbled and played around her fore foot and rolled away on either side in broad sheets of foamy phosphorescence. The yellow lights of the battle lanterns streamed through her open ports. A drum was grimly rolling the call to battle on her decks. Dark forms passed to and fro. Men leaped hither and thither in casting loose the double row of great black guns. Sometimes a vivid flash in the moonlight proclaimed a drawn sword. Presently the cries and orders died away. The men settled down at their stations. Silently the huge fabric, a splendid example of that power which for twice two hundred years had ruled the seas, swept toward them. O'Neill watched her in generous admiration.

"A fit antagonist even for our great captain," he cried, all his enthusiasm aroused by the ship, "and nobly handled," he added. "Mark the discipline. See the order!"

"Are, sir, that 'll be a hard one to take, but we'll take her, never fear!" said the old seaman, sharing his officer's ungrudging approbation of their gallant foe.

"How can you speak so?" said the girl. "To me she is nothing but a prison, a menace, a horror!"

"You are a woman, dearest. I hope to be on the old Richard before long, and I feel from such a ship as that there is much honor to be gained."

"And death, too," she answered, shuddering.

"It may be. Death and honor often go hand in hand," he replied gravely. "But she means us. You must lie down until she passes."

It was a new thing for her to be commanded. She found it altogether a sweet experience—then. Later it might be another matter. So, though protesting because she was a woman and had prescient eye to the future, Elizabeth dutifully obeyed her lord and lay down in the boat, resting her head against his foot. As they drew toward the mouth of the harbor the wind came stronger. The little boat fairly roared through the white capped waves. She heeled over until the water trickled in on the lee side, but O'Neill resolutely and skillfully held her up to it. He could not afford to lose an inch of distance to leeward, for the water shallowed rapidly in that direction and abounded in rocks as well. The Serapis was alongside now. They had not yet been observed. The attention of the men on the frigate was fixed upon the approaching ships to the southeast, now plainly visible. O'Neill fairly held his breath as he congratulated himself that they were to be passed by unnoticed. Suddenly a sharp cry rang out just as the Serapis drew ahead.

"Sail ho! Boat ahoy, there!" For a moment the small boat lay right in the path of light cast by the brilliantly illuminated stern ports of the frigate.

"'Tis the prisoner, he that escaped!" shouted a powerful voice.

"Sentry, give him a shot from your piece!" cried Captain Pearson himself, springing on the rail and leaning over toward them. Old Price shook his fist at the frigate in stout defiance. The sharp crack of a musket rang out in the air. The bullet seemed to have struck something forward in the boat. A shudder swept through the little craft, a hoarse, frightful cry quivered through the night, there was a splash, the boat struck something, and that something, whatever it was, rasped along her keel as she drove ahead.

"Clear away the second cutter!" cried another voice on the frigate.

"Keep all fast!" shouted Pearson. "We have bigger game tonight." And then he hallowed his hand and cried out as the Serapis drew rapidly away:

"We'll take care of you, sir, in the morning, when we return." A few more musket shots were fired at them from different parts of the ship. One bullet tore through the sail and whistled by the ear of the young lieutenant, but did no harm.

"We are saved again!" cried Elizabeth, sitting up and looking gratefully at her lover.

"But not without a cost," said the young man solemnly.

"What mean you? Are you hurt? Are you wounded?" she cried.

"Price!" called O'Neill softly, though he knew it was useless. There was no answer.

"Oh, that awful cry!" said Elizabeth, shuddering.

"It was he," added O'Neill gravely. "He was hit by the first shot and went overboard. Did you not feel him strike the keel?"

"Is there no hope for him?" she queried anxiously. "Could we not put back and seek him?"

"None," replied the lieutenant shortly. "There was death in his voice. It's all over with him. Well, he died in the line of his duty. 'Tis a sailor's cherished hope."

"He helped me—both of us—in time of need. Our way to liberty and happiness," she cried piously, "seems to be over the bodies of those who love us."

"So it has ever been in the world—a thousand deaths to make one life, a



The sharp crack of a musket rang out in the air.

thousand griefs to make one joy," he answered, laying his hand tenderly upon her head, which she had but in her hands.

"But come what may," she added, looking up resolutely, with all the selfishness of love, "I have you, at least, and we are together again."

"Aye, let us pray it may be forever, sweetheart."

They were out of the harbor now, and while the Serapis was stretching along to the northeast to gain an offing, with the Scarborough some distance ahead of her and to leeward, the lighter draft of the small boat permitted O'Neill to bend her directly for the oncoming American ships, whose lights and the ships themselves were now plainly visible in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XVII. DIFFERING STANDARDS.

THE battle which will take place tonight yonder between those ships decides my fate. I hope to God I may arrive in time to take my part in it! The Richard is fearfully short of officers at best; Landals, who has the

Alliance, is crazy and a coward; Cortland in the Pallas is an unknown quantity, and the rest have fled. Jones has only Richard Dale and a lot of midshipmen with him upon whom he can absolutely depend, and there are over two hundred prisoners in the hold. He needs me. If this breeze holds on I think we may intercept the Richard before the battle is joined. Pray, dearest, as never before, for the success of our arms! It means life, and you, for me."

"It means life for me as well," she answered, nestling against him and nerving herself up to the inevitable confession. How he would take it she did not know, or rather she would not permit herself to say. She was conscious only of an impelling necessity to tell him the whole story, though she had deliberately waited until she believed he could do nothing.

"Ah, yes, 'tis sweet of you to say so, but not the same. We may well hang, but not you," he answered fondly.

"Yes, they will," she replied. "I—I must confess it to you before we go farther. It weighs upon me. I also am guilty."

"Guilty! You! Of what, pray? Of loving me too much?" he queried, laughing in pure lightness of heart.

"No, not that," she answered, "but that—that order—your reprieve. It was the admiral did not sign it," she added desperately.

The secret was out.

"And who did it, then?" he asked, still unsuspecting of her meaning.

"I did it myself," she answered, with averted head.

"It is not possible!" he exclaimed, withdrawing from her a little in his astonishment.

"'Twas for you—for you I did it. Reproach me not—may you shall not!" she cried, on fire to defend herself and her love, now the truth was told.

"Captain Jones said six hours' delay and you were saved. There was no other way. I begged, implored, entreated the admiral. He left me—went away. I saw the man fixing that block—the rope—I ran to him to make one more appeal. He was not there. On his desk was an order giving me permission to see you, which he had intended to give me and had refused at the last moment and left unsigned. His watch was there and his seal. I added the rest and signed and sealed it myself. Do not shrink from me!" she pleaded, with changed mood again.

"Your anger—your disapproval—kills me. Is there no excuse that you can find for me?" Her appeal was so tender, her affection so apparent, she was her own justification.

"No man would have done it," he said irresolutely, wavering.

"But every woman would," she replied promptly, pressing her advantage. "Why are you so silent? Your precious honor is safe, and as for mine—"

"'Twas nobly done," he answered at last, in complete surrender. "There is not a woman in the world but would honor you for it. Not a man who would not love you. You have done that which I could not, and for me. My heart before, and now my life is yours, my heart's dearest."

"I knew you would not like it," she answered simply, "but there was no other way. I confess I was terrified when Edward—"

"Good heavens!" cried O'Neill. "He saw the girl, cowering before him again. In truth, this phase of the transaction had actually escaped her memory."

"Captain Pearson accepted it without questioning him?" he queried. She would have given all the world to lie to him, but even in the darkness she

could not be further untrue, in his very presence, though now like a flash she saw it all.

"He—he doubted it," she whispered hesitatingly. "He handed the paper to Edward and asked him if it—if it was all right."

"And Coventry?"

"He took it and looked at it, looked at me—I had forgotten him, I must confess—she went on brokenly—"and then he handed it back to Captain Pearson and—said it was correct—the signature, I mean."

"He knew, think you?" asked her lover, with deadly calmness.

"Yes, he knew," she faltered.

"And the sentry—our unheeded escape?"

"Edward took his place—I might as well tell you all now," continued the girl desperately.

"Ah!" he said coldly and sternly. "And do you know, Lady Elizabeth, what the penalty is for such actions as his?"

"No," she replied in alarm. "I never thought. They will not harm him. He is the son of the admiral. What is it?"

"They will shoot him or hang him like a dog to the whole thing. You have made me a craven. I am dishonored, his life is sacrificed for me!"

"I did not mean to do it, I did not know," she wailed, stricken to the heart by his bitter reproach.

"Aye, but you should have known. But when women meddle in affairs of state the consequences oft exceed their narrow views. Pray God there may yet be time to rectify the frightful happening," said O'Neill bitterly, putting the helm hard over as he spoke. The boat swept around, the sail flibed and they headed for the northeast.

"What is it that you would do?" cried Elizabeth in alarm, laying her hand on the tiller.

"Follow the Serapis," he answered shortly.

"For what?"

"To give myself up if possible, and thus insure his freedom."

"I knew—I knew it would be so," she whispered. "I loved him," she murmured, turning away. "I have sacrificed everything for him and he repudiates, reproaches me. Oh, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" she wailed in unconscious imitation of a greater sufferer. She drew away from him and knelt down in the boat and buried her face in her hands, leaning upon the weather gunwale. He looked at her a moment, and before the pathetic abandonment of her grief his anger melted. She was a woman. With her, love was all.

"Elizabeth," he said tenderly, "the bitterness of having caused that good man's death, his apparent dishonor, overwhelmed me. I love you, as you know, more than life itself. You are a woman. You see things differently. There is nothing above love in a woman's heart. Come back to me. Your place is here, whatever happens. I love you the more for your great sacrifice, but now we must undo it if we can. Heaven has not smiled upon our meeting. Perhaps, if we go hand in hand before God together, we may find mercy, perhaps joy!"

She made no answer, but nestled against him forgiven, contented. For a time they sailed the sea in silence. The clouds had broken and left a clear sky, whence the moon had flooded the ocean with her silvery light. But the breeze came fitfully and gradually died away where they were now under the lee of the land. It was such a night as lovers dream of. They loved and they were together, side by side, alone, in the soft autumnal night, adrift on a summer sea. There was that in the past which kept them silent, and yet in their very proximity, in the hands that touched and clasped each other, the hand that nestled on his shoulder, the arm that encircled her waist, the lips that met, the eyes that spoke—there was a sweetness which neither had ever known before. The gentle wind whispered of love. The curling, lipping waves caressed the keel with sounds like kisses, and to it all their hearts kept time. It was a respite—a lull between two phases of the conflict. There was love and there was peace in the little boat, and war and tumult were far off on the horizon.

By and by Elizabeth slipped down from the thwart and crouched down in the boat at his feet. O'Neill held the tiller with one hand, the other lightly stroked her golden head. She was perfectly content. Everything was out of her heart but he and the present. She was very still. He could see the soft curve of her cheek resting upon her sweet white hand in the moonlight. After one of the little intervals of silence he looked down upon her again. She made no motion, and did not reply to a word he said softly, and he discovered that she was asleep.

He did not wonder. The experiences of the past few days would have killed any ordinary woman. How heroic she had been! With what abandon she had put aside everything for the purpose of saving him! She had hesitated at nothing. His love for her was measured by his honor; hers for him was boundless. "Twas ever so, and he had reproached her, spoken harshly to her, upbraided her, turned away from her! How could he have been so cruel! She was so young, his heart yearned over her. He vowed that if God did permit them to escape from the perils which environed them he would make up to her for every unkind word spoken, every reproach, every cutting glance, by an eternity of devotion.

Continued on page 7.

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Political Calendar.

Sept. 23—All Republican caucuses outside of Boston for the choice of delegates to Conventions and the nomination in caucuses of candidates for the General Court, must be held on this date.

Sept. 28, outside Boston.—Earliest day for calling and holding Republican Conventions, except Representative Conventions.

Sept. 30—Last day for appointing election officers in cities except Boston.

Oct. 2—10.30 a. m.—Republican State Convention in Tremont Temple, Boston.

Oct. 3—Last day for designating polling places.

Oct. 3—Last day for Registrars of Voters in every city and town, except in Boston, to post in each voting precinct preliminary alphabetical list of voters.

Oct. 5—Certificates of nomination for offices to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 12—Nomination papers for nominations of candidates for offices to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 13—Latest day for calling and holding Convention for nominations of candidates for offices to be filled at a State election, other than those to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth MUST be called and held before 5 p. m.

Oct. 12—Last day for petitioning for the appointment of supervisors of elections.

Oct. 14—Last day for registration in every city. Upon this day Registrars must hold a continuous session from 12 o'clock noon until 10 p. m., when registration must cease.

Oct. 15—Certificates of nomination for candidates for offices to be filled at a State election, other than those to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth, MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 16—Nomination papers for nomination of candidates for offices to be filled at a State election, other than those to be filled by all the voters of the Commonwealth, MUST be filed at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth before 5 p. m.

Oct. 19—Last day for filing complaint against incorrect and illegal registration in cities.

Nov. 3—STATE ELECTION.

Financial

Notwithstanding the reactions, which are inevitable under all circumstances, there is every evidence that sentiment has permanently improved. There are, of course, a few people who believe that there are still weak spots in our financial structure, but these are in the minority. The best opinion is that liquidation is over, and that conditions are favorable for an advance.

The continued ease of money and the extremely low prices of the standard dividend payers are the factors upon which bullish sentiment is based. It is pointed out that, compared with this time a year ago, the country is in much stronger position to stand the strain of moving the crops, and furthermore that the monetary outlook for the next few months is vastly better than last year. Not only are bank reserves all over the country larger than a year ago, but our foreign debt has been liquidated, and if necessary we can import millions of gold this fall, where last year we could not get a single dollar. Besides this, the failure of the Colombian government to accept the Panama treaty has released \$50,000,000 in the United States Treasury reserved for payment to Panama stockholders. It is believed that Secretary Shaw will utilize this money either to buy bonds, to anticipate interest, or to increase bank deposits. At any rate, a large portion of it will find its way into the money market. There seems to be absolutely nothing in the money outlook to encourage pessimism.

Society has taken to golf and become enthused over its attractions in a way not previously known in the annals of outdoor recreations. This Scottish game has brought with it a knowledge of the high ball and its proper use at the club house after the fatigues of the game.

Physicians may differ as to the benefit of alcohol whether it be a food or stimulant, but however much they may differ in this, they are all agreed that if liquor is taken it is robbed of harmful effects if diluted with White Rock or in the form of a "high-ball," as it is called. To be perfect a high-ball should always be made with White Rock Water. White Rock makes grape juice, milk, lemonade and still wines, sparkling, delicious and healthful.

Letter to G. P. ATKINS,

Newton,

Dear Sir: You sell good goods and give full measure. It's a pleasant way of doing and it pays, besides.

We do it for the same reason, and it has made us the foremost paint-house in the United States.

Short weights and adulterations are the vices of business. They are a natural response to the demand for cheapness. The world is full of them—the grocery world and the paint world, and every kind of world.

You know and we know that it doesn't pay. People change their grocer or paint man as soon as they find it out.

We don't know about groceries—you tell your people about them—the full measure and unadulterated paint is Devoe Lead and Zinc.

Fewer gallons—takes less Devoe Lead and Zinc than of mixed paints to paint a house. Wears longer—twice as long as lead and oil mixed by hand.

Yours truly,

F. W. Devoe & Co.

New York.
P. S. J. M. Briggs & Son, W. E. Tomlinson, and McWain & Son sell our paint.

The night, the ocean, the loneliness, impressed him. What had he ever done to be so blessed in the love of this noble woman? His life, as he had said, had been an idle one. In the courts he had played at hearts as he had played at war on the ships—for the fun of the game. With her a serious purpose had entered his life and was before him. The silence of the night was broken only by the soft splash of the waves as the little boat rocked gently through them. The gentle wind grew fainter and fainter. Presently the flap of the idle sail against the mast apprised him that it had gone.

The white Serapis and her consort were far, far ahead, going fast and leaving a long white wake across the sea. They seemed to have kept the breeze which had failed the small boat. Coming up from the southward he could see the black shapes of the Richard and her attendant ships. What would he have given to be upon the deck by the side of that dauntless captain! But even could he approach the two ships that privilege would be denied him, for honor demanded that he present himself upon the deck of the Serapis without delay. It might be that it would be too late even then to save Coventry, but he would go and do his best. When the boat lay west he was at a moment in indecision. He was so loath to waken the tired girl, but it was necessary. Gently he raised her head.

"Why, my dearest," she said, "was I asleep? What has happened? Oh—! it came back to her—you are going back to the Serapis." Then she looked eagerly forward. The ships were far off now, several miles away, and as the breeze still held with them the distance was increasing with every passing moment.

"We do not advance!" she cried, a note of joy in her voice as her ear detected the flapping of the sail. "The wind has died out. She laughed triumphantly. "We shall never reach them."

"And poor Coventry?" said O'Neill. "I cannot help it," she answered simply. "I think only of you. Now, if I could go back alone and take his place and let you go free I would cheerfully do that."

"What advantage would that be to me?" he asked her. "Well, there is little use in our discussing it any more," she answered, "for you cannot reach either ship now before it is over. The wind has gone over to them, and we are still."

"Ah, but I have another way of getting along."

"How is that?"

"I shall row," he said quietly. "Will you take the tiller?"

"No!" she replied defiantly, folding her arms. "I will not help you at all!"

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" he murmured.

"I will not, I tell you!" she said.

"Frankly, I do not wish to. What is Edward, what are those ships, what is the whole wide world to me beside your safety?"

"I must do it alone as best I can, then," said O'Neill, leaving her side and going forward and unstepping the



"Why fatigue yourself unnecessarily?" must and thrusting out the oars, which he handled with the skill of long practice and strong arms. The difference of speed between the boat and the two ships was now of course greater than before.

"Why fatigue yourself unnecessarily?" she said to him at last, after he had been rowing for some time. "You gain nothing. 'Tis useless."

"No matter," was his reply as he desperately tugged at the oars. "I shall at least have the consciousness of knowing I did what I could." But after pulling hard for an hour he leaned over the handles of the oars and, turning his head, looked forward. She was right. It was a perfectly hopeless task. The nearest ships were now ten or a dozen miles away, and going farther, when a dash of light pierced the darkness on the horizon, followed some time after by the roar of a heavy gun.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOYS IN COMMAND.

"The ship is clear, sir," said Lieutenant Richard Dale, saluting smartly. He was a handsome, dashing young sailor, the picture of sea gallantry as he ran lightly up the ladder from the main deck and stopped before the little captain of the Bon Homme Richard, standing on the weather side of the poop surveying the scene.

"Very good, sir," said the little man, nodding his head, but not turning toward his executive officer. "Look yonder," he added, pointing ahead and toward the shore. "What do you make that, sir?"

"It cannot be the Alliance!" ex-

claimed Dale in great surprise, as he shaded his eyes and gazed intently in the direction of the setting sun at a large war ship which was edging in shore toward the harbor of Scarborough, which apparently sheltered a numerous convoy of merchant ships.

"Tis indeed she!" replied Jones sternly. "I have repeatedly signaled to Captain Landais to follow in our wake—to form line ahead. If we get out of this thing safely—! He stopped, repressed his feeling by a strong effort, compressing his lips passionately in a way which promised trouble for Captain Landais and the Alliance, a new and handsome frigate, the best of Jones' squadron. After a momentary pause the commodore, a man of few words in time of action at least, turned toward the stern of his ship.

"Look aft there, too," he added. "That will be the Pallas, of course," said Dale as his eye fell upon a small ship which was following the Bon Homme Richard. "And the Vengeance, sir?"

"There! Hull down on the horizon, feeling like a coward," said Jones bitterly.

"And those two white fellows forward there," continued Dale, "reaching out from the harbor?"

"Are the Serapis and the Scarborough," interrupted the captain. "I have only the information sent us by O'Neill to be correct."

"Would he were here!" exclaimed Dale.

"Yes, he is himself a host," said Jones sadly. "We are fearfully short handed—O'Neill gone, and Henry and Cutting, our third and fourth officers, both absent. The Frenchmen are an unknown quantity. I have only you, Dale, and Stacey and Mease and the boys, of course; but I can depend upon you."

"Upon me—upon all of us," replied Dale gallantly, "to the death itself!"

"I know it," said the captain, smiling and laying his hand affectionately upon the young man's shoulder. "They are very young, though," he continued gravely, "for such desperate work as this promises to be, but they are brave hearts and true. They will do their best, I doubt not."

"With you to command them, sir, they'll not be found wanting, I am sure," said the enthusiastic Dale, who was devotedly attached to his great commander. There was a little pause.

"Messieurs," said Jones, turning toward a little group of French officers who were standing on the lee side of the poop. At the captain's word they stepped forward and saluted gracefully.

"Colonel de Welbert, you have served in the artillery, I believe?" asked the captain of a fine looking veteran. The Frenchman bowed. "Will you assist Lieutenant Dale in working the battery on the main deck? It is an unusual place for a soldier, but we are very short of experienced officers. You understand the handling of great guns. It would be a great favor."

"Any place which enables him to fight the enemy is a good place for a soldier, my captain. I am at Lieutenant Dale's service," replied the gallant old soldier.

"You, vicomte and gentlemen," said Jones, turning to De Chamillard, who was attended by several subalterns, "will take charge of the soldiers on the quarter deck and fore-castle. I desire a continuous small arm fire to play upon the decks and tops of the English ships."

"Sir captain," smilingly answered De Chamillard, a dapper, dainty little man, as he in turn bowed profoundly, laying his hand on his sword, "not a man shall escape my marine infantry. I answer for them and for my friends here as well," he added, indicating his gay clad lieutenants, who evaluated the vicomte in the profundity of their salutations.

"Remember, gentlemen," said Jones, his face lighting, "it is for the honor of America—and of France. Mr. Brooks," he said to an alert young midshipman who was acting as his signal officer and aid, "signal the Pallas to edge off to the east and engage the smaller ship of the enemy. The big fellow is our game, messieurs. See! They are forming line ahead and are waiting for us. Brave fellows! Quartermaster," he cried, stepping to the break of the poop and looking down at the old seaman and his mates stationed at the wheel, "d'ye see those two ships?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the veteran tar, shading his eyes with his hand and peering eagerly ahead. "I see 'em, yer honor."

"That's well. The one ahead, nearest the shore, is our mark. I intend to round to on her port bow. Mind your course!"

"Very good, sir," answered the steersman, giving a knowing squint at the lifting sails and shifting the wheel a few spokes.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the captain, "to your stations all! But stay—Mr. Brooks, direct the sailing master, purser and the junior officers to come up on the quarter deck."

In a short time the two older officers and a little band of youths whose ages ranged from twelve to seventeen years stood before the captain and saluted. His eyes fell tenderly upon the boys; so youthful and immature were they to be charged with the heavy responsibilities of the coming hour, which would have devolved upon the older men but for their unfortunate absence.

"Young gentlemen," he said quietly, "accident has thrust you into positions of great responsibility which otherwise you might not have been called upon to fill for years. We are about to engage two powerful ships of the enemy. The Richard is heavily over-matched in everything except in the spirit and courage of her officers and men. I am determined—may, we are all determined, are we not? that the flag which floats above us shall never be struck. We may be sunk, but we

will not surrender. I shall try to do my part; you will, I doubt not, do yours."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"We will, sir!"

"Count on us to the death, sir!" broke forth from the impetuous youths who clustered about the captain.

"Remember that we are fighting not only to uphold the honor of our flag in the face of the most arrogant navy on the ocean, but to rescue from a shameful death—if it be not unhappily too late—one of our brother officers who would give his life to be here."

"O'Neill, O'Neill!" cried one and another, the brave Irishman being a great favorite with all.

"I enjoin upon you the utmost vigilance and care. Supplement your inexperience by redoubled effort. Be as brave as youths and as cool as veterans. Give implicit obedience to the orders you receive from Mr. Dale, Mr. Stacey or from me, and exact the same compliance with your orders from your men. They are a hard lot to handle. Don't lose control of them."

He paused a moment, scanning the intent faces of the lads close about him, and then continued: "Remember, too, we have more than one foe to fight—the prisoners below, the enemies yonder on the sea and disobedience in our own squadron. Who keeps guard over the prisoners in the hold?"

"I, sir, with the master at arms," answered Payne, a resolute looking youth of fifteen, "I wanted to be on deck in the batteries, sir."

"You could have no more important station, my lad," replied the captain. "Keep them under hatches! Do not hesitate to shoot the first man who makes a move to break out! They must not be allowed to gain the deck. At all hazards keep them down! I repeat it, sir, keep them down! Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," gravely answered the boy, awed by the emphasis of the captain's manner.

"You, Mr. Mayrant, with Mr. Mease, the purser, and Mr. Brooks, will remain on deck with Mr. Stacey and me," continued the captain. "You, Mr. McCollin, will take charge of the old 18 pounders on the berth deck! You, too, have a post of danger! Be careful of them! I distrust them greatly, yet they must be tried."

"Aye, aye, sir. Thank you, sir," said the young midshipman, delighted at being thus distinguished.

"Mr. Caswell," he added, turning to the largest and oldest, "you will take charge of the fore-castle. Mr. Fanning, I confide the main-top to you. The rest of you will command the several divisions in the main batteries and the other tops. Now, young gentlemen, before you go to your stations I would take you by the hand. And so," lifting his cocked hat reverently, an example all present followed, "may God guard the right!" There was a suspicious moisture in some of the eyes looking upon the captain, but the midshipmen would have died rather than permit an actual tear to be seen.

"Three cheers for Commodore Jones and the bully Richard!" at last shouted Payne, breaking the insupportable silence. The little party, somewhat forgetful of discipline for the moment, crowded around their captain, shaking him by the hand, and turned away. They had come up to the quarter deck a rollicking set of boys. They returned from it a group of grave eyed men.

"What a splendid set of youngsters!" said Jones to himself as he watched them spring lightly toward their stations. Then he turned toward the sailing master. "Mr. Stacey, take the deck for a few moments and hold on as we are. Ah!" he said, pausing with his foot on the ladder as he saw the Pallas, a much swifter sailer than the Richard, rushing by on the starboard side with every breadth of canvas drawing, heading for the smaller of the two English ships before them, "there goes the Pallas. Coffineau at least is a brave man. I shall remember him. Come, Dale," as he stepped down the ladder a hearty cheer rang out from the passing frigate which, without order, was lustily returned from the Richard, and then the two officers walked through the batteries.

The sun had set for some time, and night had long since fallen over the sea. The lighthouse on Flamborough head was sending out a great beam of warning from that jutting point. Far on the horizon a silvery brightness had spread itself in the heavens, bespeaking the harvest moon, the burnished rim of which even before sunset had leaped into being on the edge of the water. Lights twinkled here and there on the English ships before them and crowned the hills of the distant town and harbor. Battle lanterns were lighted between decks on the Richard, the yellow flickering radiance from which was reflected from the snowy, half naked, sweat covered bodies of the stalwart men at their quarters as the captain walked through the crew.

It was a varied assemblage of about 300 men which manned the guns and filled the tops. The crew had been made up in France out of such materials as came to hand. There were about seventy-five tried and true American seamen, most of them veterans of many a hard fight and bold adventure. These commanded the different guns and filled the more important stations. There were, perhaps, 150 veteran French soldiers—old artillerymen—some of whom had volunteered at the guns. A few of the most expert workmen among them were stationed in the tops, but the greater portion was divided into two large bodies drawn up on the quarter deck and fore-castle. The balance of the crew had been gathered from the riffraff of all nations. Perhaps a tougher, rougher, harder, more desperate body of men never fought in a ship. They had but one virtue—they would fight.

Only a resolute hand and an indomitable will like that of Jones had ever

held the motley crowd in any kind of discipline. He had ruled the Richard with an iron hand, and in spite of bitter murmurs had forced the men to do his will. The ship had been a slumbering volcano of incipient mutiny and latent rebellion, but in the presence of the enemy these men, whose passion it was to fight, forgot their personal grievances and, mindful of the finished skill and superhuman courage of their captain, looked favorably upon him and eagerly anticipated the conflict. Rude jests and bits of sea pleasantries, usually permitted in moments like these, flew up and down the line between the captain and the ruffians under his command as he passed by them in rapid review.

The watches had been piped to supper earlier than usual, and afterward a double ration of grog had been served out. The men were in good spirits and good spirits in them! The captain carefully examined every part of the ship. The young midshipmen who filled the unwonted stations, evidently deeply impressed by their opportunities and responsibilities, were pacing restlessly up and down, eagerly scrutinizing every detail of their several commands.

On the berth deck, standing before the hatch which led into the hold in which over 200 English prisoners were confined, the commodore found young Payne, attended by the master at arms, two American seamen and three French soldiers, keeping guard.

"Ah! I am glad to see you at your station," said the captain, raising his voice as the young midshipman, full of pride, saluted him. "You remember my orders, sir, which were to shoot the first man who shows his head above the hatch?"

There was a hoarse murmur from the prisoners beneath the gratings which covered the hatchway at this speech of the captain, which was, as he had intended, clearly heard by them.

"Aye, aye, sir. I'll do it; never fear," answered the lad in his boyish treble.

"Remember, sir, that I regard your station as one of the most important on the ship! Those men must not be allowed on deck!"

"They shall not be!" answered Payne resolutely. "If the ship goes down, they go with it!"

There was a harsh roar below. Oaths, curses, imprecations and cries were blasted up from the deck beneath them.

"Silence there!" shouted Jones. "Remember!" he said to the midshipman as he turned away.

"I shall not forget, sir," replied the boy, saluting proudly.

"Do what you can," said Jones, turning to McCollin—"do what you can with the old 18's."

"They shall be fought as long as they exist, sir," answered the young officer.

"I know that, sir," said Jones, glancing approvingly from him to the little groups of half naked men clustered about the guns, the sweat streaming from their muscular bodies in the heat of the narrow, confined quarters, "and you have the men with you who will back you up."

A hoarse cheer which resounded throughout the dim recesses of the berth deck bespoke the hearty acquiescence of the men in their captain's shrewd estimate of their qualities.

(To be continued.)

Legal Notices

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

MIDDLESEX, ss. July 15th, 1903.

Seized and taken on execution and will be sold at Public Auction at my office in my dwelling-house numbered 251 Church Street in Newton in said County of Middlesex, on Saturday, September 5th, 1903, at ten o'clock a. m., all the right, title and interest that Albert Smith had in, to, that being the time when the same was attached on my process in and to the following described parcel of real estate, to-wit: A certain lot of land situated in Somerville in said Middlesex County, and being lot 28 as appears on a plan of land in Somerville and Cambridge, Mass., belonging to Person David February 1872, W. S. Barbour and A. Hodge, Civil Engineers, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, said lot 28 bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly by lot 27 on said plan 100 feet; Southernly by a street 50 feet; Southwesterly by land now or formerly of said David 100 feet; Northwest by land now or late of W. A. Saunders 50 feet, containing 3000 square feet. Being same premises conveyed to said Albert Smith by deed of Thomas Kearney dated November 25, 1885, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 123, Fol. 43.

SAMUEL W. TUCKER, Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Mary Brooks, late of Newton in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to—

ELIZABETH G. FALL, Executrix. Address 112 West St., Newton, Mass. Newton, July 11, 1903.

Dentists.

DR. S. F. CHASE,

DENTIST

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W. F. HASON, Vice President.

NEWTON SAVINGS BANK.

INCORPORATED 1831.

Business Hours, 9 to 3, Saturdays, 9 to 1.
Total Deposits per last Quarter's Statement
July 9th, \$3,472,135.06.

Quarter Days the TENTH of January, April, July and October. Dividends declared the Tuesday following January 30th and July 10th, are payable on or after the 15th.

TRUSTEES:

John Ward, Samuel M. Jackson, Warren P. Tyler, Francis Murdoch, Charles T. Puffer, William C. Strong, Eugene Fanning, B. Franklin Bacon, Samuel Farquhar, William F. Ellis, G. Fred Simpson, Charles A. Miner, Edmund T. Wainwright, Thomas W. Proctor, William F. Bacon, Leonard Early, Henry E. Bothfield and William F. Harbach.

BOARD OF INVESTMENT:

Charles T. Puffer, Francis Murdoch, Samuel M. Jackson.

The Board meets every Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock for the purpose of considering applications for loans that have been received at the Bank.

CHARLES T. PUFFER, President
ADOLPHUS J. BLANCHARD, Treasurer.

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Telephone 48.

F. W. WEBBER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
405 Centre St., opp. Elliot Church. Telephone 38-1.
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BOSTON, MASS.
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Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Metropolitan Park Commission.

Rules and Regulations for the Government and Use of the Charles River Reservation.

RULE 1. No person shall enter or leave the Reservation except at the regular designated entrances.

RULE 2. No person shall dig up, cut, break, remove, deface, defile, or ill-use any building, structure, fence, sign, bush, plant, or tree, or other thing herein, belonging to the Commonwealth, or have possession of any part thereof, but this rule shall not prohibit the picking of wild flowers and edible berries in reasonable quantities for personal use.

RULE 3. No person shall throw any stone or other missile; or have possession of or discharge any destructive weapon, firearm, firecracker, torpedo or firework, or make, use, or throw or place upon the ground a lighted match, cigar or other burning substance; or post, paint, affix or display any sign, notice, placard or advertising device, or except with written authority from said Metropolitan Park Commission, engage in business, sell, or expose for sale, or give away any goods, wares, or circulars; or set a trap or snare; or have possession of any wild animal or bird; or have possession of any bird's nest or eggs; or drop or place or suffer to remain any piece of paper or other refuse, except in the receptacles designated therefor.

RULE 4. No person shall solicit the acquaintance of or annoy another person; or utter any profane, threatening, abusive or indecent language or loud outcry; or solicit any subscription or contribution; or have possession of or drink any intoxicating liquor; or play any game of chance; or have possession of any instrument of gambling; or do any obscene or indecent act; or preach; or pray aloud; or make an oration or harangue; or any political or other canvass; or display a flag or banner; or move in a military or civic parade, drill or procession; or lie down upon a bench or on the ground; or play any musical instrument except by written authority from said Metropolitan Park Commission.

RULE 5. No person shall bathe except in a proper costume and at places designated therefor, or loiter or run about on, or upon the beach or shore in bathing costume.

RULE 6. No person shall ride or drive an animal or vehicle except upon the ways, or upon other than the right hand side of the road except when passing another animal or vehicle, or as by the side of or across a road, unless the right of way is given to all other animals or vehicles, or by the side of or across a road, or ride a cycle past an animal or vehicle going in the same

Newton Centre.

—Mr. D. O. Eaton of Parker street has removed to Boston.

—Mr. T. W. Casmay is enjoying a few weeks vacation at Capital Island.

—Hon. J. R. Leeson arrived on the Commonwealth, last Friday evening.

—Mrs. E. W. Pratt of Trowbridge street is in Vermont for a few weeks outing.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Miss A. Louise Williams of the post office is enjoying her annual vacation at Sterling.

S. A. Shannon and family of Lake avenue have returned from a sojourn at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

—Mrs. B. F. Sibly and children of Centre street are visiting friends on Cape Cod, this week.

—The Foresters of America held a meeting in their hall on Centre street on Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. George Simes of Westbourne road has returned from a vacation outing in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Merrick of Knowles street are back from a sojourn at Friendship, Me.

—Miss Freeda Sanford of Richardson's market is enjoying her two weeks vacation in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. George R. Luddy of Willow street have returned from a weeks visit in New York.

—Mr. S. B. H. Bravo of Langley road moved this week into his new house on Hillsboro Terrace.

—Mr. D. H. Andrews and family of Lake avenue have returned after a few weeks outing in Maine.

—Mr. G. A. Field and family of Montville road have returned from a short vacation on the Cape.

—Mr. J. L. Barton and family of Ashton Park have returned from a few weeks visit in New York.

—Mr. W. H. Brewer and family of Institution avenue are back from a short visit at Swansea, N. H.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas of Warren street have returned from a short outing at Newport, R. I.

—Mr. J. W. Barrows and family of Lake avenue have returned from a summer outing at Hebron, Me.

—Mr. L. K. Liggett and family of Tarrleton road will occupy the C. S. Davis estate on Pleasant street.

—The Newton Centre Golf Club has just announced its fall fixture card. The season opens on September 5.

—Miss Helen Gilmore and brother, Mr. Robert Gilmore of Illinois, are spending the week at the Mission home.

—The Misses Macomber of Pelham street, have returned from the Rangle-Lakes, Me., where they have been spending the summer.

—There will be a social and dance held at the club house of the Boylston Turnpike Club on Langley road next Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

—Mr. G. M. Butler and family of Pleasant street returned Wednesday from Rome, Me., where they have been camping for a few weeks.

—Mr. James MacKinnon of Ripley street is enjoying a few weeks vacation at Peak's Island and in the neighborhood of Portland Harbor.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

—The death of Mrs. Margaret Schorer, widow of the late John M. Schorer occurred last Tuesday evening at her home on Brookline street, Oak Hill. The deceased was 86 years old and had been a resident of this place for many years. The funeral service was held yesterday at 2:30 o'clock at her late residence.

—What promises to be a very close and exciting base-ball game will be that between the Newton Upper Falls and the South Sides of Water-town on Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock on the Cedar street grounds. The rival nines are considered as strong as any amateur teams in Mass. The side winning the game receives a purse of \$50.

—William Martell, aged 23, of West Quincy, was seriously injured Monday evening while driving a stone wagon on Beacon street. When near the corner of Sumner street, he fell from the wagon, the wheels of which passed over him, inflicting a compound fracture of the left arm and a fractured skull. He was taken to the Newton hospital in the police ambulance, and died on Tuesday morning.

—Last Friday afternoon the exhibition of the work done by the pupils of the annual vacation school was held in the Rice school building under the direction of Miss May Morse. There were specimens of the work done by the Sloyd and basketry classes which showed the careful training which the children had received. The classes in Sloyd and basketry were at work while an enthusiastic audience looked on.

—Since the opening of the Mother's Rest, it has been found that underwear for women is greatly needed, also blouses for boys from 2 to 5 years of age. The committee on special relief, solicits, therefore, second hand underclothing or new material for this purpose, which may be left in the basement of the Methodist church on Friday mornings between 9 and 12. During these same hours, every Friday until August 1, the young ladies will meet there to sew for the Mothers' Rest and will gladly welcome assistance of the women.

Newton Centre.

—Mrs. Henry Waugh and son, Harry of Somerville, are the guests of Mr. R. B. Waugh of Cypress street, this week.

—Mrs. Lewis R. Speare and her daughter, Miss Caroline M. Speare, of Ward street sailed Thursday on the Commonwealth, for England.

—Master Worcester Proudfoot of Langley road has returned from a canoeing trip up the Charles and on the river and lakes of New Hampshire.

—Professor and Mrs. William Z. Ripley of Bracebridge road have returned from a trip to Europe where they have been spending the summer months.

—Rev. Ralph T. Flewelling will conduct both the morning and evening union services at the Methodist church on Sunday. Mr. Flewelling will also be the leader of the Friday evening prayer meeting.

—The Marsh family of Lake avenue have returned.

—The Levi family of Chester street are at home again.

—Mr. W. McArthur of Floral street has moved to Malden.

—Miss Jennie O'Connor, has returned from her visit at Hopkinton.

—Mr. S. D. Whittemore and family have returned from an outing in Maine.

—The Rogers family of Floral street, has returned from their summer outing.

—Mr. W. G. Burbeck has moved to his new house on Grant avenue, Newton Centre.

—Mr. Warren has taken the house on Fisher avenue, formerly occupied by Mr. LeCraw.

—Mrs. Darius Cobb and son, Stanwood, are at Provincetown, and Percy Cobb is in Maine.

—Col. Cozzens and Mr. Noble, of Eliot, evangelists are at the Old Orchard Camp Meeting.

—Mr. Logan who has been at Christmas Cove, and other places, has now returned home.

—Mr. Moore of New York has taken the house formerly occupied by Mr. E. J. Hyde, on Floral street.

—The Misses Bragdon of Lake avenue, and Mr. S. H. Shaw of Floral avenue are at Milford, N. H.

—Mr. Scott, from Westwood now occupies the house purchased by him of the Adams estate, at Eliot.

—Rev. Mr. Davis of the Methodist church will soon occupy an apartment at No. 36 Floral street, owned by Mr. Thomas White.

—Mr. Boyden of Newtonville, has moved into the house on Bradford Road, at Eliot Terrace, lately vacated by Judge Moffatt.

—Mr. J. P. Berryman of Malden, has leased the house on Walnut street next adjoining the Atkins estate and belonging to Miss Dunkle.

—Mr. and Mrs. Brower G. Stronach announce the engagement of their niece, Miss Hattie E. Turner, to Mr. Howard A. Eagles both of this village.

—Miss Grace Gould has sold a lot of land on Oak Terrace to Mr. B. F. Gossom, of Boston, and also a lot to Mr. W. H. Mitchell, of the Highlands.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 831 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls with H. S. Hiltz, Eliot station. Tel. N. H. 21240.

—Mr. Richard Whight has accepted a position with Mr. Conant, the grocer, at Waban, and will terminate his engagement with Messrs. E. Moulton & Son, this week.

—A cordial invitation is extended to visit the new store of Bemis & Jewett, 101 Bray's block, Newton Centre. A full line of wall papers at reasonable prices.

Upper Falls.

—Miss Carrie Allbright of Spring street has returned from a visit in Providence.

—Mr. John Carroll has just returned from a two weeks yatching trip in Maine.

—Mrs. Perkins of Mechanic street is visiting friends in Lawrence and Marblehead.

—Mrs. E. L. Crandell and children of Claremont, N. H., are visiting Mrs. Marcy of Chestnut street.

—Mr. Joseph Abbot of the Gamewell Fire Alarm Co., has returned from a two weeks' trip in New Hampshire.

—Mr. Edward Kerrivan of Clinton, Ohio, a former resident of this village, is visiting his brother, Richard Kerrivan of Boylston street.

—Miss C. E. Gilbert has the past week been entertaining Miss Ethel Green of Anoka, Minn., and Miss Maude DeLace of Dorchester, Mass.

—Rev. A. S. Gilbert, who has spent the past four weeks in Vermont, has returned home and will occupy his own pulpit next Sunday. Subject of morning sermon, "A partaker of Christ."

—Mr. and Mrs. Winters of New York were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Purscher of Ledge-woodes a few days this week. Mr. Winters is the librarian of the Law Institute of New York.

Newton Upper Falls.

—Prof. W. H. Bacon, a teacher in the Mitchell school in Billerica, Mass., who has been stopping at Rev. A. S. Gilbert's while attending the summer school at Harvard, has engaged a cottage at Lake Sunapee, N. H., where with others, Prof. W. L. Scoville, Dr. E. H. and Miss C. E. Gilbert of Rockland place are spending a few days.

Auburndale.

—Miss Hope Robert is spending a few weeks vacation at Concord, N. H.

—Mr. Charles Bourne of Auburn street is slowly recovering from his recent illness.

—Mrs. Edward Darling of Maple street have returned from a visit at Concord, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Plummer of Lexington street are spending the week at Newburyport.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. Hill of Melrose street are entertaining friends from Weymouth this week.

—Mrs. Edward Almy and family of Woodbine street left this week on a visit to Hebron, N. H.

—Mr. S. B. Childs and family of Central street remove to East Hampton, Conn., on Monday.

—Mr. Quincy Pond of Lexington street has returned from an extended stay in the West Indies.

—Mr. George E. Johnson of Hawthorne avenue is back from an outing at Long Beach, Me.

—Mr. William D. Fay of Lexington street is enjoying a few weeks vacation in Concord, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry McNealy are moving from Melrose street to the house No. 36 Charles street.

—Mr. Langdon Chandler of Auburndale avenue is enjoying a few weeks camping at Lake Squam.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Dunham have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the summer.

—Mr. Joseph Walsh of Melrose street attended the international yacht races held at New York last Saturday.

—Mr. John D. Rockefeller and family of Owatonna street left Saturday for a short stay at East Orange, N. J.

—Rev. William E. Strong will conduct the service at the Congregational church on Sunday. Mr. Arthur W. Kelly preached last Sunday.

—Mrs. Nellie Leach, who has been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Willis F. Hadlock of Lexington street, has returned to her home in Portland, Me.

—Mrs. George E. Keyes of Rowe street returned this week from Brookton, where she spent a few days with Mrs. C. A. Miner during Mr. Miners' illness.

—Mrs. George E. Johnson of Hawthorne avenue has returned from Portsmouth, N. H., where she has been spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Almy.

—Master Almon B. Thorn, who has been the guest of Master Procter Chandler at North Andover, Mass., for a few days, returned to his home on Auburndale avenue Saturday.

—Mr. Charles Pickard and family of Berkley place have returned from South Harpswell, Me., where they have been the guests of Mr. Pickard's parents, Hon. and Mrs. Edward L. Pickard.

—The many friends of Mr. C. A. Miner, a former well known resident of this village, but now of Brookton, will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from his recent serious illness.

—Dr. Geo. A. Bates, who has been spending the months of July and August at South Harpswell, Me., where he has been engaged in research work at Tufts Biological Laboratory, has returned, and will be found at his office, in Taylor Block, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays after September 1st.

Death of Mrs. Gay.

The death of Mrs. Nettie A. Gay the widow of the late Levi B. Gay occurred at her late residence on Franklin street, Newton last Saturday evening, after a long illness.

Mrs. Gay was born at Milford, N. H., October 28, 1837, and has resided in this city for 36 years. She is survived by two sons, Mr. Fred A. Gay of Billings Park, and Mr. Harry N. Gay of Rome, Italy.

Funeral services were held at 303 Franklin street on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Calkins officiating. The interment was at Newton Cemetery.

The Chestnut Hill

217 Commonwealth Ave.,
CHESTNUT HILL.

8-ROOM SUITES
\$450 and \$500

Privileges, use of tennis court, lawn croquet grounds, vegetable and flower garden. Beautiful view from roof garden.

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212 Summer Street.

BOSTON.

Nonantum.

—Miss Ethel Joyce of 14 Green street, has been for the last few weeks at Salem Willows, and is now spending a week with friends in North Abington, Mass.

—Four police officers were required to hold James F. Nickerson of 6 Cook street, while a physician dressed a wound under his left arm, self-inflicted in a drunken frenzy with a table knife. According to the police, Nickerson had been on a protracted spree and shortly after 11 Saturday night became violent, and cut an artery under his arm. He was removed to the Newton Hospital, where he was said to be but slightly hurt.

The Hotel Bartol, corner of Huntington avenue and Gainsborough street, is easily reached from all parts of the city, the electric cars passing the hotel at all hours. The Bartol is directly opposite the new Conservatory of Music, and is one of the most comfortable hotels in the city. It is conducted on the American plan, and the rates are \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day. Mr. G. F. Butterfield, the manager, is a well-known hotel man, and the table and service are highly spoken of.

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It is beautiful to look upon and presents a rare opportunity to secure a lot for a home or investment in this delightful suburb. (Salesmen wearing our badges on the grounds daily to show the land.) The prices are fixed and are the same to everybody.

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\$20 down. \$5.00 monthly. NO INTEREST. NO TAXES.

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These Sheets at our Prices are as low or lower than the cost of the required amount of cotton by the yard.

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Our Sheets are all torn and we will put the stitching against your best.

Sheets in all lengths and widths

35c to 89c each

OUR GREAT MOGUL SHEETS.

Size 81x90 inches at 50c. is the best value on the market.

PILLOW CASES.

All the best and most popular brands of Cotton in the correct sizes,

8, 10, 12 1-2, 15, 17c each

TOWELS.

All kinds and all sizes at all prices from

2 1-2c to 75c each

400 Dozen to select from.

THE FALL OUTINGS ARE NOW IN,

6 1-4, 8, 10c each

No store in Boston excels our assortment.

WHITE DOMET FLANNEL.

5, 6 1-4, 8, 10, 12 1-2c yard

You can bank on its being right if it comes from the

Central Dry Goods Co.,

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By "the Street" is usually meant the financial centre of a great city.

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